

Beverley Baxter asks:  
**WAS  
PRINCESS MARGARET  
SACRIFICED  
TO THE CHURCH?**

# MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 10 1955 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



MAIN STREET, URANIUM CITY, SASK.

FRANKLIN  
ARNDT

## **Santa has a PARKER for Everybody . . .**

Pick a Parker . . from \$2.95 up

The Parker "51" reflects your good taste. Or the Parker "21". Both have the exclusive Parker Electro-Polished Point—and simple 2-finger filling. Smoothest writing pens ever made! Four new Parker Jotter ball pens each offer 4 point sizes and 5 times longer writing than ordinary ball pens. Be sure to see the sensational matching Parker LIQUID LEAD Pencil. Point stays sharp, can't break. Completely erasable—won't smudge. So NEW that you *couldn't* give it last year! Remember, nobody makes pens and pencils like PARKER!

a. Parker "51" Jotter. Lustraloy cap—famous Jotter features. \$5.00

b. Parker "51" Lustraloy cap, regular or demi-size. Pen \$15.00, set \$22.50

c. Parker "51" Special. Lustraloy cap, regular or demi-size. Pen \$12.50, set \$17.75

d. Parker "51" Gold-filled cap. Regular or demi-size. Pen \$18.00, set (illustrated) \$27.50

e. Parker "21". Most popular medium-priced pen. Also has Electro-Polished point. Pen \$5.75, set \$10.00

f. Parker "51" Signet with gold-filled cap. Pen \$30.00, set \$45.00

g. Parker Custom Jotter. Jewelry-finished all-Lustraloy pen. \$3.95

h. Parker Jotter. Nylon barrel. Stainless steel cap. \$2.95

New Parker LIQUID LEAD Pencil (not illustrated). \$3.95 to \$9.50

Parker "51" Presidential (not illustrated). 14K gold cap and barrel. Pen \$185.00, set \$285.00

All Parker gifts in handsome presentation boxes

PARKER PEN CO. LTD., DON MILLS, ONT. (METROPOLITAN TORONTO)

Copyright 1954 by The Parker Pen Company



# ARE YOU A *Busy* SANTA CLAUS?

DEC  
22



*Here are some real time-savers for you!*

Make a quick trip to your neighbourhood B of M branch  
and see how fast you can shorten that long list of gifts!



And is that special present for Junior's Christmas stocking a bit of a puzzle? Here's a tip . . . youngsters relish having B of M Savings Accounts of their very own! Watch your laddie's eyes pop when he sees the special Christmas passbook-cover — and, inside, the balance in the account you've opened for him . . . And, remember, a B of M Savings Account is one of the best character-building gifts you can give!



For one thing, why not send a B of M money order to Aunt Sue who's living over in Centreville? It'll go "gift-wrapped" in a special Christmas envelope. She'll hang it heart-high on her Christmas tree . . . for she'll particularly appreciate the magic gift she can turn into just what she wants.



Then there's Steve, your nephew at college . . . whose heart is set on something he can't quite afford. Give him one of the B of M's holly-happy Christmas cheques! It's a short-cut for you . . . and it's a short-cut to heart's desire for him.



*Now*

check that long shopping-list . . .  
looks shorter, doesn't it?



## If You're An Employer

You'll find the B of M's attractive Christmas cheques for employee bonuses a real goodwill-builder. Put that old-time Christmas spirit, complete with holly and bells, right on your staff's bonus-cheques!

**BANK OF MONTREAL**  
*Canada's First Bank*



**"MY BANK"**  
TO 2 MILLION CANADIANS  
**B of M**

WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 10, 1955

### EDITORIAL

## Have we accidentally brain-washed ourselves in our ideas of Russia?

**W**HAT with the newspapers, radio and even—save the mark!—a few magazines such as, say, Maclean's, we find ourselves thoroughly confused about what life is like in Russia.

A few Sundays ago the CBC program Folio produced an hour-long "documentary" on the plight of the average Russian. An expert from Columbia University who has been translating Russian newspapers for the past seven years explained that the scenes here portrayed by Canadian actors, in English, in Toronto, were all based on published facts. The facts were taken from statements published even in the controlled press of the USSR.

It appeared that the whole two hundred million Russian men, women and children are on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Nobody smiled from start to finish of the show, except a spiv type whose specialty was to get things done by knowing whose palm to grease; he had a kind of leer. All the good guys lived on the sharp edge of desperation, continually forced by the party line to behave as if they were bad guys.

About the same time a party of Canadian newspapermen came back from the Soviet Union with stories that startled some readers—they all seemed to think it a pretty fine place. The CBC's own Rene Levesque, just twenty-four hours after the Folio show, told a French-speaking TV audience that Moscow made an impression "much more favorable" than he'd expected. This feeling of amazed approval was shared by most of the Canadian correspondents.

I. Norman Smith of the Ottawa Journal, one of the ablest and most experienced Canadian reporters of international affairs, is a senior editor of a newspaper that is proud to be called Con-

servative. R. J. Needham writes editorials for the Toronto Globe and Mail, which is seldom if ever confused with the Daily Worker. Each had his own reservations, but both conveyed a picture of Moscow as a handsome, pleasant, friendly city, and of the Russian people as a set of cheerful extroverts bent on showing these poor benighted Canadians a jolly time for once.

We're told by some people who have lived in Moscow, and who speak Russian, that even these skilled observers were a bit over-impressed by what they saw—that life in the Communist dictatorship is not as gentle and relaxed as it appeared to them to be. But if this is so, it merely raises another question: why were such hard-headed, professionally skeptical men so quickly converted to a roscate view?

Maybe the Folio show suggests the answer. We have all been conditioned for so long to think of life on the other side of the Curtain as an unrelieved study in grey, a life sentence for two hundred million prisoners, that the mere sight of a Russian smiling must have seemed like front-page news. So, unwittingly, we may have been subjecting ourselves to a mild form of brain-washing.

We all remember how during the last war the Allied intelligence experts had managed to "prove" as early as 1940, and go on "proving" in each successive year, that Germany would soon have to give up the struggle through lack of oil. As it turned out, this form of wishful thinking was dangerously akin to brain-washing too.

Objective thinking—even about an enemy or a potential enemy—is essential to intelligent action. If the proposition held true in World War II it holds equally true in Cold War I.

Ralph Allen ..... Editor  
Pierre Berton ..... Managing Editor  
Leslie F. Hannon ..... Associate Editor  
Ian Sclanders ..... Associate Editor  
Blair Fraser ..... Ottawa Editor  
Art Director: Gene Aliman. Assistant: Desmond English  
Assistant Editors: Fred Bodsworth, N. O. Bonisteel, Robert Collins, John Gray, Eric Hutton, Ken Johnstone, Sidney Katz, Keith A. Knowlton, David MacDonald, Herbert Manning, Barbara Moon, McKenzie Porter, Janice Tyrwhitt.

Editorial Assistants: Barbara Dobbie, Joan Doty, Lois Harrison, Carol Lindsay, Anne McCordick, Joan Weatherseed.

Hall Linton ..... Business Manager  
Stanley L. Hutchings ..... Advertising Manager  
B. Wes Spicer ..... Advertising Production Manager  
R. Douglas Myles ..... Circulation Manager

Douglas M. Gowdy, Manager  
Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

Editorial, Circulation & Advertising Offices:  
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

### CONTENTS

Volume 68 DECEMBER 10, 1955 No. 25

#### Cover Painting by Franklin Arbuckle

A SPECIAL MACLEAN'S FEATURE  
HOW EARLY MAP MAKERS SAW THE WEST.  
Dr. A. E. MacDonald . 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33

#### Articles

BRUCE HUTCHISON REDISCOVERS THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.  
Part One. NEWFOUNDLAND ..... 15  
WAS PRINCESS MARGARET SACRIFICED TO THE CHURCH? Beverley Baxter ..... 20  
IS THIS YOUR HEART'S WORST ENEMY? Alan Phillips ..... 22  
THE REMARKABLE FLOWERING OF JOE BLOOR'S BOG. David MacDonald ..... 24  
A FEW WORDS FROM THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE. Bill Chadwick as told to Trent Frayne ..... 26  
THEY'LL NEVER KILL OFF THE CRAFTY CROW. Franklin Russell ..... 34  
THE ATOM IS THEIR BLOODHOUND. Fred Bodsworth ..... 35  
THE FEROCIOUS YOUNG LADIES FROM EDMONTON. A Maclean's Flashback. Robert Collins ..... 36  
HE INSISTS HE CAN MAKE THE SAHARA GREEN. Marjorie Earl ..... 40  
WHAT'S THE FUTURE FOR BREAD? Grafton Gray ..... 42  
THEY'D RATHER SING THAN EAT. Joan Doty ..... 44  
HOW TO DRIVE AN AUTHOR CRAZY. Robert Thomas Allen ..... 48

#### Fiction

VIGIL ON THE ROCK. Vera Johnson ..... 38  
THE ONLY SENSIBLE THING TO DO. Heather Spears ..... 46

#### Departments

EDITORIAL ..... 2  
LONDON LETTER. Beverley Baxter ..... 4  
BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA. Blair Fraser ..... 8  
MAILBAG ..... 10  
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. Rated by Clyde Gilmour ..... 50  
JASPER. Cartoon by Simpkins ..... 66  
CANADIANECNOTE. The Murderer Who Hid In His Own Grave. Thomas P. Kelley ..... 126  
IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE ..... 139  
PARADE ..... 140

#### PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Fox Photos (2), Ronny Jaques (15, 16, 17, 18, 19), Wide World (20, 21), Basil Zarov (20), Ken Bell (20), McKague (21), National Film Board (21), Capital Press (21), Peter Croydon (22, 23, 42, 43), Walter Curtin (24, 25) Turafsky (26), Herb Nott (35), Blyth Studios (36), Noel MacDonald Robertson (37), Harry Rowed (37), Lutterworth Press (40, 41), Camera Press (40), Wheeler Newspaper Syndicate (40), Carrol Seghers (44, 45), Jack V. Long (139), Inge Jaques (139).



# Food tastes better, meal planning's easier... when you own a Deepfreeze Duplex\* or Home Freezer



\*Deepfreeze Duplex freezer-refrigerator combination, Imperial Model A-2D, with Electronic Sentinel to maintain perfect temperature in the refrigerator and freezer sections, and to completely eliminate defrosting of refrigerator. Individual temperature controls, slide-out freezer shelf, slide-out freezer basket.



Deepfreeze Home Freezer, Imperial Model CU-167. Holds more than 560 lbs. of food; new Dispensador automatically serves almost 2 dozen cans of juices; has 4 roomy package shelves; special Dispensador panel scientifically ribbed to assure proper air circulation. Two slide-out shelves, as well as sliding freezer basket.

Deepfreeze Home Freezer, Imperial Model C-147. With exclusive Deepfreeze designed Radiant Condenser, which prevents condensation, assures dry cabinet exterior, eliminates condenser cleaning and servicing. Floating-action lid opens with just a touch of the latch. Tilt tray holds almost 2 dozen packages and is easily removable for greater convenience.

## Talk about good-tasting food!

Every meal is easier to plan and better tasting when you own a Deepfreeze Duplex or Home Freezer. You can always have a full supply of food that's fresh as today, tasty as food can be, because Deepfreeze Home Freezers are designed to completely surround your food with a blanket of zero cold.

## And what about meal planning?

There's so much room in the Deepfreeze Duplex and in Deepfreeze Home Freezers, you can keep a frozen-fresh supply of all your family's favorites. So, you don't have to plan a week's menu in advance. Serve the foods *today* you feel like having today. Choose from 11 models—chest and upright home freezers, 8 to 24 cu. ft.; refrigerators, 7 to 11 cu. ft.; Duplexes in single and double-door models.

See the new Deepfreeze Duplex, Home Freezers, and Refrigerators now. See how much they do for you. Let your nearby dealer demonstrate why the name "Deepfreeze" means the very best in home freezers and refrigerators.



## FREE BOOKLET—MAIL COUPON NOW!

Deepfreeze Home ML-125  
Appliances  
P.O. Box 126, Terminal A  
Toronto, Ontario

Please send booklet, "Invitation to Better Living." I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Province \_\_\_\_\_

# Deepfreeze®

HOME APPLIANCES

© 1955. Makers of genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezers, Freezer-Refrigerator Combinations, Refrigerators, and Room Air Conditioners.

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

No matter what else you do for a cold...

# LISTERINE Quick!



Don't take a chance. Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic morning and night.

Whatever else you do, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

#### Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel below.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion... helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

#### Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: that twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users. Lambert Pharmacal Company (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.

#### AMONG THE "SECONDARY INVADERS" ARE GERMS OF THE PNEUMONIA AND "STREP" TYPES

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

(1) Pneumococcus Tri (11), (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.



At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat—  
**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC-Quick!**

## LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*

### The Baronet and the Blokes

**T**HIS is the story of one man. Dumas might have invented him for he would certainly have become the fourth Musketeer if he had encountered the famous Three.

With some trepidation I must break the news gently to those readers of Maclean's who brag about the commonhood of man that he is Sir Jocelyn Lucas, the third baronet. Yes sir. What is worse he did not even win his baronetcy—he merely inherited it. To complete the sinister dossier he is an MP (Tory of course) who won the MC in World War I and was twice wounded while serving as a volunteer auxiliary fireman during the blitz on London.

Finally, he breeds Sealyhams of such aristocratic lineage that they are full of charm and hardly know what day it is. I know this to be true because when my belligerent Aberdeen terrier Max (named after Beaverbrook) died from a fight with a bulldog, Sir Jocelyn gave me one of his Sealyhams which we named Disraeli.

It was not until 1939 that Sir Jocelyn entered parliament and hardly had he taken his seat when war broke out. He tried to enlist but was over age. Then he had an idea. In fact, Lucas always has an idea.

Something should be done to offer hospitality to allied officers arriving in London. So he got in touch with the Over-seas League and arranged that at regular intervals there would be receptions in London. I think he put me on the committee but you never know with Josh. At any rate I attended as many of the receptions as possible.

These affairs always opened with a speech of welcome by Sir Jocelyn and none of us knew what he would say next. A few days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor the Chinese naval attaché was among our guests. Sir Jocelyn said all the right things for once but ended with the remarkable sentence: "In view of the dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor we are particularly glad today to have as one of our most welcome and honored guests the Japanese naval attaché." The roar of laughter made it rather difficult for us to tell him that he had made a slight error.

Another joyful incident occurred at a similar function when he said at the end of his speech of welcome, "Now I have told you about all the famous and important people who are our guests today. But I must inform you that we also have the prime minister of Canada."

One last anecdote and we shall move on. Italy had come into the war against us and we were rather surprised to see an Italian flag in a prominent position at the next reception for overseas officers.

"You are probably puzzled," said Sir Jocelyn to the assembled guests. "Certainly it is an Italian flag but it is Garibaldi's flag. And you will all remember his famous utterance, 'God damn England!'" However we whispered in his ear and he explained

*Continued on page 73*



Sir Jocelyn Lucas with a prize Sealyham he raised for Princess Margaret. Many doubted his "ordinary blokes" could raise a war memorial, but they did.





## Almost like going to bed in mink


...TERYLENE\* LINGERIE is so luxurious

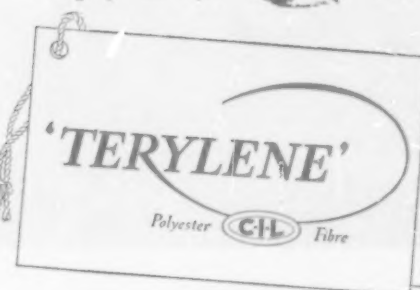
What is it that 'Terylene' *does* to women? One fervid admirer in trying to describe the sheer luxury of 'Terylene' lingerie said it felt like wearing mink. Only another woman would know exactly what she meant. 'Terylene' lingerie is the ultimate!

Here are just three pretty ways to enjoy this talented new textile fibre—in a pert little pair of pyjamas, a lovely nightgown, a filmy negligée. Even if you don't go as far as saying 'Terylene'

resembles mink you will agree that you've never worn lingerie that's softer and more luxurious.

'Terylene' has wonderfully *practical* talents, too. It washes in a wink, drip-dries almost as quickly, and needs little or no ironing. Neither sunlight nor detergents can discolor it and 'Terylene' simply refuses to shrink. See these and other 'Terylene' lingerie styles at all fine stores. Look for the distinctive 'Terylene' trade-name shown at the right. CANADIAN INDUSTRIES (1954) LIMITED.

keep your eye  on



THE TALENTED TEXTILE FIBRE

\*Registered trade mark polyester fibre

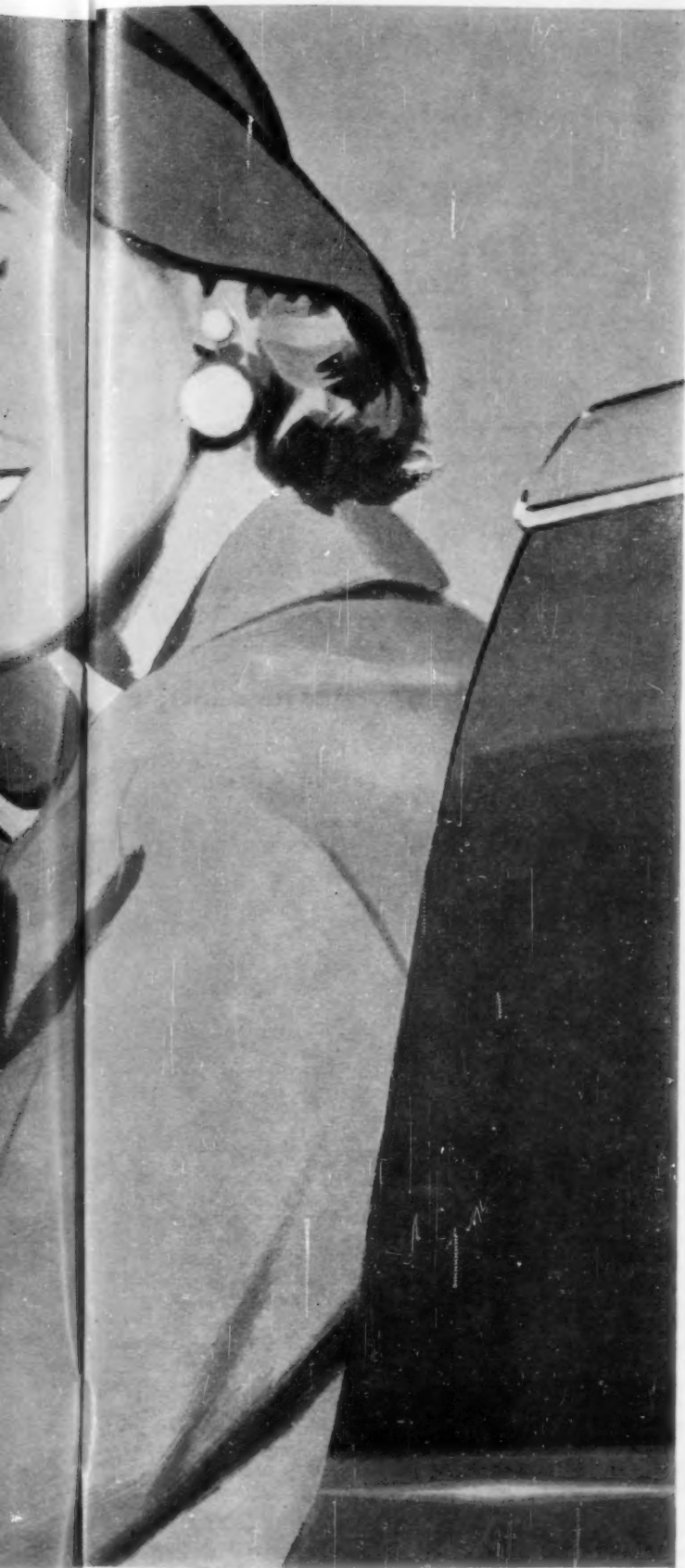
# NOW! A new touch of



Push-button automatic drive now available in the cars with the Forward



f magic in driving ease...



## PUSH-BUTTON AUTOMATIC DRIVE

*brought to you for  
the first time by  
Chrysler Corporation*

That's right—no more shift levers of any kind. You simply push a button . . . step on the gas . . . and GO!

It's that *easy* to drive the new 1956 Chrysler Corporation cars with PowerFlite automatic transmission.\* They're the cars with the Forward Look—Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial. More than ever, this new motoring advance makes PowerFlite transmission the most automatic on the road!

Notice that the new PowerFlite control buttons are at the left of the steering wheel . . . easy for you to touch but safely out of reach of other front seat passengers. And they're illuminated, of course, for night-time driving.

But try the thrill yourself! Drive the cars that introduce this and many other exciting innovations for 1956. Your Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge-De Soto dealer will take particular pride in demonstrating them to you.

\*PowerFlite automatic transmission is standard equipment on Chrysler, De Soto, and Dodge Royal . . . optional equipment at moderate cost on Plymouth and Dodge.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Look



Plymouth • Dodge • De Soto • Chrysler • Imperial

# Canadian Achievement Co.



## World's Newest El Dorado

On the rocky areas of one of the world's greatest reservoirs of usable resources, the West Coast bids to

become the new El Dorado of the Western World.

Some 1869 new companies were incorporated in B.C. during 1954 . . . nearly five every day. Last year, the Kitimat Smelter opened — a project that will eventually cost \$600-millions and where some 550,000 tons of aluminum will be produced per year. The City of Kitimat will feature a city centre, shopping, residential and recreational facilities for a possible ultimate population of 50,000. Indeed, one of the biggest and boldest projects ever undertaken by private enterprise — with the first stage successfully completed!

Wawanesa Mutual too is a notable Canadian achievement . . . 59 years ago 20 farmers in the Wawanesa, Manitoba area formed a mutual insurance company . . . today Wawanesa protects the property of more Canadians than any other company.



*The* **Wawanesa**  
Mutual Insurance Company



BLAIR FRASER

## BACKSTAGE

At Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

## Can the immigration issue lick the Liberals?

GEORGE HEES, national president of the Progressive Conservative Association, thinks he ran across a new political issue in the recent by-election campaign in Toronto-Spadina.

Spadina had been Liberal by big majorities since it was created in 1933; its capture by a Conservative on October 24 was the biggest upset in federal politics since the war. Spadina is one of the two ridings regarded as Jewish (the other is Montreal-Cartier) but in fact the Jewish vote is a twenty-percent minority in Spadina now. In the main, Jews moving out have been replaced by New Canadians moving in. It was among this group of recent European origin that George Hees heard a new complaint against the Liberal government.

"Time after time we'd find them furious at the Immigration Department for keeping people out," says Hees. "You'd hear a man say: 'I've been trying to get my brother into Canada. They won't tell him yes or no, but there's a guy on my street hasn't been here half as long as I have, and he got his brother out long ago.'"

Senator David Croll, who was Liberal MP for Spadina, says this complaint had little or no effect on the actual vote. Croll knows the polls where recent immigrants live, and he says they stayed solidly Liberal. He thinks the people who complained to Hees must be such recent newcomers that they wouldn't yet have a vote at all.

But if they don't vote now they

soon will. The political angle introduces a new twist into what was already an old argument between Immigration Department officials and the RCMP. The argument turns upon the security screening which prospective immigrants to Canada must go through before they leave Europe.

Security screening is conducted by the RCMP. Just as the Health and Welfare Department lends Immigration some fifty doctors to see whether applicants for visas to Canada are medically fit, so forty-three RCMP men in plain clothes advise Immigration whether each would-be immigrant is politically fit.

In the view of men whose job it is to keep the flow of immigrants moving at an orderly pace, this screening system takes too long, works too rigidly according to the book, and bars too many people. As a rule it takes six weeks to three months to get a visa to Canada, but delays of four and five months are not uncommon. Desirable immigrants sometimes miss the last ship they can take in the current year—farm workers, for example, are not brought in much later than midsummer lest they be unemployed through their first Canadian winter, so a man who misses a ship in July is stuck until the next spring.

Many if not most of these delays are caused by security screening. In the first half of this year 8,112 immigrants came to Canada from Germany; at the end of August 5,399 cases involving about 9,000 persons, a thousand

*Continued on page 121*





## BIG JOB *to do*

Expanding and modernizing Canada's highway system is one of the really big jobs facing the country today. We are crowding two and a half times more cars and trucks onto our highways than in 1941, with less than two percent more mileage to carry them.

But we are beginning to build our way out of this national traffic jam. Link by link, a system of broad, safe highways is taking shape. The Trans-Canada Highway, covering a distance of 4,993 miles, will soon be completed. Travelers can now reach New York City from the heart of Ontario over a system of connected superhighways. Only a few years ago, with the equipment then available, projects of this scope would have been prohibitive in time and money. Now the latest in earth-moving power takes the big jobs in stride.



## BIG MACHINES *to do it*

New Allis-Chalmers HD-21 Crawler Tractor equipped with dozer (left) — 57,250 pounds of productive earth-moving muscle.

New Allis-Chalmers TS-360 Motor Scraper (right) picks up, hauls and spreads up to 20 cubic yards of dirt at a trip.

Watch these great new earth movers in action and you'll see why they're just what the contractors asked for. Each is packed with power — to load big and move fast. Each is built for extra strength to keep producing day after day under the most grueling conditions.

Yes, there's a big job to be done. But today's big new machines — and the men who plan, design and build our roads — are equal to the task.

### CANADIAN DEALERS:

MUSSENS CANADA LIMITED  
Montreal, Quebec and Fredericton, N. B.

WESTERN TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO.  
Regina, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

WATEROUS EQUIPMENT LIMITED  
Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, Alberta

RENDELL TRACTOR & EQUIPMENT CO., LTD.  
Vancouver, B. C.

EASTERN EQUIPMENT LTD.  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

SHERIDAN EQUIPMENT COMPANY, LTD.  
Leaside (Toronto), Ont. and Ottawa, Ont.

VULCAN MACHINERY & EQUIPMENT LTD.  
Winnipeg, Man. and Port Arthur, Ont.

A. E. HICKMAN COMPANY LIMITED  
St. John's, Newfoundland

# ALLIS-CHALMERS



ORIGINATOR OF THE TORQUE CONVERTER TRACTOR



Do you know why...  
your Baker wraps bread in  
*Cellophane?*

Because "Cellophane" cellulose film keeps your loaf fresh and tasty for so long!

And even after your loaf has been unsealed for use, all you do to retain its flavour and freshness is simply twist the "Cellophane" closed again.

In addition to sealing in the original taste and freshness, sparkling "Cellophane" keeps dust and odours out from the moment your loaf is baked until it is completely consumed.

Your baker has a variety of special loaves wrapped in "Cellophane". The next time you shop, remember sparkling "Cellophane" shows at a glance the type of loaf you want.



**Cellophane**  
TRADE MARK  
Cellulose Film



**DU PONT COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED**  
MONTREAL

## Mailbag

### Will Shapiro's Kick Help Culture?

Three cheers for Lionel Shapiro for his article, *The Myth That's Muffling Canada's Voice* (Oct. 29)! Many Canadians have seethed at the words spoken and articles written decrying Canadian authors. I am delighted that someone whose voice has real weight has at last spoken out. Surely with the Stratford Festival three years old and our Canadian musicians and artists making real reputations we may hope that the cry "No Canadian culture!" will no longer be heard.—Jean F. Ratcliffe, Toronto.

● Mr. Shapiro says: "There is a group of people . . . with tentacles reaching into radio, television, publishing and the book pages of newspapers, that I like to call the Inner Coterie of Canadian Authors. Many of these self-appointed arbiters of Canadian culture are connected with the Canadian Authors' Association, whatever that is." . . .

Mr. Shapiro may be interested to learn that he benefits in more than one way from the work of this association. Until after the war a writer in this country paid income taxes on book royalties as unearned income. As Mr. Shapiro should know, this practice has been discontinued. During the mid-Forties a committee of the national executive of the association pointed out to the government the injustice of the regulations, with the result that they were changed.—Frank Stiling, president, Canadian Authors' Association, London, Ont.

● Let us hope that Shapiro's verbal kick-in-the-pants will stimulate other Canadian writers and artists to come out of hiding, and show us what they can do.—Mrs. Louise Urness, Merritt, B. C.

● During the war I ran into one of those characters who "was a newspaperman once" himself and we fell to talking about war correspondents. He lashed into Shapiro on the grounds that Shapiro wangled a spot in the invasion fleet. This, the man explained, was a dirty trick. I was a little confused because I thought that a man who would risk his neck to tell a story was a creditable fellow rather than the reverse.—Stanley Handman, Montreal.

● Does he give any suggestions to authors or help the public understand good literature? No sir, only a badly written autobiography.—H. J. Brusse, Ottawa.

● After finishing Mr. Shapiro's story, I went right back and read it all over again. It is very nearly perfect in facts, conclusions and writing style. Many Canadians inherited the well-known habit of belittling. The old Scottish motto: "Praise to the face is open disgrace," still holds.—Mrs. A. T. Chapman, Montreal.

● What a thrill to find someone writing Canadian literature despite the rumor that there isn't any. May he and others like him continue to disregard this rumor until one day the rest of us Canadians wake up and realize we

have something of which to be very proud.—Joan Barnes, Acton, Ont.

#### No Car-Selling Race There

In New Zealand I have just read *The Race To Sell New Cars* (April 30). What a reversal of the New Zealand picture! Our 1926 truck isn't the oldest on New Zealand roads. It cost us about \$180-\$200 three years ago. Prospective buyers here still have to wait for several months before a new car can be delivered to them. These cost about \$2,500-\$3,000 new, but if slightly used are considerably more, as used cars aren't under price control.—Mrs. H. Ritchie, Central Otago, South Island, New Zealand.

#### "Illiterates" at College?

Who's illiterate? In your editorial, *Why Should Illiterates Crowd the Colleges?* (Sept. 17), you insulted me, my friends and fellow students. We are graduates of



Vancouver high schools and members of the University of British Columbia. Because we are not all scholarship students, are we illiterates?—Lawrence Beadle, Vancouver.

#### R. T. Allen to the Rescue

I could beef about Beverley Baxter and your lousy fiction but Robert Thomas Allen makes up for everything. His latest article, *I Don't Want to Play* (Oct. 20), is a masterpiece.—Mrs. Doreen Sookecheff, Sturgis, Sask.

#### Working for Divorce Reform

Congratulations on Blair Fraser's article, *Ottawa's Creaky Divorce Mill* (Oct. 29). Your readers might be interested to know there are two organizations working to reform our divorce laws: in Vancouver, the Divorce Law Reform League, 3865 West 15th Avenue; in Toronto, the Divorce Reform Association, c/o E. C. Watson, 45 Glen Stewart Crescent.—Thelma R. Stubbart, Toronto.

● I wonder that a compromise could not be agreed upon to satisfy those who believe divorce reform is long overdue . . . Why not have all Quebec and Newfoundland divorce cases judged by the exchequer court (or similar body) which would not grant the divorce but would recommend action (with supporting evidence) to the Senate Divorce Committee? Acceptance or rejection of the divorce petition would be by parliamentary action only—satisfying Quebec and Newfoundland—but

Continued on page 138



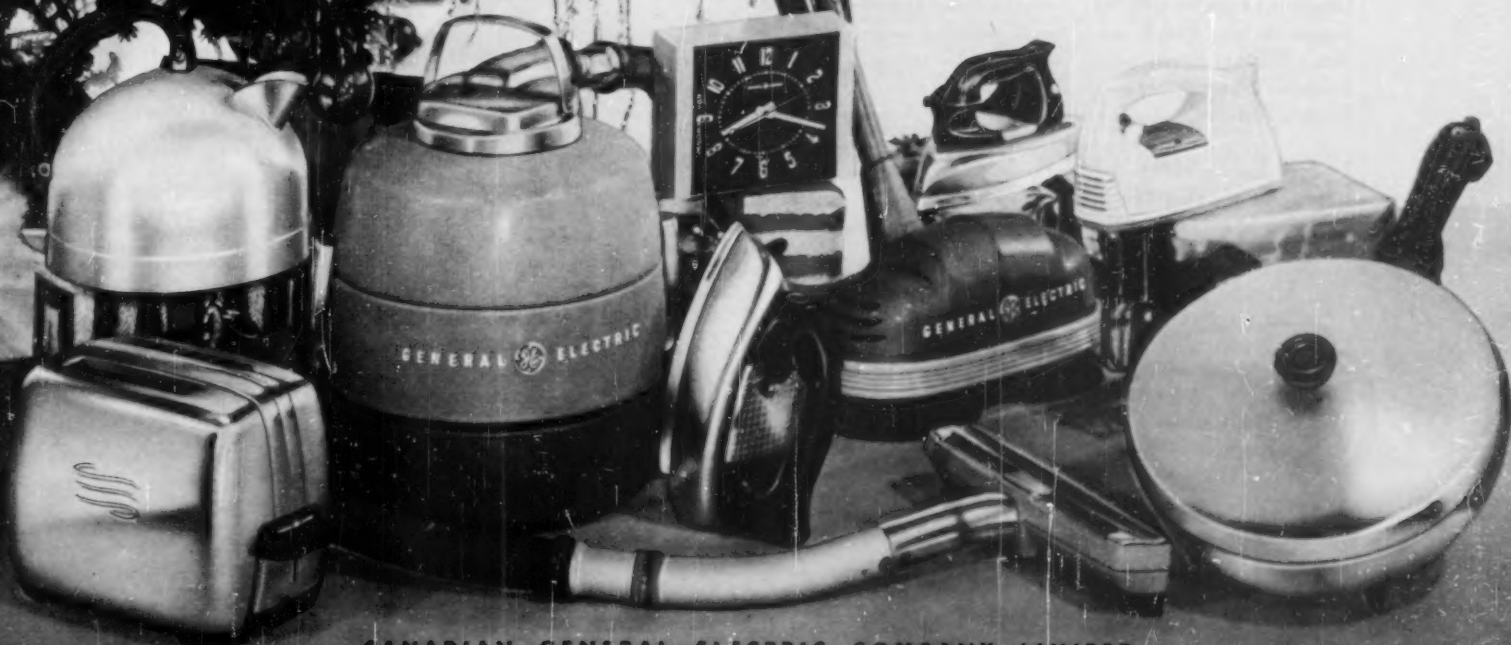
*The nicest  
trees in town  
are surrounded by  
G-E gifts...*

- **Cleaner.** G-E Swivel-top Cleaner features rug-floor tool, large throw-away bag and interlocking attachments.
- **Frypan.** Fries, braises, stews, bakes. Simply set the dial—the G-E Frypan maintains temperature automatically.
- **Portable Mixer.** Powerful, portable, lightweight—does every mixing job. Features exclusive whipping disc. In Petal Pink, Canary Yellow, Turquoise, White.
- **Steam Iron.** Two irons in one . . . steam or dry at the flick of a button . . . easy to fill, quick to steam.
- **Polisher.** G-E Polisher gets close to base boards, deep into corners, under furniture. Has snap-on buffing pads.
- **Automatic Toaster.** Set for the toast-shade you want . . . toast pops up high. In sparkling chrome . . . with removable crumb tray.
- **Featherweight Iron.** Lightweight—with extra-large sole-plate—cuts ironing time by one-third. Handy fabric dial.
- **Kettle.** Boils water fast . . . useful when all range elements are occupied. Finished in gleaming chrome.
- **Electric Clock.** There are handsome, colourful, accurate G-E Clocks styled for every room in your house.

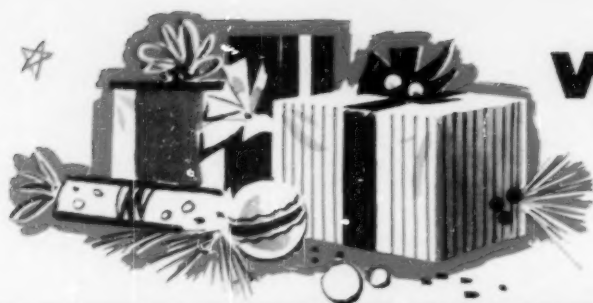


**GENERAL ELECTRIC  
APPLIANCES**

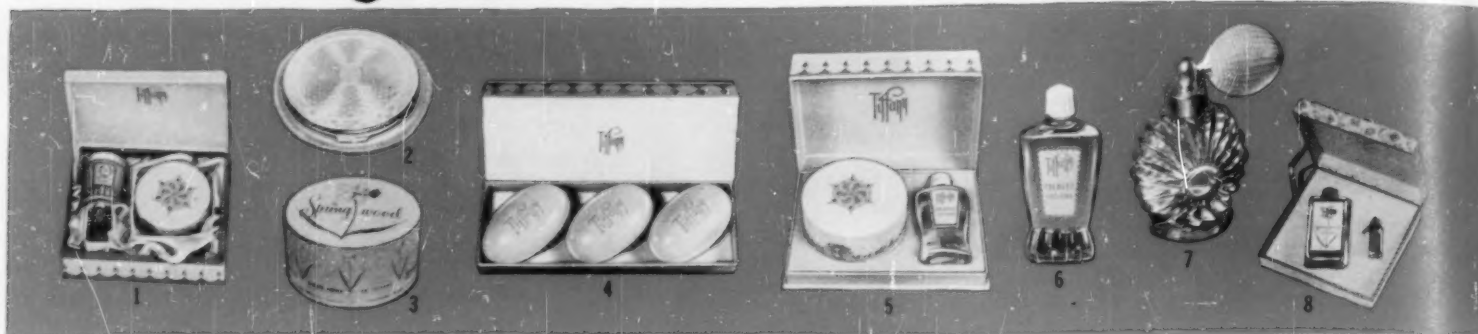
The G-E Gifts to surround the nicest trees in town are at your local dealer's now. You'll find a handsome Christmas selection there, and prices start as low as \$5.95.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED



# WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR EVERYONE AT YOUR



1. Tiffany "Trio" Treasure Chest contains Face Powder, Hand Cream and Treasure Size Perfume in a beautifully packaged white and gold gift box. A gift she would choose herself... **\$5.75**

2. Loose-Powder Compacts, new imported styles, delightful designs, sifter-proof, with full-framed mirror **\$1.50 to \$7.00**

3. Springwood by Tiffany Dusting Powder—delicately scented, fleecy cloud softness with puff. Beautifully wrapped... a gift that "someone" will treasure... **\$2.25**

4. Tiffany Toilet Soap in beautiful gift box, 3 delightfully fragrant cakes. Ideal as an intimate gift for every feminine name on your Christmas list... **\$1.50**

5. Tiffany "Duo" Treasure Chest presents the complete combination of Dusting Powder and Cologne Creation in a beautiful gift box that will be treasured by the most discriminating Mother, Wife or Sweetheart this Christmas... **\$3.50**

6. Tiffany Cologne Creation—an exotic liquid cologne boxed ready to give... **\$1.50**

7. Cologne and Perfume Atomizers—Several styles of iridescent coloured bottles with matching bulb nets. 24K Gold plated metal parts. Boxed... **\$1.35**

8. Springwood by Tiffany Gift Set attractively packaged, contains enchanting liquid cologne in 4 oz. bottle and a delightful perfume... ideal for "my lady"... **\$3.50**



1. Bachelor 6-piece Men's Gift Set—Contains Shaving Cream, Lotion, Talcum, Cream Hair Tonic, Cream Shampoo and Smoker's Tooth Powder. Something special for that certain man in your life... **\$5.00**

2. Culmak Shaving Brush—made in England. Hand turned handle with finest genuine Badger bristles... **\$5.00**

3. Leather Utility Cases—Black or Tan. Some have regular type closure, others zipper. Waterproof lined—ideal size. Every man needs one... **\$3.50 to \$13.50**

4. Langlois Lavender Shaving Soap in Plastic Bowl for the man who likes to swish that brush around. You know him so make him happy... **\$1.25**

5. Bachelor 4-piece Shaving Set with the items he can start using on Christmas Day. Shaving Cream, Brilliantine, Lotion and Talcum are gift packed in the distinctive Bachelor colours, Maroon and Gray... **\$3.00**

6. Military Hair Brushes and Comb Set in zippered leather case. Nylon bristles with backs ready for his initials... **\$5.50**

7. Leather Billfolds—plain or zippered. English Morocco for men and women. Latest styles, genuine leather... **\$1.98 to \$6.95**

8. Men's Stubby Hair Brush clear lucite back and nylon bristles, gift box... **\$3.50**

9. Lord Baltimore Fancy-Boxed Stationery—Linen-Finish... **85¢ to \$2.50**

## FOR HIM

- Langlois Lavender Gift Set... Shaving Cream and talcum **\$1.25**
- Simms Shaving Brush, sturdy handle, imitation badger... **\$3.00**
- Men's Military Brush, plastic backs and nylon bristles... **\$3.00**
- Bachelor Shaving Set — Shaving Cream and Lotion... **\$1.65**
- Electric Shavers, Sunbeam (Model W.L.) **\$32.50** Philishave **\$27.95**
- Schick (custom)... **\$29.95** Ronson... **\$24.50**
- Langlois Lavender Set, Shaving Cream, Lotion and Talcum **\$2.15**
- Rubberset Shaving Brush, soft, sturdy, mixed bristle... **\$4.00**
- Bachelor Shaving Set, Shaving Cream, Lotion and Talcum **\$2.25**
- Ronson Lighters,—models for purse, pocket or table... **\$4.50 up**



and Best Wishes For Good Health  
—the Greatest Gift of All

## FOR HER

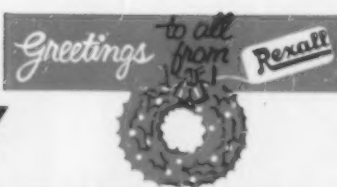
- Springwood by Tiffany Set—Dusting Powder and Cologne— **\$4.00**
- Adrienne Guest Soap—(4 cakes in box) fragrant... **85¢**
- Tiffany Cologne Creation and Atomizer, gift packaged... **\$2.25**
- Tiffany Dusting Powder, delicately scented and tinted, with puff, gift packaged... **\$2.25**
- Springwood by Tiffany Set, Dusting Powder and Cologne Stick **\$3.60**
- Tiffany Cologne Creation and Talcum, Daintily boxed to delight your lady... **\$2.85**
- Springwood by Tiffany Lotion, a pleasant addition to any gift **\$1.10**
- Adrienne Set, Face Powder and Perfume beautifully packaged **\$2.50**
- Springwood by Tiffany Set, Cologne Stick and Lotion... **\$2.59**
- Tiffany Beauty Lotion, Christmas Wrapped—very acceptable **\$1.35**
- Springwood by Tiffany Set, fragrant cologne and lotion **\$3.00**

You Can Depend On Any Drug



# REXALL

## FAMILY DRUG STORE



9



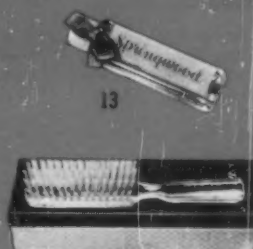
10



11



12



13



15



16

9. Tiffany "4-in-One" Treasure Chest with Face Powder, treasure size Perfume, Powder Rouge and Lipstick nestling in a blue, satin-lined gift chest that will delight that very special person... **\$7.50**

10. Springwood by Tiffany Cologne—a subtle, intriguing fragrance in a cooling cologne... **\$1.85**

11. Springwood by Tiffany Cologne Stick... it's new... it's exquisite... fragrant solid cologne in convenient purse-size plastic swivel case... **\$1.25**

12. Lady Windermere Boxed Stationery. Ribbon tied, rich-looking with deckle edge and ripple finish. A practical gift for "you know who"... **\$1.50**

13. Springwood by Tiffany Perfume—a welcome addition to any lady's Christmas stocking!... **\$1.50**

14. Hair Brushes with Nylon Bristles, sparkling Lustre backs, clear or pastel colours. Regular, Curved or Flair styles. Individually packed for smart giving to that certain "someone"... **98¢ to \$4.50**

15. Tiffany Treasure Size Perfume in a beautiful gift package that will delight "your little lady"... **\$2.50**

16. Musical Powder Boxes—She'll love the sweet music from this lovely gift. Each plays a popular number, has guarantee against overwinding on the Swiss imported movement... **\$4.95 to \$9.50**



10. Cuddly Bear—Approximately 13 inches tall of curly plush softly stuffed. Has squeak in body and shiny glass eyes. **\$1.98**

11. Christmas Wrappings—Colourful selection for every gift... **10¢, 15¢, 25¢**

12. Christmas Seals and Tags—All new designs, wide assortment... **5¢ to 50¢**

13. Christmas Cards—Beautiful boxed assortment of cards... **79¢, \$1.00, \$1.49**

14. Congress Playing Cards. Single pack **\$1.25** Double pack **\$2.50**

15. Travalarm Clock. Luminous dial with protective cover that folds down when not in use. In Walnut or Ivory... **\$8.95**

### SAVE ON THESE BIG CHRISTMAS SPECIALS!



16

**\$8.95 VALUE ONLY \$6.95**



17

**\$6.95 VALUE ONLY \$4.95**



18

**\$6.50 VALUE ONLY \$5.49**

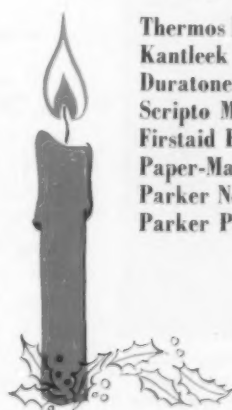
16. Rex-Ray Bathroom Scales, finished in white with rubber mat and easy-to-read dial. Regularly **\$8.95**. Special... **\$6.95**

17. Dresser Set—consisting of Lady's Comb, Nylon Bristled Hair Brush and Matching Mirror. Made in Jeweler's Bronze Trim with coloured Floral Design. Gold, Rose or Blue. Reg. **\$6.00** Value, Only **\$4.69**

18. Rex-Ray Electric Heating Pad for the warming comfort of every member of the family. A very acceptable gift at a good saving to you. It comes in Rose, Green or Blue colours with removable, flannelette, dome fastener cover. Hydro approved... 3 speed control... 2 thermostats, 8-foot cord. A real gift of comfort. Regularly sells for **\$6.50**—now only... **\$5.49**

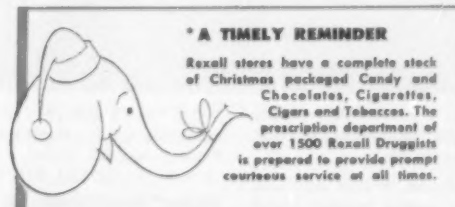
### FOR LITTLE ONES

Children's Brush, Comb and Mirror Sets... **89¢ and \$1.50**  
 Baby Record Books, permanent record of baby's progress... **\$1.49**  
 Children's Cut-Outs and Paint Books, ideal for all kiddies... **25¢**  
 Musical Baby Rattle, just the thing to hold the attention of any youngster, sturdy plastic... **35¢**  
 Tiny Tot Kuddle Kitty Hot Water Bottle, Blue or Pink... **\$1.65**  
 Baby Brush and Comb Set—every baby needs one... **\$1.00**  
 Tommee Tippee Kup, colourful plastic, spill-proof... **\$1.25**  
 Hankcraft Bottle Warmer and Vapourizer, shuts off automatically... **\$3.95**  
 Children's Stationery, 2-colours—with nursery rhyme Box... **50¢**  
 Mouth Organ, always popular with kiddies... **89¢**  
 Pocket Ben Watch, make his eyes light up on Christmas... **\$4.75**



### FOR ALL THE FAMILY

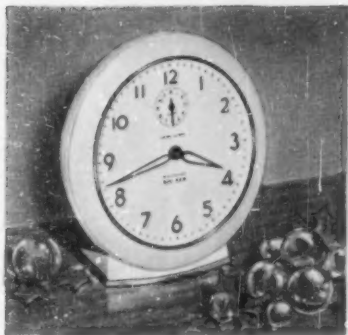
Thermos Bottle, 15 oz. and 30 oz. with plastic cup **\$1.79 and \$2.95**  
 Kantleek Hot Water Bottle Reg. .... **\$3.50** Deluxe .... **\$4.00**  
 Duratone Playing Cards, single pack **\$1.39** double pack **\$2.75**  
 Scripto Matched Twins, Ball Pen and Pencil Set... **\$2.98**  
 Firstaid Emergency Kit, metal box—a very practical gift... **\$3.59**  
 Paper-Mate Ball Point Pen, in a wide range of colours... **\$1.98**  
 Parker No. 21—Pen and Pencil Set. A really wonderful gift **\$10.00**  
 Parker Pen No. 21, An exceptional buy... **\$5.75**



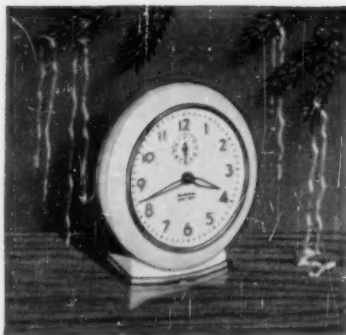
#### \* A TIMELY REMINDER

Rexall stores have a complete stock of Christmas packaged Candy and Chocolates, Cigarettes, Cigars and Tobaccos. The prescription department of over 1500 Rexall Druggists is prepared to provide prompt courteous service at all times.

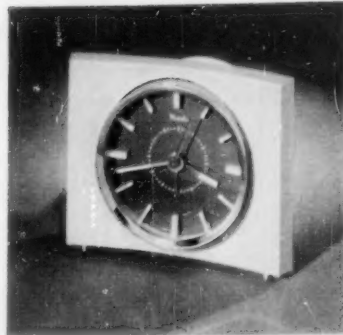
Product that Bears the Name **Rexall**



**BIG BEN LOUD ALARM.** Spring-driven. Audible tick and deep "fire alarm" gong. Ivory or black finish. \$7.50. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



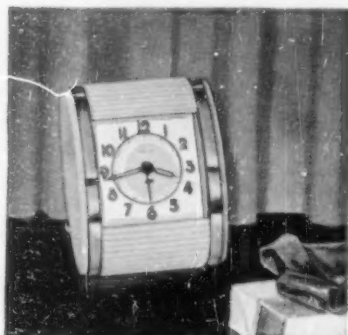
**BABY BEN.** Spring-driven. Popular "little brother" of Big Ben. Quiet tick. Soft or loud alarm. Black or ivory. \$7.95. Luminous dial, \$8.95.



**BRANT.** Electric alarm. Elegance in modern grey tone plastic. High styled dial, gold coloured trim. 60 cycle only. With luminous dial, \$7.95.



**PITTSFIELD.** Electric alarm. Attractive styling in rich wood case. Blond or Mahogany finish. Pleasant bell alarm. \$10.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.



**TRAVELARM.** Spring-driven. You can take it with you. Closes like a clam, tucks into corner of bag. Ivory or walnut finish. Luminous dial, \$8.95.

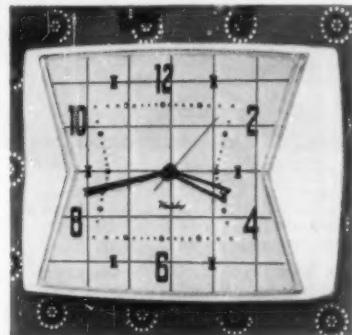


**MOONBEAM.** Electric alarm. Wakes you silently, first call is flashing light, later joined by audible alarm. 60 cycle only. \$14.95. Luminous dial, \$15.95.



## Gifts they'll Love

—and long remember



**ZEST.** Electric wall clock. Unique modernistic styling. Gleaming white plastic case with dials in red, yellow or charcoal. \$8.95. 60 cycle only.



**KIM.** Sturdy as it is handsome. Sweep second hand. Stainless steel back. Non-breakable crystal, \$9.95.

**JUDGE.** Westclox finest. Water, dust and shock resistant. Sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal. Stainless steel back. Luminous dial, \$12.95.

**TROY.** Small, smart and sturdy. Gold coloured case. Stainless steel back. Sweep second hand. Non-breakable crystal. Plain dial, \$10.95.

**ROCKET.** Shock resistant. Stainless steel back, sweep second hand, non-breakable crystal. \$6.95. Luminous dial, \$7.95.

Thoughtful gifts for every name on your list  
and every room in the home.

These handsome timepieces will express your best wishes all year round. And, though it may be inexpensive, a Westclox is always held in high regard. So this Christmas, why not let the largest selection of Westclox ever provide the answers to your gift giving problems?

spring-driven or electric

**WESTCLOX\***  
keeps you on time

FROM THE MAKERS OF **BIG BEN**®

Western Clock Company Limited, Peterborough, Ontario.

\*Trade Marks Reg'd.

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 10, 1955





MACLEAN'S  
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Bruce Hutchison  
rediscovers

# THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

WITH COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR MACLEAN'S BY RONNY JAQUES

*Fourteen years after his famous best-seller on Canada, a noted  
journalist sets off again — at Maclean's request — for another searching but informal  
look at the nation, from Newfoundland to British Columbia*

**F**OURTEEN years ago Bruce Hutchison set out across Canada on a voyage of discovery. The result was a best-seller called *The Unknown Country* which has become a Canadian classic. Since the book was written, Canada has undergone a postwar transformation so great that Maclean's felt it appropriate to ask the same writer to make a second coast-to-coast report on the state of the nation. The results of this rediscovery of a land that is still in many ways an "unknown country" will appear in

fifteen articles commencing with the one on Newfoundland in this issue. These articles are not intended to "describe" the country or to catalogue its assets in formal terms, but to capture, in Hutchison's own vivid style, something of its flavor and its spirit. Hutchison himself has interpreted his terms: "What does a man actually see far from the pavement in the little places that never get into the newspapers, among nameless men the public will never hear of? These are the only questions my series will try to answer."

BRUCE HUTCHISON'S FIRST ARTICLE FOLLOWS ON NEXT FOUR PAGES



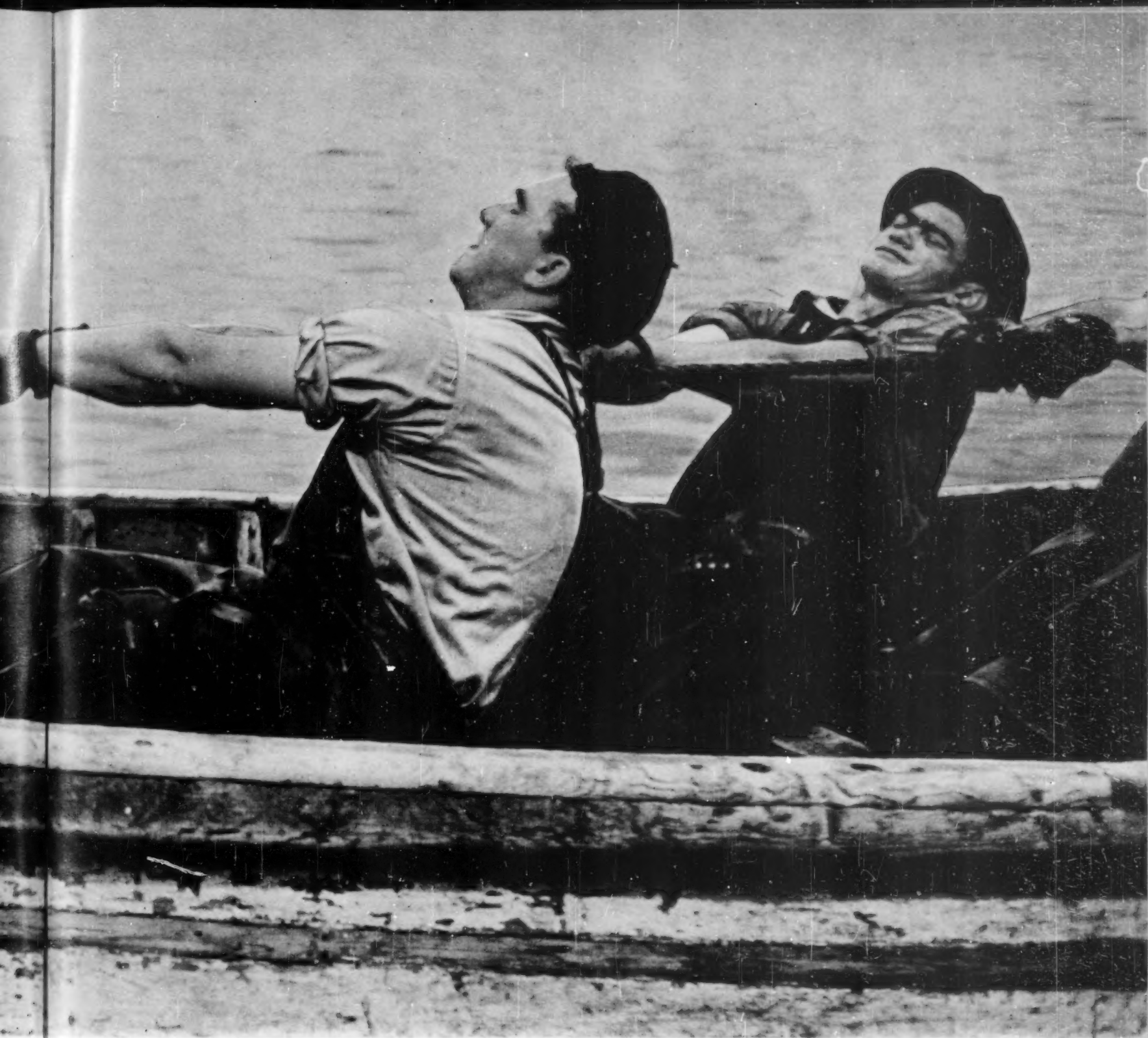
# NEWFOUNDLAND

*"These people will not become Canadian for a lifetime yet . . .*

*But they are the materials of a richer Canadianism . . .*

*These people have given us those qualities that come only out of hardship,  
endurance and the cold mandate of the sea"*





**T**HE twine loft of Bauline was perched high on crazy stilts beside the frozen sea. A smoky stove distilled the ancient odors of cod, tar, paint, salt and sweat, the native reek of Newfoundland, long impregnated in the lurching shed and in its owners. This tiny refuge of warmth and habitation contained six men, a ton of coiled fishnet and the inner substance of Canada's latest legacy, which we have yet to count or comprehend.

Roses bloomed that day in Vancouver, grain sprouted from the prairie earth, blossoms blew in the Niagara orchards and nine provinces felt the first breath of spring. The village of Bauline shivered by its idle boats and watched

a mile of ice grinding the eastern shore of Newfoundland, choking every cove, leaving the fish hordes uncaught and isolating the tenth province behind a woolly curtain of fog.

All the villages of this shore had lost a portion of their brief harvest and only livelihood as the ceaseless nor'easter blocked their fishing grounds. Cod had surged in from the Atlantic, were "eating the rocks," and no trap awaited them.

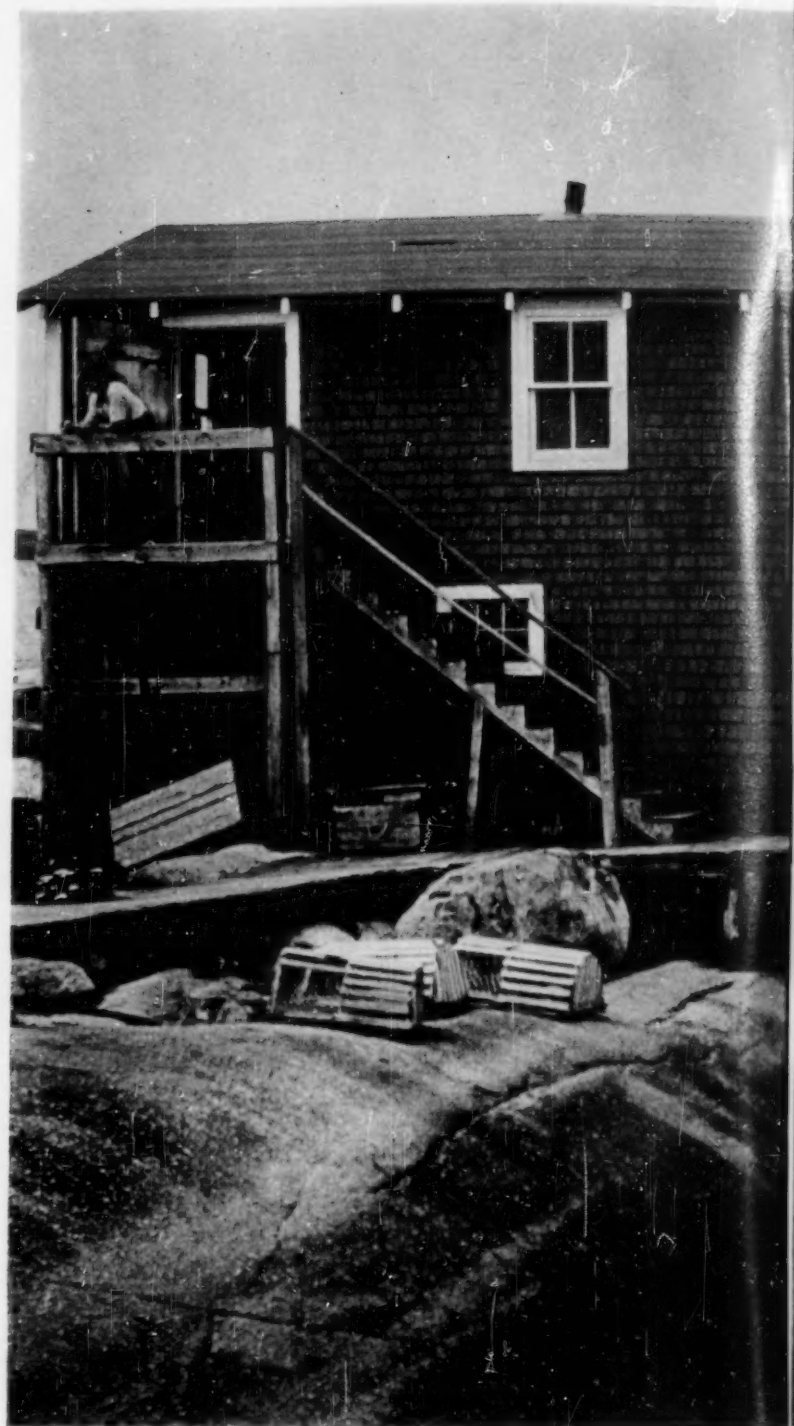
The men in the twine loft made no complaint. Any day now the wind would change, the ice would disappear and Newfoundland's short, genial summer would heap its old abundance on the beach. So Bauline waited patiently as its fathers waited through many a forgotten spring.

*continued on next page* .....

Newfoundland *continued*



*"Newfoundlanders are, in the literal meaning of the word, more simple than most Canadians. They have yet to feel the smartness, speed and resulting disillusionment, tension and fury of North America. They therefore possess a patience, an outward cheerfulness, and, I suspect, an inner contentment deeper than ours"*



Four centuries of poverty, shipwreck, war, sudden death, plague, fire and survival have taught these men patience; yes, and driven them together in separate nationality, printed on their faces the unmistakable image of their kind, shaped their thoughts in distinct pattern, and produced a great people who have lately joined our nation. But that people—older than any of us in joint experience, more united, more homogeneous and harder-packed—will not become Canadian for a lifetime yet.

Anyone who supposes, however, that in Newfoundland we have inherited only a political problem, a social liability and a financial burden, should have seen the twine loft of Bauline on the fifteenth day of May.

The youngest fisherman of the crew, his cheeks pink from the salty wind and not yet grooved by time and





THE PORT OF BAULINE: "Beyond this scant acre of man's possession stretch six thousand miles of coastline, the solitary island and the misty sea."

weather, was mending a net in the twine loft. His wooden needle danced in his fingers like a living thing, and as he worked he hummed a merry tune.

A second man, of gigantic girth and face roughly carved out of roast beef, the veteran net maker of Bauline, lolled on a stool, stretched his gum boots closer to the stove and observed the apprentice with silent condescension. His working days were over but once he could weave a complete cod trap in six months.

The third man, a replica of a Chinese idol carved in teak, was squinting out of rheumy eyes, chewing tobacco with toothless gums and painfully bringing himself to the point of utterance.

"Why, 'tis easy now," he said at last, in that odd accent derived from Devon and Ireland and the talk of foreign

sailormen. "'Tis easy indeed fer fishin' when they've de engines and all. We used to row at de oars."

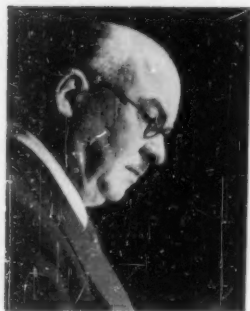
He held up his hands to show me how they had been twisted to the oar handles in fixed, circular grip like talons.

"De young," he added, "don't know nawthin' about work in Newf'nland." (He pronounced the name with a slur, like all Newfoundlanders, the emphasis heavily on the last syllable.) "Why, nawthin' a-tall."

The retired net maker permitted himself a grunt of approval. The others laughed, as Newfoundlanders are always laughing at some secret joke of their own. But the captain of the crew, a giant of middle age and squarely chiseled, crimson features, allowed that the work was hard enough, even with engines in the boats.

"Me fadder," he said,

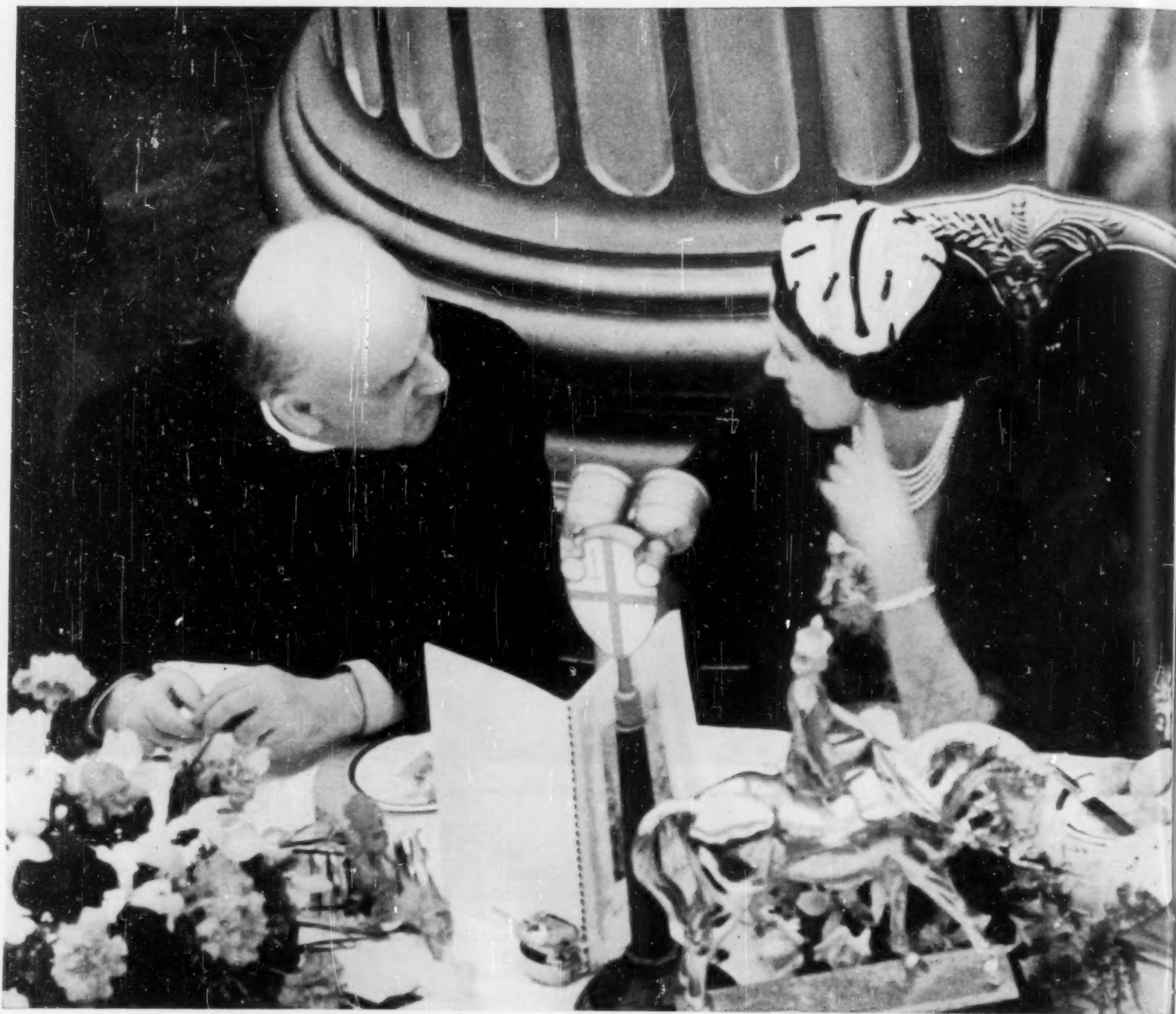
*Continued on page 130*



**BEVERLEY BAXTER ASKS**

# Was Princess Margaret

The noted writer and British MP looks back on the tragic palace romance and



Princess Margaret chats with the Archbishop of Canterbury. After a talk with him six weeks ago she ended her romance with divorced Peter Townsend.



# sacrificed to the Church?

enquires bluntly: "Do you wonder that people are saying there is more compassion in the teachings of Christ than in the canons of the church?"

**G**REAT events have some affinity with the tides of the sea. Day after day, month after month, year after year the waves will break impotently against a rocky cliff. And then suddenly a furious dynamic wave will bring the cliff crashing into the sea.

That is how I see the pitiful romantic tragedy of Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend. Its consequences are not so drastic nor so dramatic as in the case of the abdication of King Edward VIII, yet it may be that its impact upon the church and human society will be more widespread. Shakespeare wrote the wistful tragedy of Romeo and Juliet and it will live forever because it is forever true. In its own way the tragedy of the Princess and the Group Captain will live not only in the hearts of mankind but in the human conscience.

I know how sincerely and deeply the Roman Catholics regard marriage as a sacrament sanctified by God and therefore indissoluble, and in this attitude the Church of England is in complete accord. Therefore what I am writing now may cause resentment and disagreement, but I cannot answer to anything but my own conscience.

Although it has received little publicity the situation of Sir Anthony Eden was both delicate and difficult. As prime minister he has the responsibility of appointing the bishops in the Anglican Church, yet when he married Clarissa Spencer Churchill he could not ask for the sanctification of the church, although he had been the innocent party in his divorce.

Thus we had the embarrassing spectacle of the prime minister designate going to a registry office for his second marriage. Here was a man about to become the leader of the nation, but he could not have the blessing of the church. At the moment I shall make no further comment on this except to note how in effect it was part of the tragic tapestry of the Royal Family. But there was another shadow that fell athwart the scene. The abdication ghost walked again. Mrs. Simpson had been the innocent party in two divorces, but the church and parliament would not accept her as the Queen of England. The spectacle of a queen with two living ex-husbands was too much for the British people to endure.

Yesterday is the parent of today. Supposing Prime Minister Eden and parliament had agreed that they would not invoke the Royal Marriages Act of 1772 in the case of Princess Margaret and that, in spite of her marriage to Group Captain

Townsend, she would remain third in succession to the throne—what would the Americans have said? I do not doubt that the human sympathy of the American people is with the young lovers, but that very sympathy would have turned to hot resentment if it had been shown that there was one law for a British woman and another for an American, if it involved the throne.

An even more formidable factor that had to be taken into account was the Roman Catholic fraternity throughout the commonwealth. In such a matter it is obvious that the French

Canadians were a matter of the first consideration. And second only to the Roman Catholics was the Anglican Church. Here the problem was not so simple. The Anglican Church is by no means united on the question. The archbishop and most of the bishops are of one mind—that the vows of marriage are binding in the eyes of the church and that there can be no sanctification of a wedding following a divorce. But there are a number of Anglican clergy who defy this ukase. So far there has been no official action against them, but that

*Continued on page 123*

**"I wish I could feel that the loneliness and the tears of this woman were necessary for the good of humanity"**





Scientists aren't sure  
how it works,  
but many are convinced  
the fat in your blood  
is the real villain  
behind most heart attacks.  
Its name is cholesterol  
and it comes in the  
best foods you eat

**Is this your heart's worst enemy**



## BY ALAN PHILLIPS

**O**N THE morning of September 23, the president of the United States ate a hearty breakfast of sausage, bacon and eggs, spent a couple of hours at his desk, then played eighteen holes of golf. The president, vacationing in Colorado, was feeling fit and relaxed. He ate a heavy lunch then went back on the course. On the eighth hole he complained of a pain in his chest which he put down to indigestion. Next day the world learned the stunning truth: the president's supposed "indigestion" was due to coronary thrombosis.

As stock-market shares dropped fourteen billion dollars in their total paper value and statesmen mourned what many took to be a lessened chance for peace, middle-aged men rushed to doctors' offices in numbers that a heart specialist in New York termed "fantastic." Lying in a hospital bed, Dwight D. Eisenhower drew the whole world's attention to a health problem that badly needed it.

Heart disease is now the No. 1 killer in Canada, the United States, Britain, northern Europe, Australia and New Zealand. "Increasingly," says Dr. Ancel Keys, world-famous researcher and a director of the American Heart Association, "heart disease dominates the total health and mortality picture among adults in the Western world . . . particularly," he adds, "in the more prosperous countries and the more prosperous classes."

This is a curious qualification. What does it mean? Simply, that the more we earn the more we spend on food. We tend especially to gratify our taste for fatty foods. And fat, more and more scientists are coming to believe, is a lure that delivers us up to heart disease.

In this, the latest theory about increasing heart disease, it isn't the fat we store on our bones that abets the great assassin, it's the fat we store in our arteries. President Eisenhower weighed no more on the day of his heart attack than in the days when he was a West Point cadet. He kept a vigilant eye on his total calories, but like most of us—according to this theory—he let the percentage of fat in his food rise too high. In time, this caused the percentage of fat in his blood to rise. Gradually it settled in his arteries and eventually blocked the flow of blood to his heart.

One of the first signs of this condition is that the blood shows an increase of a type of fat called cholesterol. "Its concentration in the blood," says Dr. Keys, "is affected by genetic factors, by hormones, and possibly by physical activity, but the largest factor, and most clearly demonstrated in man, is the diet. The main item of influence in the diet identified so far is the total fat content, or the proportion of all calories provided by fats."

This theory is not accepted by all heart specialists. Many continue to place the emphasis on overweight, lack of exercise, or on emotional turmoil, tension and overwork, sometimes lumped together under the one label, stress. But others are turning to the theory that fat in the blood stream is the villain, or at least the biggest single villain yet unmasked. "I do not think anyone even superficially versed on the subject," says Dr. Thaddeus Labecki of the Mississippi State Board of Health, "would deny that the lipoprotein particles (fats) which enter the lining of the arteries do come from the blood stream, and they find themselves in the blood stream because they are ingested with our food."

Although some doctors consider it dubious, the theory seems to be supported, statistically at least, by postwar prosperity. Studies made in China, Japan, Ceylon and Okinawa show that heart disease is rare among people in countries so poor. It is higher among the laboring classes of Spain and Italy, whose standard of living is also higher. But it is nowhere near as high as in the richer nations. For as national incomes rise, so, too, does heart disease, till it reaches a peak in the United States, with Canada just below.

The latest figures from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics show that deaths from all causes in Canada in 1954 were 124,520. Deaths from heart

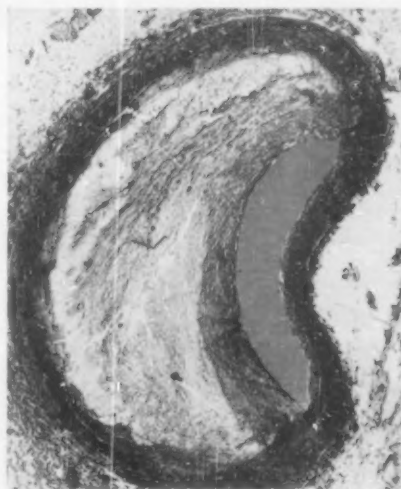
disease were 41,297. This means that one of every three Canadians now living can expect to die from a damaged heart.

There are twenty-one different disorders of the heart. All except one are rare or on the wane. But this one exception accounts for eighty percent of the heart-disease death rate. It is the cause of most heart attacks. Yet, primarily, it is not a disease of the heart. As a prominent British doctor, J. N. Morris, told the World Congress of Cardiology last year in Washington, the heart attack is only "the visible tip of the iceberg." Behind it—the secret cause—said Morris, "is a mass disorder on a scale of the epidemics of history"—a mysterious malady known as atherosclerosis.

Atherosclerosis is by far the more dangerous of two kinds of hardening of the arteries. In one, a relatively innocent type called arteriosclerosis, the flexible artery wall grows hard and brittle, but usually the tube stays fairly open and smooth on the inside. In atherosclerosis, named from the Greek for "porridge," sometimes referred to as a "soft hardening," molecules of

*Continued on page 116*

### How fat in the blood stream causes coronary thrombosis



This micro-photograph shows how fat (cholesterol) has lined the coronary artery and slowed the flow of blood.



Here a blood clot (red) has plugged the artery—already badly clogged. In many cases the starved heart stops.

This familiar meal is full of good nourishing foods. But some doctors say its high fat and high protein, taken together, can wreck the heart.

# t enemy?



**SADDLE SHOES** in The Mink Mile salons are typical of the contrasts of Bloor Street. Under the quizzical gaze of a saleslady, students inspect lingerie styles at posh Carolyn Boutique.



**COMMISSIONAIRE** George Murray greets the fashionable clientele at Holt Renfrew's \$1,500,000 store.

## The remarkable fl

Where a rutty road  
named for a brewer once wandered  
Toronto's svelte and splashy  
Bloor Street now caters  
to a \$200-million-a-year Cadillac  
and subway trade. It will  
sell you anything  
from a dime beer to a mink brassiere

PHOTOS BY WALTER CURTIN





SONGS AT SUPPERTIME are a specialty at the Concerto Café. Singer is Gregory Curtis. Restaurant is run by Brig. Claude Dewhurst.

## flowering of Joe Bloor's bog

By DAVID MacDONALD

**M**ORE than a hundred years ago, when Toronto was a boy, there was a brewer who had a special distaste for a long rutty road called Bloor, where, on the town's outskirts, he made his home and his beer. "It is darker than a bog," he once declared. Another time he complained that it took him an hour to wade through Bloor's mud one Christmas Eve and that, anyway, there was naught worth buying—save, of course, his own splendid mead—on the confounded street. What was doubly irking to the brewer—Joseph Bloor, Esq.—was that the street was named in his honor.

Today, with another Christmas at hand, Bloor Street is still challenging the wayfarer—not with mud but with mink.

Over the last five years, a dreary six-block stretch of midtown Bloor—Joe's original bog—has become the centre of a swank and haughty new shopping district that has begun to rival Montreal's older and still more handsome Sherbrooke Street as Canada's richest and most glamorous retail market place. Now, in this merry season of jingling cash-register bells, its plush-and-platinum big stores like Morgan's, Holt Renfrew and Creed's, its elegant little temples of *haute couture* and its very special specialty shops are rejoicing in such popularity that buyers have actually been seen lining up behind uniformed doormen to get in.

By selling everything from zippers and zithers to gowns by Christian Dior and caps by Davy Crockett, the Bloor district now takes in more than \$200 million a year. And it has so altered Toronto buying

habits that anxious downtown merchants, as a body, are resorting for the first time to singing commercials—"It pays to shop downtown"—to lure back their customers.

Some downtown stores, evidently obeying the old injunction, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," have simply followed the trend to Bloor Street. Last September, when the ultra-urbane firm of Holt Renfrew moved into a \$1,500,000 marble, glass and stainless-steel tower on Bloor, after sixty-five years downtown, the Globe and Mail proudly christened the street The Mink Mile and declared, "Some Torontonians stack it up against Regent Street and Fifth Avenue."

This is heady—and highly colored—praise indeed, suggesting that what's best in Toronto is just naturally best in Canada, if not all outdoors. But it is not without its effect on both buyer and seller. "I have noticed," says Jacques Farber, an interior decorator, "that when people come to shop on Bloor Street they wear their Sunday suits."

A couple of months ago an out-of-town visitor, inspecting one of Bloor's ritzier salons, was struck by its scented hush. "Too bad you're having things so quiet," he said to a saleslady.

The lady sniffed. "Millionaires," she replied, "don't make much noise."

Such hoity-toity talk pains most Bloor district merchants. Banded together in the four-hundred-member Yonge-Bloor-Bay Association, a local betterment tong that takes in both business and professional men and women, *Continued on page 107*



LIMOUSINES are commonplace, but the area's four hundred merchants deplore the suggestion theirs is a "snob" district.



ONLY \$9,000 buys this cerulean mink being modeled in the splendor of Creed's, a founder of Bloor's swank tradition.



You can push a referee too far. In this NHL game in 1947 angry Bill Chadwick shouts back at lippy Toronto Leafs and Montreal Canadiens.

## A few words from the man in the middle

**For sixteen years this big-league hockey referee listened to everybody holler for his scalp. Now he tells what he thinks of the fans, players and coaches who made every game an adventure**

**BY BILL CHADWICK  
as told to  
TRENT FRAYNE**

**C**LARENCE CAMPBELL, the president of the National Hockey League, kept trying to get a word in among the hoots and boos of the crowd at Madison Square Garden in New York last October 19. There were 11,685 fans in the rink to see the Rangers open at home against the Toronto Maple Leafs. The president had walked on the ice to make a presentation to me, marking my retirement after sixteen full seasons as an NHL referee and linesman, the longest such career in the league's history. A couple of fans cheered, but then cooler heads intervened and the cheers soon turned to full-throated boos. The mob remembered that this was a former referee that Mr. Campbell was talking about as he shouted a few kind words above the din.

It reminded me of another night long ago. During a pre-game patriotic observance in the

same Garden the players of the two teams and the officials stood rigidly while a band played the national anthem. The crowded arena was hushed as the anthem faded and a firing squad prepared to thunder a volley. Out of the solemnity of the moment came a sudden shout from the packed gallery:

"When you get through with them guns," rolled the voice, "shoot Chadwick."

A referee is rarely right in the eyes of the paying guests. He is, at least temporarily, a figure of authority on whom the pent-up frustra-

tions of everyday living can be released by the fans without penalty. It's an occupational hazard he soon learns to expect and accept. The abuse, the sudden high-pitched squeal of laughter that cascades down when a referee falls to the ice or is accidentally knocked over by a player and lands ignominiously on the seat of his pants, the rantings of keyed-up coaches and managers if a referee's decision hurts their team, the corner-of-the-mouth jibes of needling players, the endless hours of loneliness in strange cities that stem from an unwritten rule that officials should not fraternize with players, and the excessive responsibility by which a single mistake can cost players and rink owners hundreds of thousands of dollars if it means the difference between a team gaining a playoff berth or missing it—all of these things combine

*Continued on page 95*



## How early map makers saw the West

Rare maps from a noted Canadian collection,  
published for the first time, detail the guesswork, the genius and the pure fraud  
that characterized the charting of the West

WHEN Christopher Columbus reached North America in 1492 he believed he had found Asia. Within a generation it was clear that what had been discovered was not the fabled East but a new, massive land barrier. Explorers immediately began to hunt for a way through this barrier: throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries these restless men sought a Northwest Passage through or around the North American continent.

By land and sea they searched—in vain—for the break in the barrier they insisted must exist. Some gave up exploring to take advantage

of the riches they found on the way. Others began the laborious process of carving a new world from the raw wilderness. Some, lured by furs, gold, adventure and the elusive way to the East, pushed farther and farther inland, enduring incredible hardships, riding the dangerous rivers, following the tales of Indians to seas and rivers that didn't exist, seeking fortune, the Western Ocean and China, mapping as they went. Others, audaciously nosing their tiny ships through the treacherous oceans around the Americas, gradually unfolded for a curious public the detailed coastlines of a vast new continent.

From such men information filtered back to Europe to be duly transcribed on the maps of the day. Some of that information was remarkably accurate; some of it was pure fraud.

The last large area to remain totally unexplored was the Canadian west. These maps, from the extensive private collection of Dr. Alexander MacDonald, a Toronto physician, illustrate the fact—and some of the fancy—of North American cartography between 1550 and 1800. They were chosen from a group of seventy maps of the West that will be shown at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto in March 1956.

MAPS CONTINUE ON FOLLOWING SIX PAGES →



1570: TO MAP MAKERS THE WEST WAS A VAGUE OUTLINE SHROUDED IN MYTH, MARKED "UNKNOWN". Seven fabled cities of Quivira (upper left) and the reported separation of Asia and America lured explorers.



1548: EARLIEST THEORIES JOINED ASIA AND AMERICA  
Long after Columbus map makers still knew nothing of the West.

## An uncertain coastline ... and a mysterious "River of Death"

FIFTY YEARS after Columbus discovered America a broad, speculative form of the northern continent had taken shape on the maps of the day. The Spanish, gorging themselves on gold in South America, Central America, Florida and Lower California, soon mapped those areas. Exploration and settlement quickly established the shape of the eastern seaboard. But only a vague blank outline marked the northwest section of the continent.

At the middle of the sixteenth century it was still believed that Asia and America were joined. In the second half of the century a theory gained ground that a strait—called the Strait of Anian—separated the two continents,

as illustrated in the Ortelius map on the previous page. Sir Francis Drake, on his trip around the world in 1577-1580, touched the western coast in the region of the present state of California, seeking the entrance to the Anian Strait which he thought would take him back to the Atlantic. Drake named his landfall New Albion, a tag that wandered up and down maps of the coast for two hundred years.

It was not until Vitus Bering, a Dane in the employ of Peter the Great of Russia, sailed through the strait in 1728, and later reached the shores of what is now Alaska in 1741, that the Anian theory was proven. But Bering's Strait led to a Frozen Ocean, and not to the Atlantic.

Inland there was little to go on. The Spanish, blinded by the wealth of South America, built the vaguest rumors into the remarkable region of Quivira with its seven fabulous cities. Another series of Spanish reports turned lower California from a peninsula into an island. The Indians told of a great River of the West, which the explorers hoped would lead them to the Pacific: onto the maps went the River of the West, which may be today's Red, Saskatchewan or even the Nelson.

Not until late in the eighteenth century would the more reliable discoveries of explorers like Mackenzie replace the half-legendary rivers and seas and begin to fill in the vast blank spaces.

1628: FALSE SPANISH REPORTS TURNED LOWER CALIFORNIA, FORMERLY CORRECTLY MAPPED AS A PENINSULA, INTO AN ISLAND  
Reports of rich cities sent Spanish along the Pacific coast. Cities were never found, but romancing explorers claimed California was an island.







1743: BEFORE EXPLORERS PUSHED INTO THE WILDERNESS CARTOGRAPHERS ATTEMPTED TO MAKE INDIAN TALES INTO MAPS. Indian reports said River of the West (the Red?) ran into plains. Maps turned system, including Lac Ouinipigon (Winnipeg), sideways.

1723: ONE EXPLORER REPORTED THE EXISTENCE OF A "RIVER OF DEATH"  
The sluggishness of one river (the Red again?) gave it an odd, forbidding name.

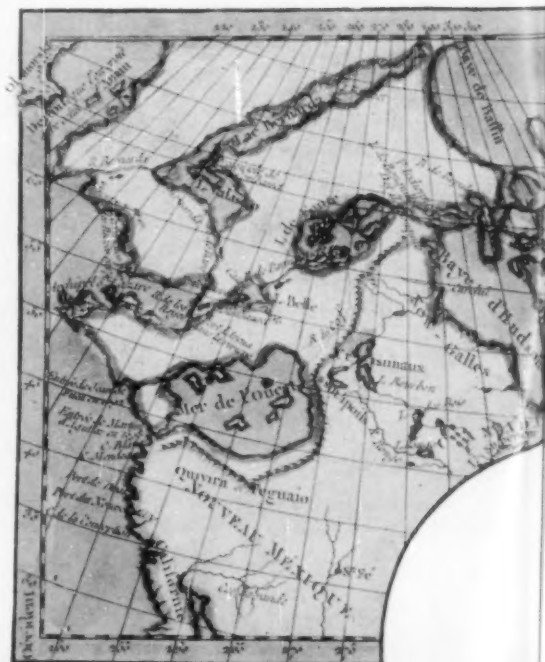




1752: DE L'ISLE, A NOTED FRENCH CARTOGRAPHER, PUBLISHED DETAILS OF A GREAT HOAX. Apocryphal voyage of De Fonté claimed continent was cut up by a fabulous network of rivers and lakes.

## The great hoax that foxed the map makers

1795: NONEXISTENT SEA LASTED FOR SEVENTY YEARS. De Fonté's "discovery" still stirred controversy for 100 years.







CONTINUED OVER PAGE →

1782: THOUGH REAL DISCOVERIES DEFLATED DE FONTE'S DECEPTION IT WAS REPLACED BY ANOTHER, OLDER, LEGEND. Based partly on Indian reports and on the reputed voyage of De Fuca in 1592, Janvier mapped a great Sea of the West.

IN 1708 an English periodical, *The Monthly Miscellany, or Memoirs for the Curious*, printed a remarkable letter said to have been written by an Admiral Bartholomew de Fonte. De Fonte described a voyage he had made in 1640 which took him from the Pacific deep into the interior of North America. Scholars have never been able to decide whether De Fonte actually lived or not: there is no doubt he never made the voyage claimed for him.

De Fonte's "discoveries" duly appeared on the maps, a fabulous, complicated network of channels that laced the northern half of the continent. According to his report, there was no Northwest Passage. The De Fonte myth was seriously defended until the area had been so thoroughly explored that the story simply wouldn't hold together any longer. As late as 1839 a reputable journal, *The North American Review*, hinted that there was still room for argument in De Fonte's favor.

The De Fonte myth is the most notorious example of the many apocryphal voyages that

plagued map makers trying to lay down accurate outlines of the West. One of the earliest was the supposed voyage of a Greek mariner named Apostolos Valerianos, better known as Juan de Fuca, who claimed to have discovered the entrance to a Northwest Passage in 1592. In 1596 De Fuca poured his tale into the eager ears of Michael Lok, an Englishman he met in Venice. In 1625 Lok's account was published, but attracted little attention until the middle of the eighteenth century when explorers—after a hiatus of one hundred and fifty years—began to sail the Pacific coast again. Then, with little to guide them, they once again sought De Fuca's strait.

Whether De Fuca actually discovered an entrance to the continent has never been settled. Captain Cook said in 1778 that "We saw nothing like it; nor is there the least probability that ever any such thing existed." But ten years later Captain John Meares, sailing the same coast, thought he had found the passage. Today, De Fuca's strait is on all the maps.

1955: THIS IS AREA MAP MAKERS HAD TO CHART. Modern map shows expanse that had to be explored before accurate maps were possible. It took three centuries.





## How the blank spaces were filled in

JAMES COOK rose in the British Navy by a combination of circumstance and good luck. Two voyages around the world had established him as one of the greatest of English explorers when in 1777 he sailed on his third and final trip, with secret orders to search for the Northwest Passage. Above latitude 52 he was to make a detailed examination of the coast.

Cook first sighted land in what is today the state of Oregon, but was driven back to sea by bad weather, an event he commemorated by naming his initial landfall Cape Foulweather. Fog and bad weather kept him at sea for several days, he missed the entrance to Vancouver, and when he landed again at Nootka Sound was unaware that the harbor he had found was on an island. He stayed about a month at Nootka, then moved up the coast and into Bering Strait until he reached the Arctic ice pack, satisfying

himself that there was no Northwest Passage.

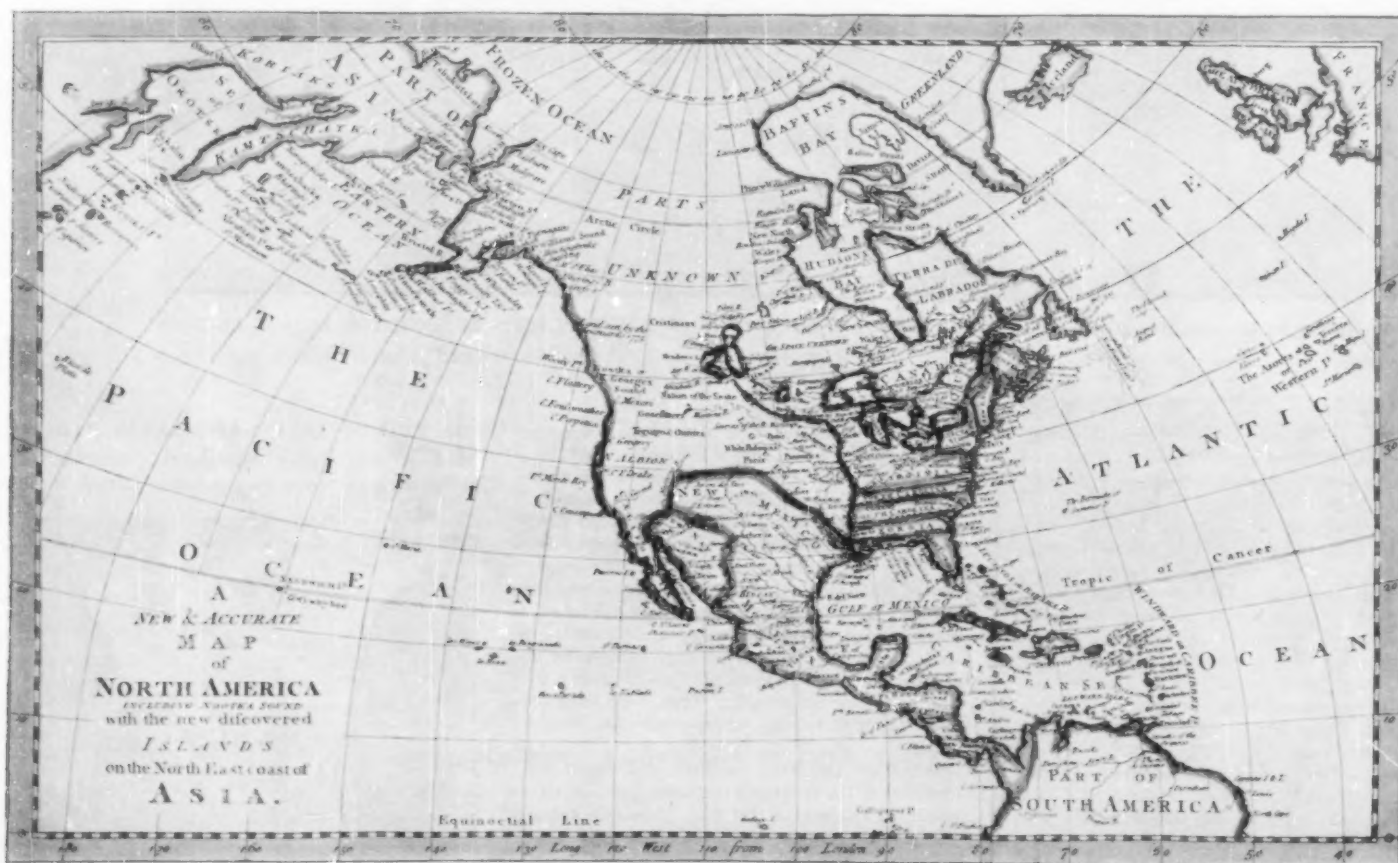
Cook was not the first to make this voyage. Several years earlier Spanish explorers had been along the coast. Reports of their voyage, long kept secret by Spanish authorities, show that to them belongs the first discovery of many points on the British Columbia coast, an honor they lost because for a century the world was literally unaware of their work.

While Cook thought he had disposed of the Northwest Passage it did in fact exist, undiscovered until 1906 when Roald Amundsen completed a three-year voyage through the seas that ring the top of North America.

Inland the great continental explorers were hard at work. Samuel Hearne went down the Coppermine River to the Arctic in 1772. Alexander Mackenzie conquered the mighty river that bears his name in 1789. Four years

later Mackenzie struggled across the Rockies and made his way to the Pacific at Bella Coola, where (in a mixture of grease and vermilion) he painted on a rock his plain proud notice: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three."

Mackenzie narrowly missed meeting members of Captain George Vancouver's expedition of that year. Vancouver, sent to settle difficulties that had arisen with the Spanish, ended up co-operating with the Spaniard Don Quadra whom he found charting the coastline of a huge island north of De Fuca's strait which they named Quadra and Vancouver. The Spanish eventually relinquished their claims in the area, and once again the English genius for publicity obscured their work, until in time the island became known simply by Vancouver's name.

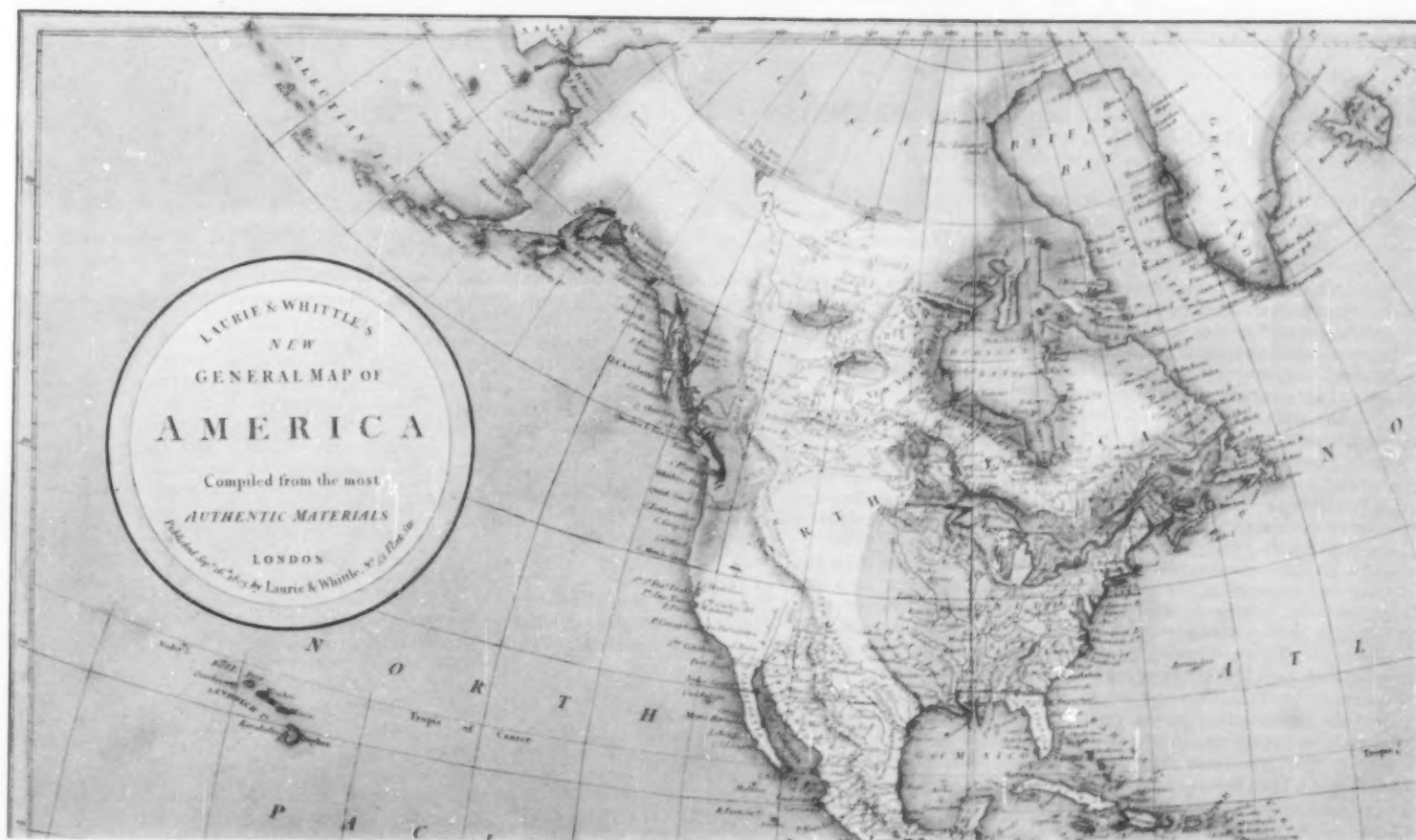


1785: COOK'S VOYAGE MARKED THE TURNING POINT IN WEST-COAST MAPPING. HE CONCLUDED THERE WAS NO NORTHWEST PASSAGE. Cook in 1778 sailed the western coast from Cape Foulweather to the Frozen Ocean. The widely publicized voyage strengthened British claim to the area.





1786: FRENCH MAP OVERLOOKED COOK'S WORK BUT NOTED START OF BERING'S COAST  
Map makers were often behind the latest discoveries. On this map near-modern spelling of Lake Winipigie appears and lake is placed right way up, but still too far to west. Vast area remains unknown.



1805: GREAT INLAND DISCOVERIES BEGAN TO APPEAR ON MAPS EARLY IN NINETEENTH CENTURY AFTER VANCOUVER SAILED B. C. COAST  
The Rockies, called Mountains of Brilliant Stones by Indians, were Stoney Mountains on this map. Huge mapping task, still incomplete, had only begun.

# They'll never kill off the crafty crow



He's a killer, a robber and a glutton.

He's shot at, poisoned, trapped and even bombed.

Yet he continues to multiply. Some experts say they don't know what we'd do without him, but almost everyone else agrees we'd rather

By FRANKLIN RUSSELL

**A**BOUT the middle of March every year several million of Canada's least-lovable tourists cross the U. S. border and stream north in a disorderly cawing cavalcade. They are *corvus brachyrhynchos*, or common black crows. As they appear in the southern sky, humping along with heavy wing beats and strung out from horizon to horizon, sportsmen throughout Canada begin polishing their shotguns, dusting off their decoys and planning crow-shooting expeditions. Farmers, seeing the first tourists landing heavily on fence posts, either reach for rifles or make mental note to repair their scarecrows.

In the animal world itself, the arrival of the crows is scarcely less momentous. A Toronto nature lover spent a summer watching twenty pairs of nesting red-winged blackbirds in a swamp and by summer's end had seen eighteen nests pillaged by crows. The crow is a murderer and a thief. He steals anything that glitters and relishes duck eggs only slightly less than a chicken, freshly slain by himself.

He has been condemned by a score of authorities, from old ladies who feed pigeons to the noted Canadian ornithologist and conservationist, Percy A. Taverner. "Sportsmen," Taverner said, "should take the burden of controlling one of the worst game destroyers." Crows were alleged to have eaten thirty million duck eggs and ducklings in western Canada in 1946. That was the estimate of Tom Main, then manager of Ducks Unlimited, a private conservation group with headquarters in Winnipeg. It may have been a pessimistic estimate but at least it indicated the enormity of the crows' collective appetite. A U. S. duck hunter, Col. E. C. Russenholt, used to tip his hat whenever he saw a flock

of crows. "The best damn duck hunters in the world," he would say bitterly.

As long ago as 2000 BC the Chinese were observing darkly that "crows are black the whole world over," and their lack of enthusiasm for the bird was echoed later by Danes, Romans, Portuguese, Dutch and English, who produced hundreds of proverbs, most of them critical, about the bird.

It's hardly surprising then that the crow has few friends. He's attacked by hawks, eaten by owls, reviled and feared by nearly every bird in the sky. He's shot, poisoned, trapped and even bombed by mankind. He is frequently a fugitive from mass crow-shooting expeditions. Despite all this he is cocky, abundant—there are perhaps twelve crows for every human being in North America—and destructive. "It may be assumed," a member of the Audubon Society said recently, "that the crow, short of some catastrophe, will continue to inhabit Canada and the U. S. in increasing numbers."

The crow's apparently bottomless stomach is responsible for much of his unpopularity. During his nestling life of three to four weeks, the young crow eats perhaps two and a half times his own weight of May beetles, a mound of grasshoppers twelve to eighteen inches high and other assorted dishes (young birds, carrion, grain) totalling fourteen pounds in weight. This period of his history has prompted agricultural scientists (but not the farmers) to give the crow a guarded nod of approval. They've calculated that a crowless North America would probably bulge with beetles and grasshoppers.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture, *Continued on page 76*





**WILL IT LEAK?** An Isotope Products technician, P. C. Chapman, checks welds on a pipeline with a special "camera" that will register flaws on film wrapped around pipe.



**WILL IT WORK?** A TV tube they will convert to detect radioactive rays is studied by IPL founders (from l) N. Z. Alcock, P. V. Stewart, D. C. Brunton and R. F. Maskell.

# The atom is their bloodhound

A new super-sleuth called the isotope is helping four young Canadian scientists solve industrial problems like seeing through steel or photographing the inside of a rice kernel. They got their start with a garage and a rented typewriter

BY FRED BODSWORTH

**W**OULD you like to measure the thickness of a cigarette paper? Look into a pipeline six feet underground? Inspect the steel reinforcing rods encased in a ten-foot-thick concrete pillar? Take a picture through twelve inches of steel? Measure the amount of air in a gallon of ice cream? Or photograph the inside of a rice kernel to see if it's wormy?

In Canadian industry there are firms that badly need these jobs done, and there's one firm in Canada that does them. The firm's stock in trade, enabling it to perform seemingly miraculous stunts, is atomic radiation.

It all began in 1950 when four enterprising young atomic scientists resigned from their jobs at Chalk River, the Canadian government's big atomic research centre, set up a laboratory in an old garage at Oakville, near Toronto, and became the first company in North America to sell radioactivity for peacetime industrial use. After a hectic struggle during which they proved even to their own satisfaction that no matter how good they might be as scientists they were poor businessmen, the four finally got established in the then unexplored atoms-for-industry field.

Today, as Isotope Products Ltd., with labs and offices in several Canadian and U. S. cities, they are grossing \$700,000 to \$800,000 a year by applying the mysterious power of the atom to a bewildering variety of tasks. IPL atomic experts have worked during the last couple of years from the muskeg country of Newfoundland and Alaska south to Jamaica and the Texas Panhandle. For instance, when builders of the U. S. government's secret atom-powered submarine, the Nautilus, wanted its welded seams checked for safety, they called experts of Canada's IPL to the Groton, Conn., shipyards to do the job, because no U. S. companies employing radioactivity could match the record and experience of the Canadian company.

IPL is not harnessing the atom as a source of primary power; instead it is harnessing that other and secondary power of the atom—its penetrating radiation. In a way, IPL's industrial trouble shooters form one of the strangest detective forces on earth. They are "private eyes" with atomic spectacles that permit them to peer into spots where no eye or no instrument could ever see before. Much of their work is routine, but the strange versatility of the atom gets them involved at times in some peculiar jobs.

About a year ago Isotope Products *Continued on page 100*



**THE EDMONTON GRADS** of 1922, the year they won their first east-west final. From left: Daisy Johnson, Percy Page (coach), Nellie Perry, Eleanor Mountfield, Dot Johnson, Winnie Martin (seated) and Connie Smith. In knee-length bloomers they beat London Shamrocks by twenty points in a two-game series.

## THE FEROCIOUS YOUNG LADIES FROM



**OFF TO EUROPE** in 1924, the Grads were typified by Abbie Scott (at left) wearing her fashionable cloche. A cheering Edmonton crowd saw them off. The Olympics were at Paris that year and, although basketball was not an official event, the Grads won six exhibition games and were proclaimed world champions.



## A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Most of the year they were demure stenographers and filing clerks but when solemn Percy Page sent them out on the basketball court they trounced the world's best teams without mercy. Even today, people still ask—what was the secret of the Grads?

BY ROBERT COLLINS

IT WAS July 4, 1925, and to the fans at the girls' amateur basketball game in Guthrie, Oklahoma, it seemed like the very devil of a way to celebrate Independence Day.

Their home-town Red Birds, Oklahoma's basketball champions, were taking a methodical beating from a team called the Edmonton, Alta., Commercial Grads. Two nights earlier the Grads had won the first match of this two-game total-points series for the Underwood Trophy, a North American challenge cup. Now the Grads were winning again with the same short snappy passes, uncanny shots and grueling pace.

By half time Guthrie's Glorious Fourth was practically ruined. Then Dr. James A. Naismith, a sixty-four-year-old professor from nearby University of Kansas, got up and told the crowd, "It is doubtful if any girls' game has ever equaled that of tonight in all-round strategy, brilliance of play and doggedness in attack."

And after Edmonton had won, 21-5, Naismith told newspapermen, "I never expected to see the day when girls could play basketball as these Canadian girls play it. In my opinion the Grads have the finest basketball team that ever stepped on a floor."

At this the Guthrie fans brightened a little. Naismith's opinion was good enough for them; after all, he'd invented basketball, thirty-four years before. Obviously it was no disgrace losing to the Grads for, obviously, they were some sort of superteam.

And, indeed, they were. There has never been another girls' basketball team, or perhaps any amateur team, like the Edmonton Commercial

Grads. For seventeen years of their twenty-five-year-career they ruled the girls' basketball world.

Between 1915 and 1940 they traveled 125,000 miles through North America and Europe, taking on all comers in exhibition or championship games. In that time, they:

- ★ Played 522 games and lost only 20.
- ★ Ran up consecutive winning streaks of 78 and 147 games.
- ★ Entered 11 western Canada playoffs and won them all.
- ★ Entered 13 Canadian finals and won them all.
- ★ Played 24 games on three European tours and won every game.
- ★ Played nine official games with men's teams and won seven.

They literally monopolized the Underwood challenge trophy. The typewriter company offered it in 1923 to encourage girls' basketball, particularly in Canada and the United States. Any champions of a province or state could challenge for it, at first in two-game total-points series and later in three-wins-out-of-five-games series. The Grads won it first and never let it go. They defended it forty-nine times, winning 112 of the 118 games played. In 1940 they were given the silver cup to keep.

But the story behind the statistics is even more remarkable: a story of how for twenty-five years John Percy Page, the patient school-teacher coach, molded a succession of unpaid Edmonton school girls into champions; of their fabulous passing, shooting and last-minute wins; of how the Grads finally retired for lack of spectators and opponents: of Edmonton's strange off-and-on love affair with the team that was really too good.

It all began in 1912 when Percy Page, a solemn steady-eyed man of twenty-five, came from St. Thomas, Ont., to organize commercial courses in Edmonton schools. Page had a BA from Queen's University and six years' teaching experience in New Brunswick and St. Thomas. He was a non-

smoker, nondrinker, hard worker and middling good athlete. In collegiate and normal school days in Hamilton, Ont., he'd played basketball and hockey; in St. Thomas he coached school basketball teams.

Basketball was relatively new to Canada then. James Naismith, who was born in Almonte, Ont., invented it in 1891, while instructing at the international YMCA training school at Springfield, Mass. He devised it as a lively indoor sport to keep his men in shape between football and baseball seasons.

In numbers of official participants, basketball today ranks fourth behind hockey, softball and tennis among Canadian team sports, and if company-league and school teams were included it would stand second to hockey.

From time to time the rules change but the basic principles are now much the same as in Naismith's and Page's day. It is a fast game with four ten-minute periods and a minimum of bodily contact. The ball is constantly in motion: it may be passed, bounced or "dribbled" but not carried. The goals are baskets, ten feet off the floor at either end of the court. A basket scored in the course of play counts two points; a "free throw," meaning an unmolested penalty shot after a foul called on the opposition, counts one point.

When Page took charge of commercial classes at Edmonton's McDougall high school in 1914 he made basketball a girls' and boys' physical training project. One day he asked his assistant, Ernest Hyde, "Which do you want to coach, boys or girls?"

Hyde, a bachelor, considered the hazards of handling a squad of giggling teen-age girls.

"I'll take the boys," he said quickly.

Page, who had been married three years and presumably knew how to handle women, took what was left over.

Since McDougall High *Continued on page 66*

## EDMONTON



**PLAYING IN FRANCE** during a 1936 European tour the Grads (wearing white jerseys) whipped French teams. Bloomers had by now given way to abbreviated shorts. Here, Noel MacDonald wins the tip-off.



**REUNION** brings together the former Sophie Brown, Helen Northup, Marg. MacBurney and Jessie Innes.

# Vigil on the rock

**Day after day they clung  
to the strange stump of Siwash Rock on the water's edge  
in Vancouver. Would no one  
listen to their desperate protest?**

**BY VERA JOHNSON**

**T**HE ROCK was solid and comforting beneath him. On the way up there had been some bad moments when small pieces tore loose and fell in sickening silence until they bounced off the base and into the water. But on top it was firm.

There was barely room enough for the two of them. At his left he could look down to the black base of the Rock and the cold green water licking at its edge. If he leaned to the right, across the sleeping bag where Jo was huddled, and looked down on the other side, the view would be the same.

He felt the rope knotted at his waist—that was comforting too, although he hoped it wouldn't be put to the test. The other end was tied to the little fir tree behind him. He turned his head to look at it. It was skimpy, like the grass which had sprung from soil and seeds lodged in crevices and spread sparsely over the surface. The tree was not more than four feet high and it leaned out into space, looking pitifully insecure. But it had been standing there as long as he could remember. The roots might have sunk deep enough into the vitals of the rock to support the weight of a man if he slipped and fell.

It was quiet, so quiet that every sound struck sharply on the silence. A seagull circled overhead, mouth gaping in a raucous cry. It could be the same gull they had disturbed when they began the climb, scolding the intruders on what he regarded as his personal property. A

small tug was heading from the Narrows up toward Point Atkinson, foam fanning out behind it, and the boogata-boogata of its diesel engine came clearly across the water. It was too far away for him to distinguish the name. Was it one of the Cates tugs, on its way to pick up a load? He wished he had thought to bring his binoculars.

The sleeping bag moved, and his hand shot out in a swift protective gesture, but it was all right; Jo was just waking up. She rubbed her eyes, still heavy with sleep, and yawned.

"What's the time?" she said.

"Ten o'clock. You've been sawing them off for almost three hours."

"I needed it."

She began to squirm her way out of the bag.

"Watch it," he said. He took a grip on her upper arm and held it until she slid into a sitting position beside him. She craned her neck and looked out over the Gulf to the horizon, where the mountains of Vancouver Island made a serrated grey band against the sky.

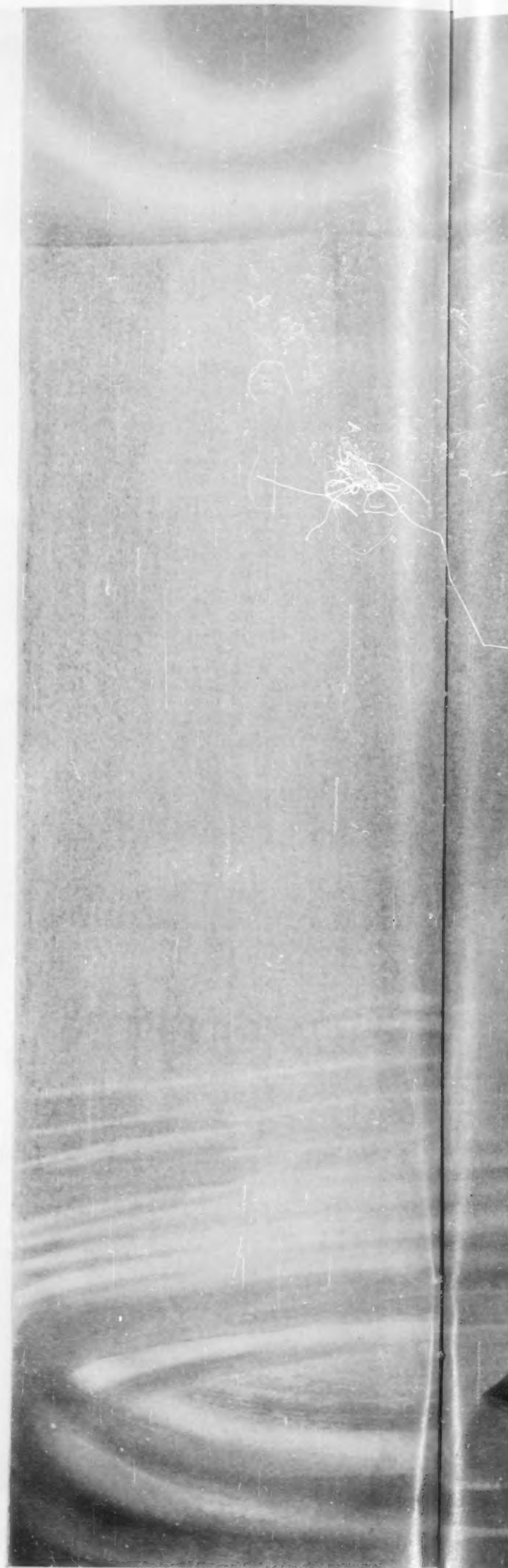
"The view's better that way," she said. "Couldn't we turn around?"

"You can, if you want to sit facing uphill," he said.

She dug her fingers into her scalp and massaged it while she considered. "I guess not," she said finally. "Anyway, we can look at the trees."

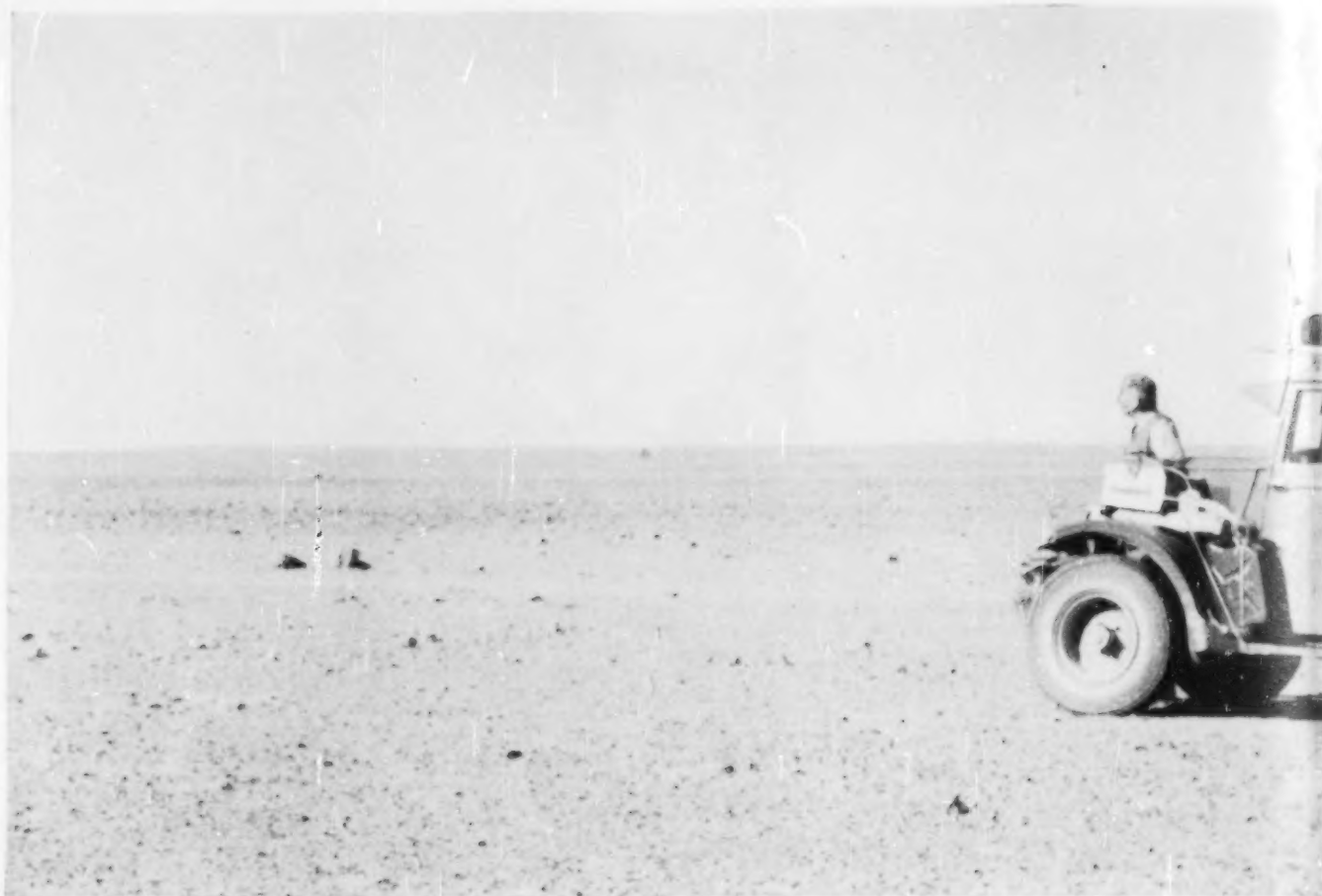
Directly ahead of them, hiding the city from sight, was

*Continued on page 58*





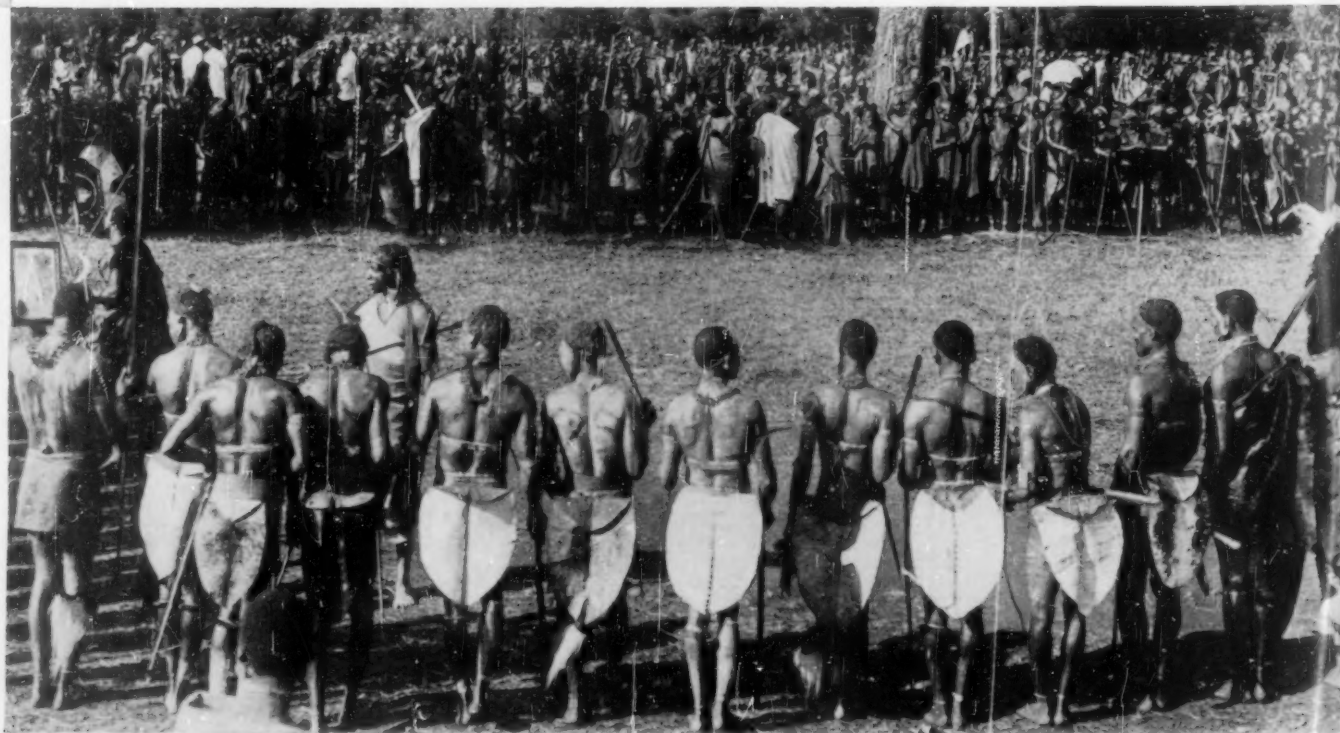




CAN THIS BECOME A FOREST? Richard Baker, a former lumberjack at Prince Rupert, B.C., surveys the Sahara from

## He insists he can make

With the zeal of a fanatic, a one-time Canadian called Richard Baker is



THE MEN OF THE TREES began in Kenya where Baker was a British forestry officer. He won the co-operation of these warriors.





from the front of his desert car in the middle of the wasteland. As founder of Men of the Trees, Baker has many world leaders behind his plan.

## the Sahara green

trying to cajole the world into gambling millions on a gigantic plan to grow trees in the desert

BY MARJORIE EARL

THREE years ago a zealous white-haired visionary and adventurer named Richard St. Barbe Baker—who insists that at heart he is a Canadian although he was born English—made a mad dash across the Sahara Desert. With two companions in a battered, heavily laden automobile he crossed the sands from Algiers to Kilimanjaro, a treacherous journey that has taken the lives of many men as daring if not as happily starred as Baker. The French authorities who control about half of the Greater Sahara refused him permission to make the trip. But Baker, without fear, without mishap and without permission, made it anyway.

Baker is a forester, the founder of the international conservation organization known as the Men of the Trees. The treeless desert might seem like an odd place for a forester to be traveling. But Baker is an odd forester. Part man of science, part explorer, part prophet of doom and part mystic he made the trip because he is planning to reclaim the Sahara.

When the Libyan Desert of Alamein fame is tacked on to the Sahara's vast expanse you have a predominantly stony and sandy wasteland of three and a half million square miles—about twenty-five percent of the land area of all Africa. Thousands of years ago, experts believe, it was richly clothed in vegetation. Unless it is re-

clothed, Baker warns, it will continue to devour the fertile soil of Africa at some points at the rate of thirty miles a year. "The real enemies of mankind today are the advancing deserts," he says, in typically sepulchral accents.

His plan to reclaim the Sahara calls initially for shelter belts of trees to contain the advancing sands, plus the enlargement of existing oases into tree plantations of from ten thousand to one hundred thousand acres. At least six nations share control of the Greater Sahara but, Baker says, complete reclamation is so vast and expensive an undertaking that all nations must co-operate. With due modesty he describes it as "the most staggering project ever contemplated by man."

It is a project that staggers everybody but Baker, who is obsessed with the conviction that he is cut out to save the world and is blinded to obstacles by the heat of his obsession. In his middle sixties, he has more energy than most men half his age and since the end of the war most of it has been spent on promoting the idea of reclaiming the Sahara.

He made his first move in 1945 with characteristic excitement and lack of foresight. He invited the ambassadors of forty-four countries to lunch at London's expensive Dorchester Hotel. After thirty-two acceptances had been returned he realized that he had no money to pay for the lunch.

To Baker, money is one of life's incidentals. His habit is to do what he thinks he must do and worry about paying for it later. On this occasion

he telephoned Lutterworth Press, publishers of five of his twelve books, promised to deliver another one and persuaded them to pick up the tab, charging it against his royalties.

After the diplomats had eaten his lunch they listened politely to his plan and to one of the awesome homilies that stud his speeches, private and public: "If a man loses one-third of his skin, he dies. If a tree loses *Continued on page 89*



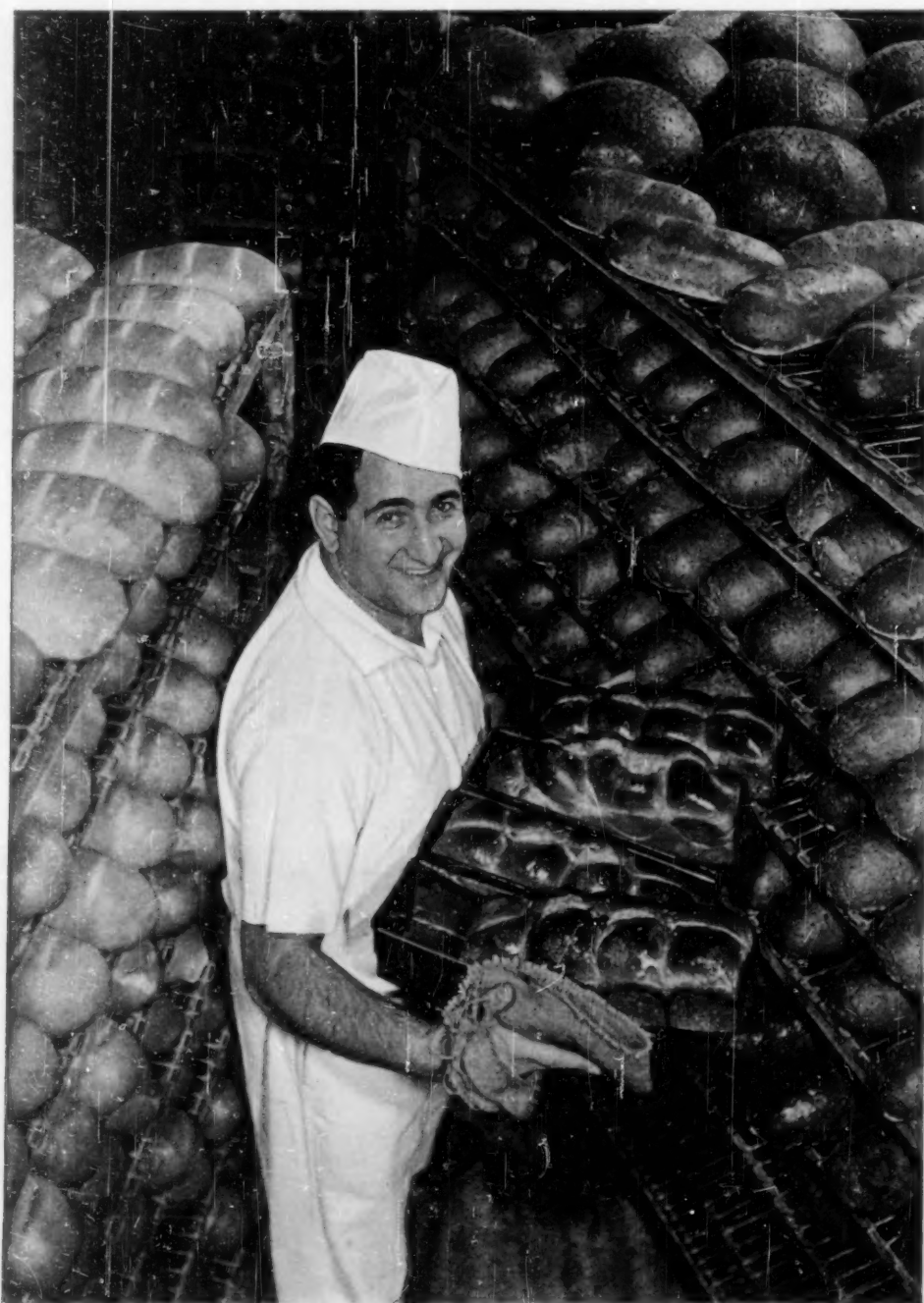
TREE FOSSILS in Algeria are studied by Baker who claims the Sahara once supported a huge forest.

# What's the future for bread?

This end-product of our biggest, richest crop — once the backbone of our diet — is now fighting to stay on

BY GRATTAN GRAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER CROYDON



Joe Lottman turns out forty kinds of bread in his Toronto bakery. Most Canadians buy only white.

**Y**ESTERDAY bread was the unchallenged staff of life, mainstay of the Canadian diet, proud end-product of world-famous prairie wheat fields. Today bread is struggling for its place on the Canadian family menu.

It might be difficult to recognize bread's decline on the shelves in retail stores, for never have bakers offered bread in such a variety of gaudily wrapped shapes, sizes, textures and flavors. Yet cold statistics show that never have individual Canadians been less inclined to eat bread.

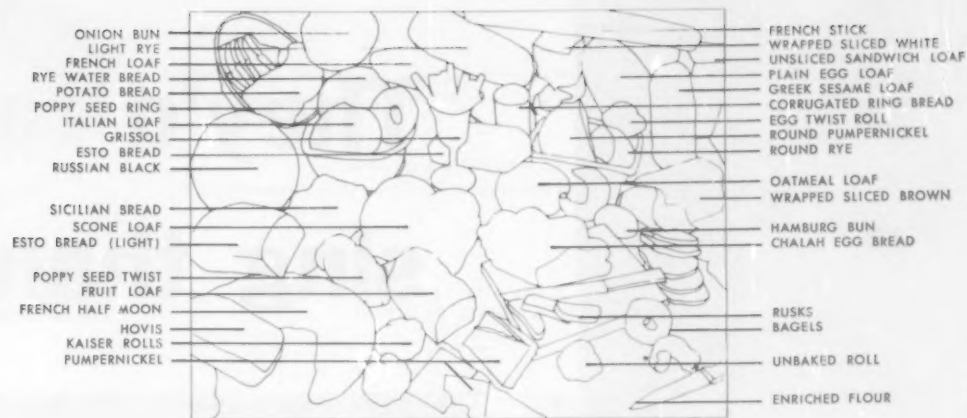
In 1900 we ate 300 pounds of bread per capita. Last year we ate less than 120 pounds per capita, of which 105 pounds was bakery-made. In 1922, the first year the federal government kept records on flour consumption, it was 177 pounds per capita. Last year it was down to 132.

The all-time high in variety of breads offered Canadians today represents two influences: first, a strong campaign by the baking industry to entice people to eat more bread; and second, the arrival in Canada since the war of hundreds of thousands of Europeans who brought with them an appetite for other breads than the traditional and rather dull Canadian white or brown loaf.

By actual count seventy-nine standard kinds of loaf bread now come from the ovens of bakers across Canada. Not all are available in any one region, of course, but a typical Toronto supermarket stocks up daily (and twice on Fridays) with some thirty kinds of bread. There's warm-brown whole-wheat and speckled cracked-wheat; thin-sliced square loaves for sandwiches and thicker-sliced loaves designed especially for toasting; there is a parade of crisp-skinned rye loaves in assorted shades and strengths right up to triple-Kemmil, which is so rich in caraway seeds that to sniff a slice is like inhaling a dram of kummel liqueur, which has the same flavor but a different spelling. There are stacks of long slender envelopes of French bread, a simple combination of flour and water, yeast and salt with a crusty result as difficult to stop nibbling as a sack of peanuts; there are glistening yellow braids of egg twist with mild, flaky crust so easily peeled off that many a man has found to his dismay that he has absent-mindedly flensed a whole loaf, leaving a soft carcass which is of no use unless there happens to be a chicken to be stuffed then and there. Then there's one-hundred-percent whole-wheat and sixty-percent whole-wheat, and brown bread which may not contain any whole wheat at all; there's Vienna bread, a fat crusty white loaf that's ideal for those monstrous

*Continued on page 111*





on the menu. Here's how dieting, easy living and rival foods are making life miserable for the staff of life



Many of these tempting loaves (see the diagram at the top of page to identify them) originated in Europe and New Canadians are still our biggest bread eaters.

# They'd rather sing than eat

The barbershop-quartet singing that grandpa knew has caught fire again all over North America, with thousands warbling the old favorites—except Sweet Adeline: she's too low-brow

BY JOAN DOTY

**I**N A Toronto church hall last winter, after a concert of songs by a barbershop quartet, an elderly woman lingered at the edge of the departing crowd. Timidly, she made her way over to one of the singers. "That was a wonderful concert," she said. "Why, I had no idea barbers could sing so well!"

The singer winced. As a member of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, he was horrified that anyone wouldn't know that barbershop is a song style of unaccompanied four-part harmony, and not a place where singers work.

The style took its name from the barbershop, for it was there in the last century that men gathered for gossip and off-the-cuff harmonizing. The exponents who brought it on stage in the Nineties sometimes wore barbers' aprons, but there the relationship ended. Of the SPEBSQSA members who have sworn "to maintain barbershop quartet singing as a traditional form of American folk music" few are old enough to remember the back rooms of tonsorial parlors, or the days when My Gal Sal was the rage. They are in the society because they love to sing—especially in the informal satisfying style of a barbershop quartet.

This was the reason the society's founders got together in the first place. In 1938 Owen C. Cash, a tax attorney in Tulsa, Okla., rounded up a few men who liked to sing the old songs and harmonize. Soon his singing club, which held an annual competition, spread through the United States and crept over the border into Canada where a Windsor, Ont., chapter was formed in 1943. Although today the society has twenty-five thousand members, including fourteen hundred Canadians, it has only one paid executive—a secretary who runs SPEBSQSA headquarters in Detroit, Mich. In exchange for the chance to sing barbershop in quartets and choruses, the society asks an annual fee of five to fifteen dollars from

members who must be "congenial men of good character who love harmony in music or have a desire to harmonize."

These easy qualifications are one reason why the society has swept the continent. Generally, it doesn't matter whether a man has a voice like a nightingale or a cement mixer; if he likes harmony and likes to sing, the society will let him. Relatively few SPEBSQSA members have had any formal music training; the majority can't read music and many can barely carry a tune. Of course, the society welcomes men with a good ear for harmony, but often the hardest workers are the "crows"—men who love to sing but whose voices are for the birds.

Another reason for the popularity of barbershop is the thrill singers get out of creating harmony chords. To those who know it and sing it, barbershop has a ring all of its own—the ring comes from the harmony chords. In quartets or choruses, the lead singers handle a melody, while tenors, baritones and basses provide a chord to harmonize with each note. Because barbershop is never accompanied by a musical instrument, each singer must depend on his ear to adjust to tone changes of the other voices. Barbershoppers say the thrill of hitting a chord just right sends smiles vibrating to their boots.

This delight in harmony melts all differences in age, nationality, income and language. A Danish singer in the Montreal chapter can't speak English but he can sound every word in "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie." Even international boundaries provide no thorns for barbershoppers. Two men in Boissevain, Man., had kicked songs around for years with any local citizens willing to make up a quartet. Then these two—a baritone and a bass—met a man from Upham, North Dakota, who once sang lead in a quartet. They decided to get together if they could find a tenor. They did—he lived in Bottineau, North Dakota, twenty-five miles from Upham and fifty miles from Boissevain. The four, who called themselves the Americans, would meet every Thursday at the U. S. town of Dunseith, which is

*Continued on page 80*



HITTING A CHORD in the 1955 championships at Miami Beach are the Jolly Boys of Ohio. It's the world series of barbershopping.





**LOOKING HIS BEST**, Norm Sawyer, of Toronto, wears make-up like pop singers; but barbershop songs are old-fashioned.

**PAMPERING HIS THROAT**, Ed Morgan gargles before a performance. Like all barbershoppers he'll sing till he's hoarse.



PHOTOS BY CARROLL SEGHERS



**PICKING THE BEST** quartet on the continent is a three-day judging job. Friends packed Miami auditorium to hear 600 singers, a hundred of them Canadian.



**TESTING A TUNE** is called woodshedding. Singers are Toronto's Jack Watson (left), Stan Green, Bob Bridgeman. But the piano isn't true barbershop.

Bonny had bitten a neighbor's child.  
That's when Mr. Macleod  
had to make his difficult decision.  
They fought against it...but  
they knew that it was

## the only sensible thing to do

BY HEATHER SPEARS

MRS. MACLEOD and her sister Vera had just sat down to tea that Saturday afternoon when Carol, aged eleven, burst in. "You'll have to do something to Bonny," Carol said importantly. "She just bit someone."

"I knew it," said Aunt Vera, which was her way of expressing surprise. "I really think Bonny's more trouble than she's worth."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. Macleod. "Oh dear... who?"

"Donna Richards." Carol led the way to the front door. "In the arm. Charline's holding Bonny."

From the doorstep, Mrs. Macleod called to her second daughter. "Charline, bring her in. Here, Bonny, Bonny..."

"I'll go and coax her," said Carol, running down the steps.

Mrs. Macleod thought anxiously, they must have been teasing Bonny, or something. She wouldn't bite if she weren't provoked. From down the street came the sound of Carol's voice, persuading, soothing, and of Charline's impatient scolds. They returned, Bonny whimpering, half-abject, half-defiant, a few yards behind them.

"She knows she was bad," panted Charline. "Donna and Carol and I were playing hopscotch and she bit Donna right in the arm. It was because she was in the way and Donna pushed her. Donna hit her really hard."

"Well," said her mother, aware of Vera's disapproval but, because she was weak, unable to do anything more definite, "Put her in the basement."

"Come on, Bonny, good girl," sugared Carol.

"Come on, Bonny," shouted Charline.

Bonny, who had been waiting at the bottom of the steps, ascended warily, passed the aunt by as wide a margin as possible, and followed the two girls into the house. The basement door opened, then slammed shut.

In the front room, the aunt asked, "How badly was she hurt?"

"Donna?" Carol shrugged. Shrugging

*Continued on page 85*

He was ready now and they were frightened. "You can't!" they implored.

ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON









ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

When Bob tells them what he does for a living his friends, neighbors and people he's never seen before (or since) bombard him with movie scripts, crime plots and back copies of the *Entomologist's Review*

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN EXPLAINS

## How to drive an author crazy



"Every now and then some classroom sends me eighteen manuscripts and asks me to judge them."

**I** DON'T think I'll ever quite get used to the odd ways people act when I tell them I'm a writer. For one thing, they begin wondering what old junk they have lying around that they can carry over to my house.

Whenever I take a cottage at a summer resort someone appears at my door early in the season, says, "Heard you were a writer—thought you might like to look these over," and hands me a pile of back copies of the *Rotarian*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Motor Magazine*, folders on the Bahamas, manuals on typewriters and Sunday supplements. "Of course you mightn't get anything out of them," he says.

Shy men in old battered hats, brisk nervous salesmen on holidays, elusive men who stand sideways to me when they talk, peering toward the bay, hand me bundles of stock-market analyses, reprints from *Fortune* on the future of calculating machines, and house organs full of breezy little notices about sales conventions and bridal showers that were given to some girl in Steno at Murphy Paint.

Last time I got a cottage I took one way back from the shore, in the woods, and on top of a hill. I didn't take it just to discourage people using me as a literary trash can, but I thought it might help. All it did was keep the news that I was a writer from getting around for an extra day. On the second morning a big friendly woman in a housedress arrived at my door, wheezing horribly, with a whole carton of jigsaw puzzles and pocketbooks by Mickey

Spillane. "Heard you were a writer," she panted.

She went on to say that she had a nephew who used to be a writer once.

"One day I caught him chopping up a perfectly good piano out in the garage," she said. "When I saw what he was doing, I said, 'Land's sake, what in the world are you doing that for?' 'Oh, it's so old it doesn't work any more. I'm going to make a desk out of it,' he said. Well, by golly, he chopped it up and I didn't have a piano or a desk for years."

After this, she disappeared into the woods and I've never seen her since. I couldn't get my mind on anything but her nephew for the rest of the morning.

People also stick books on spiders in my hand as I'm leaving parties. "Read that," they say.

I open my mouth to say that I'm already behind on my sales-market reports and house organs.

"Just read it, that's all," they say, nodding mysteriously.

If I imply politely that I don't want to read about spiders, they snap, "Why not? They're very interesting. Wait till you read about some of the webs they make."

People give me thick paper-backed books that trace the lives of old Louisiana families through four generations, and say, "Somebody gave me this. I couldn't get through the first chapter. You take it."

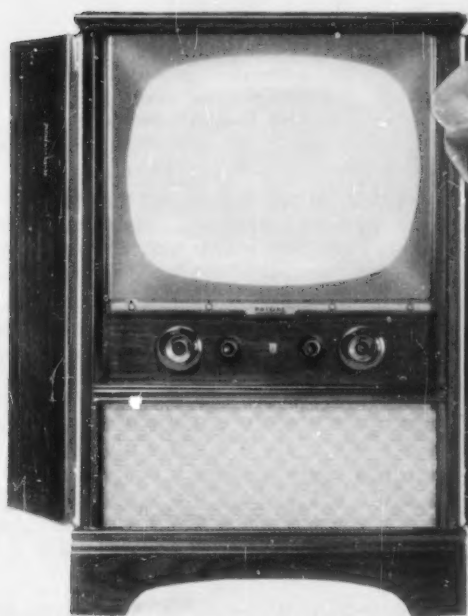
I not only get writing that has been published, but writing that's still *Continued on page 54*



# line of distinction



HEADS turn . . . admiring eyes light up . . . for here is the world's most dramatically exciting television—the inspired Series "400", by Philips. Distinguished for its superb character and quality, Series "400" unveils pictures and sound of unsurpassed clarity and brilliance.



Philips magnificent Series "400" P-3580

Here is the ultimate in modern television . . . and because you like perfection in all things . . . pride of possession will be yours when you choose from Philips famed *line of distinction!*

## PHILIPS



Super **M** television, radio and high fidelity

PHILIPS INDUSTRIES LIMITED  
Toronto • Montreal • Winnipeg • Vancouver • Halifax

Gowns by Nettie Rosenstein

*Distinguished Companion to the World Honored Longines*

*Wittnauer*

MADE AND GUARANTEED BY LONGINES-WITTNAUER

A firm friend to every happy owner is Wittnauer, distinguished companion watch to the world-honored Longines—in its price range, dollar for dollar, the best and most beautiful watch you can buy. In every detail it reflects the vast experience of Longines-Wittnauer in the manufacture and design of fine watches of the highest character. Only in watches costing many dollars more can be found such fresh and exclusive styling, so many advanced horological features. The Wittnauer watch you buy for yourself, or as an important Christmas gift, will be a prized possession and a faithful friend for untold years to come. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to serve you.

*Longines-Wittnauer Company of Canada*

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

Illustrated left to right—*Wittnauer Diamond Debutante*—with two fine diamonds in intricately-fashioned 14K white or yellow gold case, \$95; *Wittnauer Templar Sweep Automatic*—in the All-Proof Series, a self-winding watch with maximum protection against all common watch hazards, 10K gold-filled, with steel back, \$75; *Wittnauer Co-Ed "G"*—charming 10K gold-filled watch, in yellow or white, with matching expansion bracelet, \$39.75; *Wittnauer Leland*—modern design of 10K gold-filled case complemented by expansion band, \$65. In its price range, Wittnauer offers fine watches in the largest variety of styles and types in the industry.



*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Fredric March turns the tables on gangster Bogart in *The Desperate Hours*.

### BEST BET

**THE DESPERATE HOURS:** Many a previous screen drama has told of a family held as prisoners in their own home by a band of killers, but William Wyler's masterly filming of the Joseph Hayes thriller makes most of the earlier versions look like minor-league efforts. Fredric March, as the beleaguered father, gives one of the year's finest acting performances. As the leader of the evildoers, Humphrey Bogart is only slightly less memorable.

**THE DEEP BLUE SEA:** Britain's first CinemaScope opus is a wordy but smooth and entertaining comedy-drama about a restless passion-flower (Vivien Leigh), her forgiving husband (Emlyn Williams), and a boyish ex-hero (Kenneth More) who has never really grown up. Canada's Arthur Hill in a smaller role does just as well as the celebrities.

**THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET SWING:** Turn-of-the-century atmosphere is richly conjured up in Hollywood's widescreen chronicle of a sensational 1906 murder trial, although some of the dialogue is a bit hard to swallow. With Ray Milland, Joan Collins, Farley Granger.

**OKLAHOMA!** The Rodgers-and-Hammerstein stage smasheroo has been translated into a dandy musical, weakened rather than strengthened by an overly grandiose treatment of the ballet numbers. The long-awaited Todd-AO process is eye-filling but marred by visual distortion, a flaw which may vanish as the system improves. The film opened in New York in October; Canada may not see it for months.

**THE TALL MEN:** A long, loud and very corny big-budget western in which Clark Gable and Jane Russell growl love at each other while herding thousands of cows from Texas to Montana. Robert Ryan is the enigmatic half-villain they have to keep an eye on.

### Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

*The African Lion:* Wildlife. Good.  
*Aunt Clara:* British comedy. Fair.

*The Bad:* Four stories in one. Fair.  
*The Big Knife:* Drama. Good.  
*Blood Alley:* Adventure. Fair.

*The Cobweb:* Hospital drama. Fair.  
*The Colditz Story:* Drama. Good.  
*Count 3 and Pray:* Drama. Fair.  
*Crashout:* Prison drama. Fair.

*The Dam Busters:* Air war. Excellent.

*Female on the Beach:* Drama. Fair.

*5 Against the House:* Drama. Fair.

*Gentlemen Marry Brunettes:* Musical. Poor.

*The Girl Rush:* Comic musical. Good.

*The Great Adventure:* Wildlife. Excellent.

*House of Bamboo:* Suspense. Good.

*I Am a Camera:* Comedy. Fair.

*It's Always Fair Weather:* Satire and musical comedy. Excellent.

*The Kentuckian:* Adventure. Poor.

*Kiss of Fire:* Adventure. Poor.

*Lady and the Tramp:* Cartoon. Good.

*Lady Godiva:* Comedy-drama. Fair.

*The Left Hand of God:* Drama. Fair.

*Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing:* Romantic drama. Fair.

*Marty:* Comedy-drama. Excellent.

*Mister Roberts:* Comedy. Excellent.

*The Night Holds Terror:* Crime. Good.

*The Night My Number Came Up:* British suspense drama. Good.

*Night of the Hunter:* Drama. Fair.

*Not as a Stranger:* Drama. Fair.

*Passage Home:* Sea drama. Fair.

*Pete Kelly's Blues:* Jazz drama. Good.

*The Phenix City Story:* Crime. Good.

*Raising a Riot:* Comedy. Fair.

*The Scarlet Coat:* 1780 drama. Good.

*Seven Cities of Gold:* Semi-religious adventure. Good.

*The Seven-Year Itch:* Comedy. Good.

*The Shrike:* Psychiatric drama. Fair.

*Special Delivery:* Comedy. Fair.

*Summertime:* Romance. Excellent.

*Svengali:* Melodrama. Fair.

*Tight Spot:* Suspense. Good.

*To Hell and Back:* War. Good.

*Trial:* Drama. Excellent.

*The Trouble With Harry:* Comedy. Good.

*Ulysses:* Adventure drama. Fair.

*Unchained:* Drama. Excellent.

*The Virgin Queen:* Historical drama. Good.

*We're No Angels:* Comedy. Fair.

*Wichita:* Western. Fair.



# The gift with the biggest thrill... playing music without lessons!

anyone can play the Hammond Chord Organ in 30 minutes!

Think of the fun you can have this Christmas ... playing for dancing and singing at your own holiday parties, gathering around for carols and hymns, making home a wonderful place to be! You don't have to be talented, or even take lessons to play the Hammond Chord Organ. Thousands of people have played in half an hour, easy as this:



One finger of your right hand plays the melody. If you can't read notes, you follow Hammond's easy "Picture Music."



One finger of your left hand adds a rich, full chord. Buttons are numbered, and in half an hour you are smoothly combining melody and chords to play your first thrilling piece.

Soon you'll be exploring all the combinations of tones that make the Hammond Chord Organ so fascinating. You'll be teaching yourself dance rhythms, popular songs with instrumental effects, even classics. The range of tones is so vast and beautiful, you can enjoy this versatile organ the rest of your life.

Now, with Hammond's added *orchestral* percussions, tones are available like banjo, guitar, piano, harp, marimba, orchestra bells, xylophone and hundreds of others never heard before in organs of any size.



The Hammond Chord Organ comes in Walnut, Blond or Ebony finish.

Like to try it, Free? Mail this coupon today!

Hammond Organs  
4216 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

☐ I would like to know where I can try the Hammond Chord Organ for half an hour, without obligating myself.

☐ I would like more details about the Hammond Chord Organ.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Prov. ....

©1955, HAMMOND ORGAN WESTERN EXPORT COMPANY 12

The **Hammond Chord Organ**  
by the makers of Hammond Organs

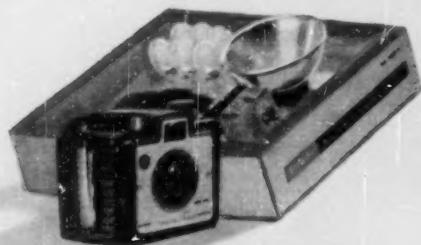
# This Christmas There's a just right Kodak gift for everyone

**start your shopping on this page...**

*(only Kodak offers so many photo gifts to choose from)*

**finish happily at your Kodak dealer's**

*(and ask him about small down payments, easy terms)*



## Wonderful "first" flash outfit

Kodak outfits make smart, convenient gifts. Unless otherwise noted, each has a popular Kodak camera plus everything necessary for taking pictures day or night... indoors or out: flashholder, flashguard, batteries, bulbs, and film. This outfit features Kodak's most compact, most inexpensive aim-and-shoot camera.

**Brownie Holiday Flash Outfit complete... \$11.45**

The camera alone, \$5.90



## Canada's favorite snapshot camera

Brownie Hawkeye (over six million sold) for clear snapshots with no settings, just aim, snap.

**Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit complete \$16.45**

The camera alone, \$8.75



## Close-ups without attachments

Brownie Bull's-Eye Camera with exclusive "Distance Dial" focuses down to 4 feet for real close-ups; dials to "groups" or "scenes." Double-exposure prevention with warning signal.

**Brownie Bull's-Eye Flash Outfit... \$21.95**

The camera alone, \$16.25



## Ideal family flash outfit

Kodak Duaflex features an extra-big hooded viewfinder to show your pictures big and bright before you snap. Double-exposure prevention.

**Kodak Duaflex Flash Outfit complete... \$27**

Duaflex Kodet Camera only, \$17.95

(brown-finished camera slightly higher).

DeLuxe f/8 Camera and Outfit also available



## Budget outfit for color slides

Kodak Pony 135, Model C—smart, capable miniature with simplified loading and setting. Fast f/3.5 lens, 1/300 shutter stop most action.

**Kodak Pony 135 Camera Outfit**

(camera, flashholder, case) **\$56.70**

The camera alone, \$39.75



## Unique roll-film miniature

Kodak's Bantam RF with coupled rangefinder uses 8-exposure roll film. Double-exposure prevention; fast f/3.9 lens and 1/300 flash shutter.

**Kodak Town and Country Camera Outfit**

(camera, flashholder, case) **\$81.25**

The camera alone, \$70.



## Inexpensive precision miniature

Kodak's brilliant Signet has f/3.5 Ektar Lens, rangefinder, 1/300 shutter, precision controls.

**Kodak Signet 35 Camera Outfit**

(camera, flashholder, case) **\$109**

The camera alone, \$91.

**Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto 9, Ontario**

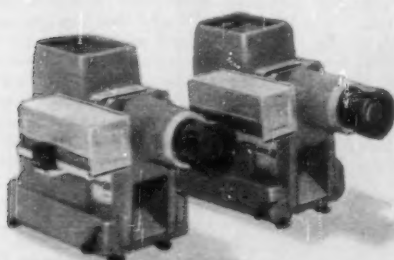




### Simplified stereo outfit

Kodak's exposure-and-focusing system makes lifelike 3-dimension pictures easier. Matched f/3.5 lenses and 1/200 flash-synchronized shutter.

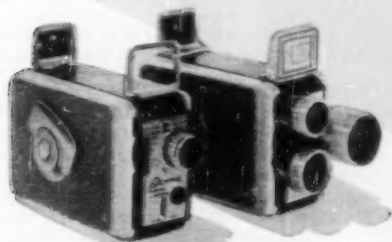
**Kodak Stereo Outfit**  
(camera, Stereo Viewer I) . . . **\$12125**  
Camera alone, \$104.50  
Stereo Viewer I, \$16.85  
Stereo Viewer II, \$31.50



### Brilliant color-slide projectors

Superb Kodak optical-condenser system; f/3.5 lens gives extra-bright pictures. Quiet blower.

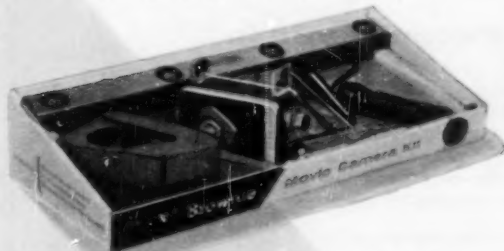
**Kodaslide Signet 300 Projector**  
with automatic changer . . . **\$9175**  
without changer, \$78.50  
**Kodaslide Signet 500 Projector** . . .  
with automatic changer . . . \$131.25  
without changer, \$95



### For low-cost family movies

These 8mm "Brownies" get color movies day or night at snapshot cost with snapshot ease.

**Brownie Movie Camera, f/2.7** . . . **\$4575**  
with faster f/1.9 lens, \$56.75  
\*The new **Brownie Movie Camera, Turret f/1.9**—merely turn turret for regular, wide-angle, or telephoto movies. Completely equipped—only \$98.25



### Handy kit for new movie makers

Brownie Movie Camera, Brownie 4-Lamp Movie Light for easy indoor movies, and camera case.  
**Brownie Movie Camera Kit, f/2.7** . . . **\$6190**  
with f/1.9 camera, \$72.90



### Family movie team for under \$125

Everything to make and show 8mm home movies — Brownie Movie Camera f/2.7, Brownie Movie Projector f/1.6, and built-in preview screen.

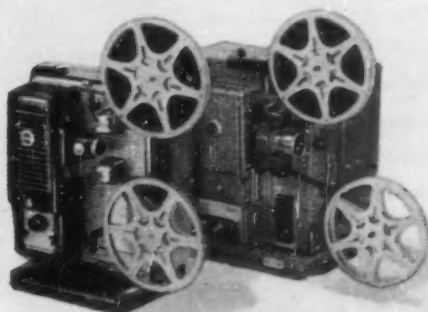
**Brownie Movie Outfit complete** . . . **\$12425**  
The projector alone, \$78.50



### Finest personal movie makers

Easy, 3-second magazine loading. Both cameras accept wide-angle and telephoto auxiliary lenses.

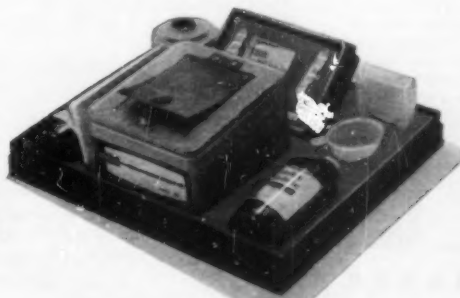
\*New **Cine-Kodak Medallion 8 Camera** — ideal for home movies—f/1.9 lens . . . **\$17850**  
**Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera**, 16mm—for large-screen movies—f/1.9 lens, \$199.50



### For brilliant movie shows

Fast f/1.6 lens, powerful lamp show all 8mm movies extra bright—forward speed, "stills," reverse. For home movies up to 5 feet wide.

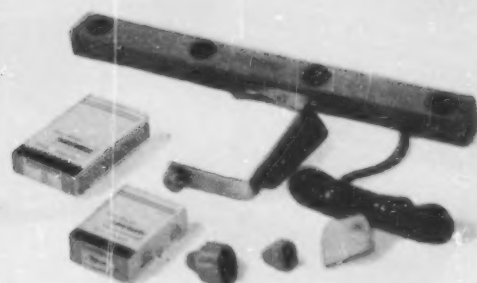
\*New **Cine-Kodak Showtime 8 Projector** **\$14550**  
To show 16mm movies up to 10 feet across.  
**Kodascope Royal Projector**, \$304



### For darkroom beginners

Here's everything to start someone off on a fascinating hobby developing and printing his own pictures. Three gift items to choose from—

**Kodak Deluxe Photo-Hobby Outfit** . . . **\$2175**  
Regular **Photo-Hobby Outfit**, \$12.75  
**Photo-Hobby Printer**, \$8.90



### Welcome gifts for home-movie fans

**Brownie 4-Lamp Movie Light**, \$11.50. Makes indoor color movies simple, sure.

**Kodak Converters for Brownie Movie Camera** — Wide-angle or Telephoto — each \$25  
**Kodachrome Movie Film**. For 8mm or 16mm color movies, from \$4.85



### Photo gifts for almost anybody

"How to Make Good Pictures," \$1  
"How to Make Good Movies," \$2  
"Kodak Master Photoguide," a library of facts in your pocket, \$1.75  
"Kodak Cine Photoguide," 32 pocket-size pages filled with movie information, \$1.75



### "Stocking gifts" for color-slide fans

**Kodaslide Pocket Viewer**, \$2.50  
\***Illuminator for Viewer**, \$3.95  
\***New Kodaslide Dial-Lite Viewer**, \$17.50  
**Kodaslide Compartment File**, \$5.40  
**Kodachrome Film** in 135, 828 sizes, from \$2.45  
**Kodak Ektachrome Film** in 135, 828, 620, 120 sizes, from \$1.30

### Kodak Duo-Pak

A thrifty two-roll package of black-and-white film in 120, 127, 620 sizes from \$.79.  
**Kodacolor Film**. For color snaps any time, from \$2.30

\*Short supply on these brand new items . . . if not available at your dealer's, ask for a Gift Certificate.

Prices are subject to change without notice



**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK



**Give the Best**  
to those you  
cherish most . . .  
**BARBER-ELLIS**  
Stationery

You give the very best in stationery when you choose Barber-Ellis for the special people at the top of your gift list. Yes, Barber-Ellis is the stationery of fine texture and enduring quality that everyone loves to use.

When shopping at your favourite stationer, gift shop, drug or department store, ask to see the variety of Barber-Ellis Stationery styles . . . you'll marvel at the wonderful selection from which to choose . . . all beautifully boxed for Christmas giving . . . all priced well within the Christmas budget.

**A. BALLERINA**—enchancing picture lid box illustrated in muted shades of blue and pink. Contains 18 matching Large Octavo sheets and envelopes.

**B. CAMEO EMPRESS**—elegant hinge box contains 38 folded sheets best quality Cameo Vellum paper . . . matching envelopes. Available in other sizes.


**C. FLORENTIA**—this lovely box contains 24 single sheets club size ripple finish paper . . . matching envelopes lined in shades of rose, blue or green.

**D. RED CEDAR CHEST**—Beautifully carved, serves as sewing cabinet. Contains 4 spools thread, 24 petite notes with matching envelopes.

**E. KID FINISH**—Dignity and refinement. Large hinge box with 24 sheets each of both Large Octavo and dainty half-notes . . . matching envelopes.

**F. "CAMEO DECKLE COUNTESS"**—Tailored tweed-pattern box contains 36 laid finish sheets, natural deckle edge . . . matching square flap envelopes . . . available also in other sizes.

**Barber-Ellis**  
CREATORS OF FINE STATIONERY

 <p><b>SEND FOR THIS HELPFUL BOOKLET</b> "The Etiquette of Letter Writing" ... gives you the answer to everyday problems in personal correspondence. Just send 10 cents to cover the handling and mailing costs.</p>	<p><b>BARBER-ELLIS OF CANADA LIMITED</b> 384 Adelaide Street W., Toronto 28, Ont.</p> <p>NAME .....</p> <p>ADDRESS .....</p> <p>CITY ..... PROV. ....</p>
---	---

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## How to Drive an Author Crazy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

in manuscript form. Every now and then a writers' class sends me eighteen manuscripts of six thousand words each and says, "We've had an article-writer's contest. You have been elected judge. We'd like these back by Friday."

I'd like to give them back right away, of course, but I find myself reading them. They are all about grinding diamonds. They are full of sentences like, "Various things are done to diamonds, from the time they are mined until they appear in all their splendor in the jeweler's window."

I settle down to read some of the various things. But the author is finished with that part of it and goes on. "Diamonds have also played an important part in history."

Well, maybe this will be interesting. But the writer gets bored and abandons this too. "Just think! If you had a diamond worth \$80,000!" he says.

I try to think of this. The writer changes the subject again. "There are five classes of diamonds: the pink, the blue, the green . . ."

I read all the manuscripts and make a long report. It's a conscientious honest report. I finish it at two in the morning and go to bed.

Next week, I get a rather cool letter back from the head of the class. She says she will pass on to the class the sense of some of the things I said, but, after all, many of these people have sold to such publications as the New Brunswick Muskrat and the Friendly Jeweler.

People also tell me the plots of movies with a determination to get from me some sort of reaction that I haven't yet quite been able to figure out. Often two of them tell it together, so that I find myself twisting my head looking from one to the other, as if I were at a tennis match, with a ghastly smile on my face.

"This girl tells her father she's getting married," the guy says.

"You'd DIE!" his wife says.

"But he has already told his daughter that he doesn't want her to get married. He's broke."

"You'll SCREAM!" his wife screams.

"—then all of a sudden this crowd comes in and starts drinking all his liquor—"

"—the FACES he makes!" his wife hollers.

I snap back toward her husband. "—and the father says, 'Who invited this crowd over?'"

Both the guy and his wife put their heads down and give themselves up to uncontrollable mirth.

Now a line like "Who invited this

crowd over?" can be very funny, if it comes at the end of a carefully and skilfully constructed situation, and if the choice of words has some significance, and if it's said with just the right intonation by an accomplished comedian who makes about three thousand dollars a week.

But this is being told to me by a rug salesman who doesn't bother to tell me why it's funny.

People who hear that I am a writer are always asking me why I don't write a book on the opening up of northern Ontario. I never know what to say, as the reason is the same as why I don't write a book on the opening up of Africa: because I'm already writing articles on dogs and things. But they always walk away as if I'm being pig-headed.

Another type of person always tells me why he doesn't write, then gives me his old plots and lets me worry about it. He says, "I'd like to write, but I can never remember where to put commas," then says, "See, this first guy didn't know that the man with the bracelet knew that it was a fake, because he thought that the one who had come in ahead of him was his father. He hadn't really come in ahead of him, of course, it was just all in this dream that the duchess had been telling before the picture opened, but the audience thinks that the thirteenth guest is real and not the story that the first one is telling."

He sits back and says, "You can take it from there and do what you want with it."

I am still worrying about that remark about where to put commas. This is without a doubt the smallest problem a writer has. But sometimes so many people will ask me the same thing in a day that I begin to forget where to put them myself.

For all this, I'd rather talk to these people—even the ones who get that light in their eyes and begin wondering what old junk they have lying around the house—than to the ones who just say nothing.

For five years I've been unable to convince my barber that I'm a writer. He'll ask me how come I'm taking holidays in November. I'll tell him that I'm not taking holidays; that I work at home. "I'm a writer," I say.

"Sure. I know, I know," he says, and allows a silence to fall on the room. Even the other barbers and the customers stop talking. Next time I see him we go through the whole thing over again.

One farmer I lived beside for a year, when I mentioned anything about writing, used to laugh, slap his knee and look out over the fields, shaking his head, letting a silence settle on us again.

In fact, sometimes I think letting a silence settle on the whole subject is not a bad idea. ★

## Welcome Stranger

At the Smileys' we met the O'Reilleys  
Who reminded us of the McKays,  
And the Craigs at the Johnsons' were just like the Bronsons,  
And she had the same sort of eyes.  
And he played the same ineffectual game  
But managed to bear off the prize.

Oh, the people who greet you with "Didn't we meet you  
Last year at the Honneggers' do?"  
And insist you resemble a couple named Kemble  
From Tucson or Kalamazoo!  
Is everyone fated to be duplicated?  
Can we never meet anyone new?

P. J. BLACKWELL



TOUCHÉ



**I**f he gives you diamonds from Birks  
you'll feel like wearing  
them everywhere

There's a breathtaking splendour to these  
diamond masterpieces by BIRKS . . .

iced fire from each superb gem throwing  
an exciting new light on your life.

These are, indeed, the most precious of all  
gifts. Once yours, you'll find it difficult to  
resist wearing them . . . everywhere!

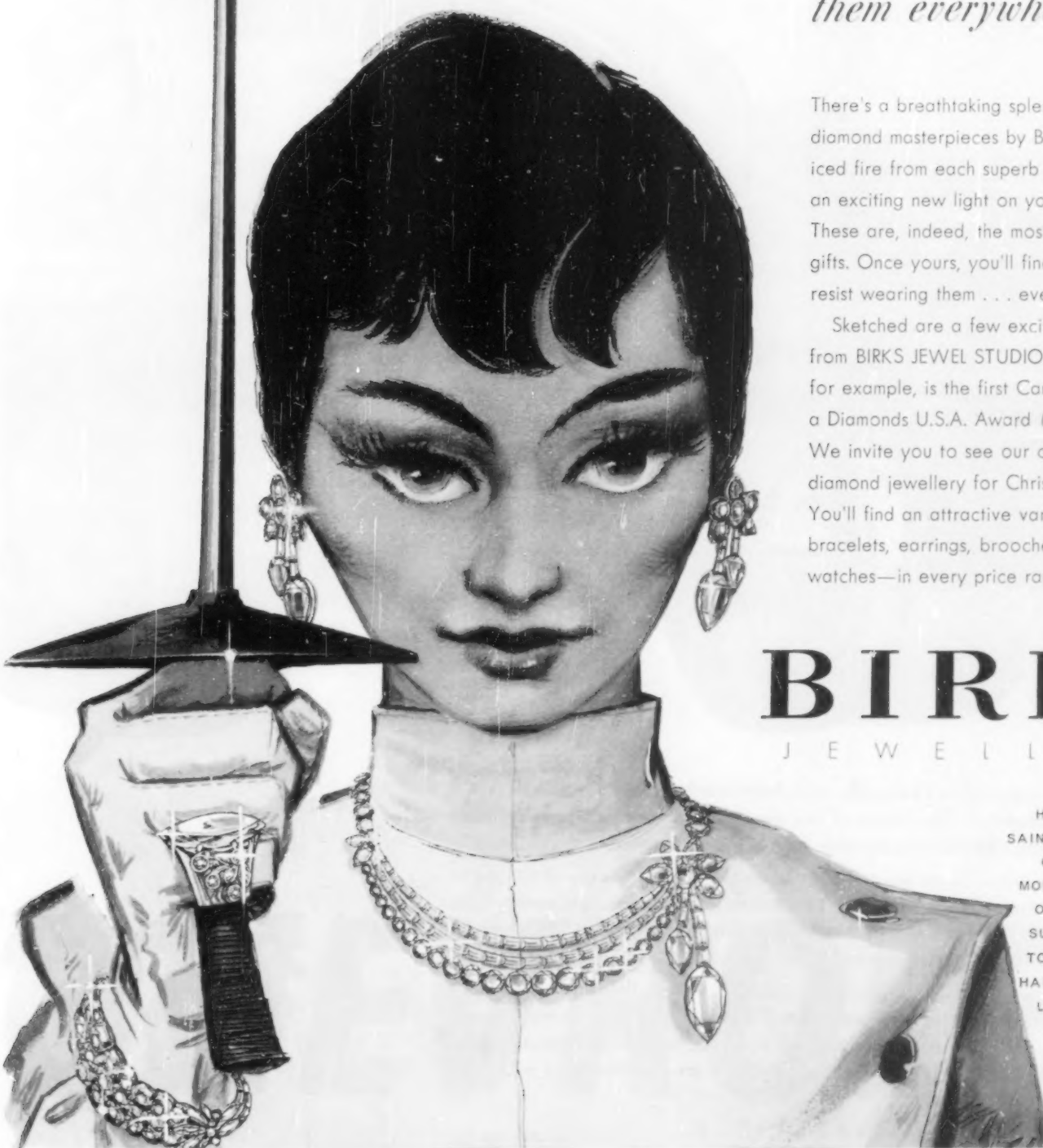
Sketched are a few exciting new creations  
from BIRKS JEWEL STUDIO. The necklet,  
for example, is the first Canadian winner of  
a Diamonds U.S.A. Award (October 1955).

We invite you to see our collection of  
diamond jewellery for Christmas giving.

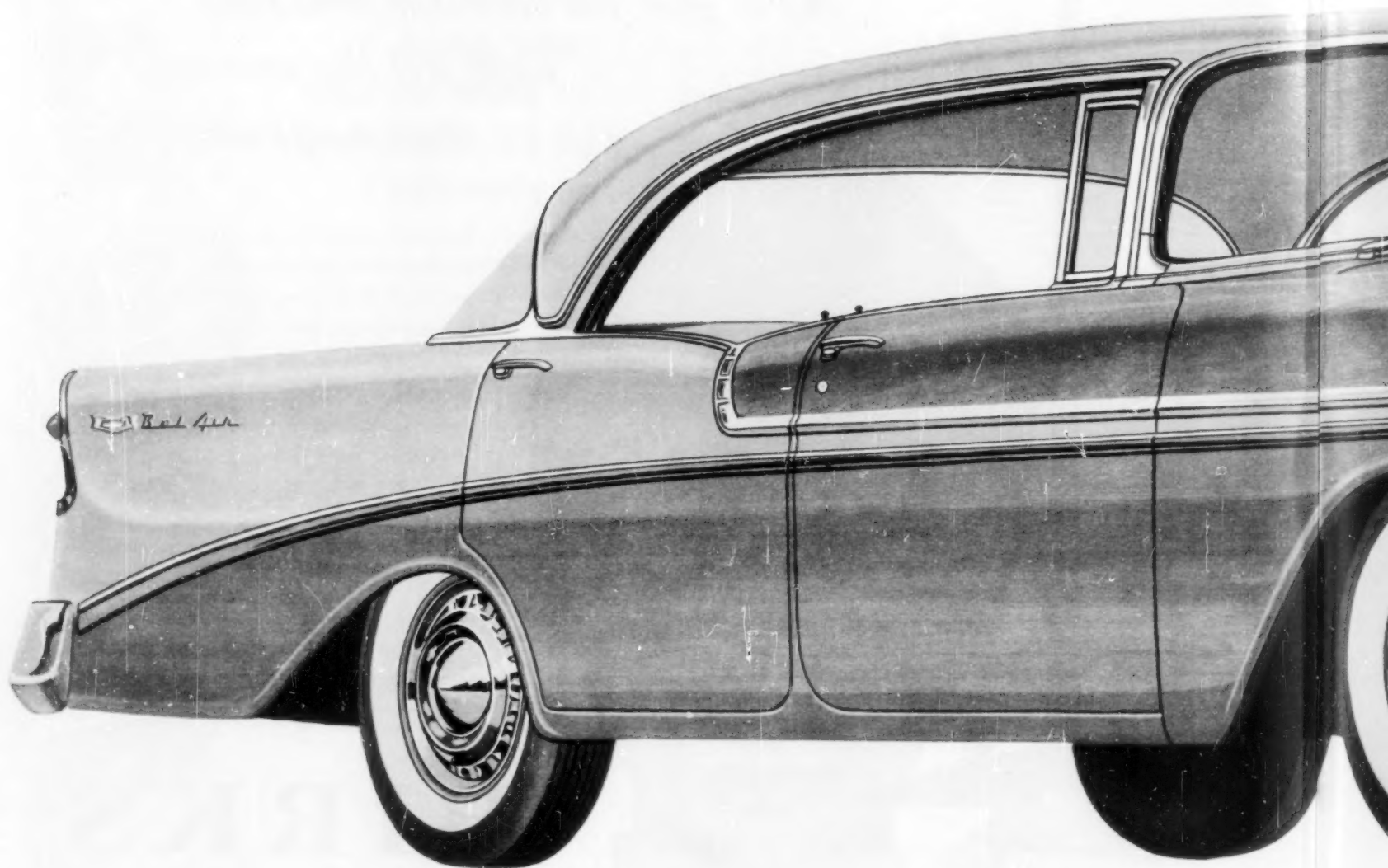
You'll find an attractive variety of necklets,  
bracelets, earrings, brooches and diamond-set  
watches—in every price range.

**BIRKS**  
J E W E L L E R S

HALIFAX	ST. CATHARINES
SAINT JOHN	WINDSOR
QUEBEC	WINNIPEG
MONTREAL	REGINA
OTTAWA	SASKATOON
SUDBURY	EDMONTON
TORONTO	CALGARY
HAMILTON	VANCOUVER
LONDON	VICTORIA



# The hot one's



It's the new 1956 Chevrolet—with bold new Motoramic styling... frisky new models... and more of the dynamite action that's already made Chevrolet's name synonymous with top performance.

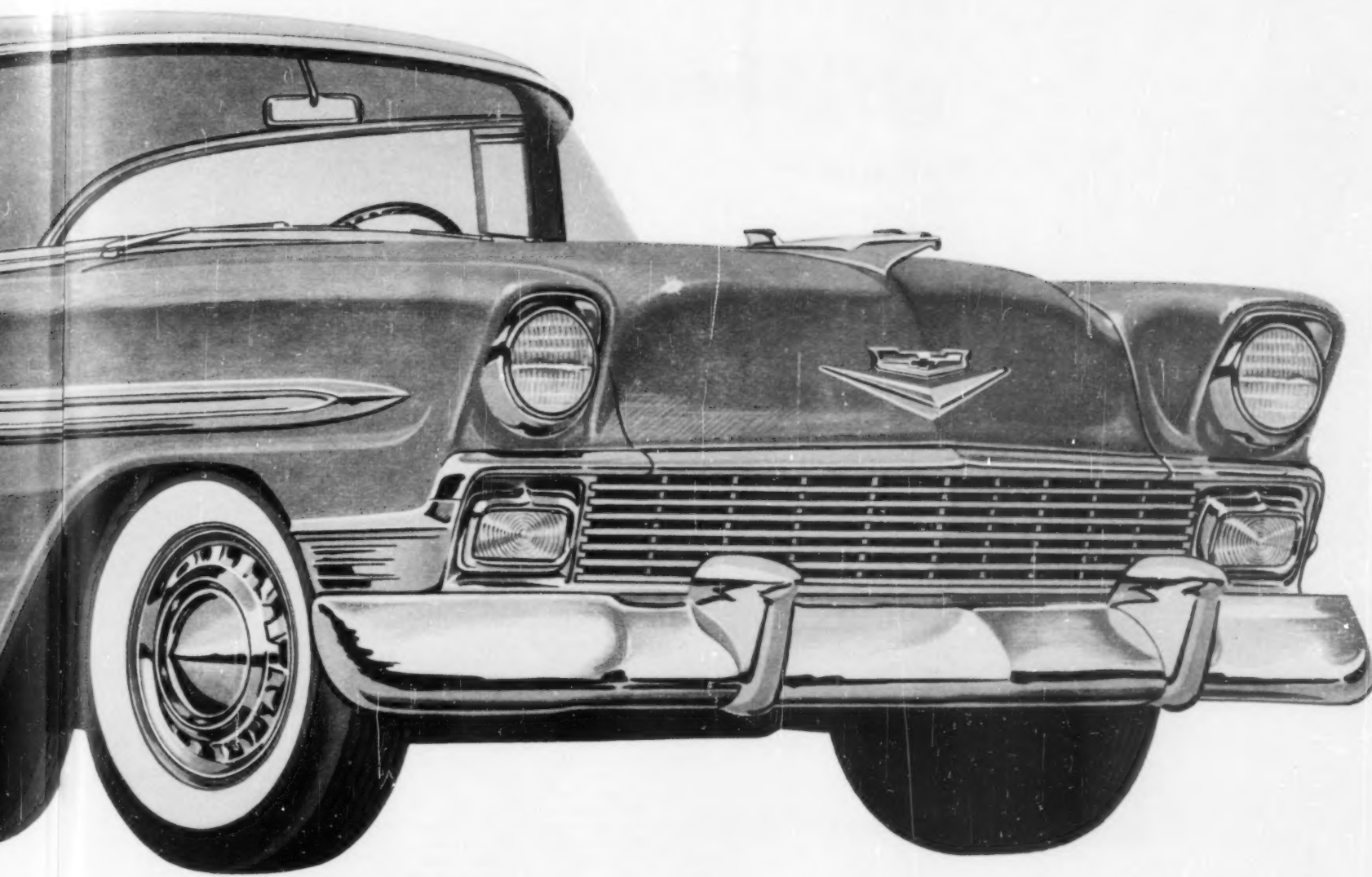
Horsepower's been boosted right across the board—to a top of 205 in the new "Super Turbo-Fire V8". This is the car, you know, that smashed the Pikes Peak record in a history-making pre-production test! That's proof of the kind of performance that puts more safety and fun in your driving.

And that sassy new Motoramic styling tells you this new Chevrolet's just itching to take off and travel! Look it over—the lower, longer hood, the bold new front-end and sweeping speedline chrome styling. Yes, in every detail, Chevrolet for '56 is greater than ever—the hot one's even hotter!

# '56



s even hotter!



New! THE CHEVROLET BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN — one of two new 4-door hardtops.

# CHEVROLET

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

# For that man on your list

Gifts by

## Seaforth!



**SPICEDTWO-SOME**—Shave Lotion and Cologne—personal size. Ideal for business or pleasure trips. For that "special" gift.

**\$1.25**



**HEATHER SET A**—Brisk Heather Shave Lotion and that famous quick-to-lather Shaving Soap. Perfect gift for his stocking.

**\$3.50**

**PRESTO MINUTE SHAVE**—In colorful Christmas carton. For the smoothest shave a man ever had. 6½ months of luxurious shaves.

**\$1.25**



**TRIP-KIT**—Colorful Christmas treat—plaid wrap-around kit contains Heather Shave Lotion, Talc and Cologne.

**\$3.50**

Good Grooming  
Begins with

## Seaforth!

FOR MEN

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## Vigil On The Rock

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

the rank forest growth of Stanley Park. Once Siwash Rock had been part of it, but centuries of erosion had split it away from the mainland. On a level with the top of the rock and only a stone's throw away, a gun emplacement had been built into the cliff. It was deserted now, an empty shell of concrete and steel with obscene phrases scribbled over the whitewashed walls, but the fenced roof served as a lookout for sightseers.

When he was a youngster, Bob remembered, there had been only the cliff, with a narrow dusty path corkscrewing to the bottom. The boys slid down it on the seats of their trousers, grasping at bushes to slow their progress and shrieking with a terror that was partly genuine. They fished and swam and tried to climb the Rock, and sometimes succeeded. In the late summer afternoons they would set out on safaris through the jungle, running along fallen trees and leaping with Tarzan cries onto the padding of humus, surprising lions behind every stump and forgetting the pursuing natives whenever they discovered a bush gay with huckleberries. Sometimes they battled Germans in an abandoned trench, a relic of the First World War. A dank place it was, smelling of rotten wood and moldering soil.

And now he sat on the Rock and stared at a relic of a later war, the gun emplacement with its rectangular opening gaping futilely.

**F**ROM somewhere above them—up on the road, probably—a new sound broke the stillness, the sound of a man laughing.

Jo heard it too. She snapped the lid of her compact shut and dropped it into her jacket pocket. "How's that for timing?" she said brightly. "I comb my hair and put on lipstick and, presto, the company arrives."

She wasn't feeling bright, he knew. Inside, she was sick and scared, just as he was. He put his arm around her shoulders and waited.

It seemed a long time, a long time of listening to the voices and straining to make out what they were saying, before the men came into sight on the path leading down to the Rock.

The man with the camera was ginger-haired, tall and angular; his companion dark and stocky. The short one called out, "Mr. Campbell?"

"That's right," said Bob.

"I'm Jim Finney of the Star. We got your letter this morning." He pulled an envelope from his pocket and took out a sheet of paper. His eyes skimmed over the page. "According to this, you and your wife are going on a hunger strike until the nations of the world agree to total disarmament." He looked up. "What makes you think the Russians will pay any attention?" His tone was mildly curious.

Always the Russians, Bob thought, as if other countries made nothing more lethal than popguns. But that was a side issue. He didn't want to get bogged down in petty argument about who was the real villain.

"We thought about it a long time," he said. It was a poor beginning, but he had to say something. "We saw things getting worse every day and there just didn't seem to be anything we could do about it. All the big wheels in the world—people like us can't reach them. They just go on making hydrogen bombs and building armies and signing treaties and there's nothing you can do about it." He knew he was repeating himself, but the words didn't come

easily. "You feel so helpless," he said.

Finney and the photographer listened patiently, their faces blank, waiting for him to get to the point. If they would only give some sign that they understood what he meant; even a nod would have encouraged him to go on. But there was no reaction at all. "You tell them, Jo," he pleaded. "Tell them what we decided first of all."

Jo looked at him with troubled eyes but her hesitation was momentary. Perhaps she could read in his face how much he needed help. She turned back to the newspapermen.

"The way it looked to us," she said, "the only thing we could do was try to save our own hides. So we sold the house and made a down payment on a little fruit farm near Penticton."

Bob had never been so proud of Jo as he was at this moment, listening to her strong clear voice. She had always been a shy girl but the shyness never stopped her from expressing her convictions. Bob wished he had her courage. Carrying banners in parades or writing letters to the editor or arguing with two or three friends—that was easy. But when he tried to talk to a crowd, or to strangers, then he panicked.

"We're just ordinary people," Jo said. It was true, in a way. At least, they always thought of themselves as being ordinary. He could remember how indignant he had been when his sister Ella had demanded, "Why can't you just mind your own business, like normal people?" That was the time, years ago, when they had been arrested for taking part in a pacifist demonstration.

It was no use trying to convince Ella that it wasn't abnormal to be concerned about what happened to ordinary people like themselves. Ella knew better. She knew depressions and wars were acts of God and ordinary people just had to put up with them.

"All we want is a home," Jo was saying, "enough money to buy the groceries and to take in a show once in a while, friends and neighbors we can visit—that's all that most people want, but you can't count on it these days. Every week they're piling up more atomic and hydrogen bombs and inventing better guided missiles, and you know that one day soon somebody will make a mistake and the whole shebang will blow up."

Finney stuck a cigarette in his mouth, took a match from his pocket and scratched it into flame with his thumbnail. "Go on," he said.

"Well, we made up our minds to get out, but we weren't happy about it. You can't just turn your backs on people like that and pretend they don't matter. We used to get furious sometimes at the way they shut their eyes to what was going on—reading the news and then settling down to watch Liberace or rushing off to a bingo game, just as if there was nothing to worry about. But we didn't want anything to happen to them. Especially the kids, and the babies."

She stopped and Bob knew she was remembering the time she woke up screaming. There was no more sleep for them that night. Jo was afraid to go to bed, afraid that if she closed her eyes she would be plunged again into that vivid dream world where children had time to learn the meaning of sheer horror before the blackened flesh peeled from their bones.

He squeezed her arm and felt her muscles tense as she took a grip on herself.

"Anyway," she said, "we were all ready to leave when Bob got his big idea. He'd been reading a book on Gandhi and then we went to see a show called Thirteen Hours—it's all about a





PHOTO BY KARSH

"You're just in time!"

"Finally finished the tree and now we're going to have a Brading's. Great ale! Why don't you try one!"

SLOW-BREWED FOR MELLOW FLAVOUR





## 10 Seconds For a Clean Mouth and Fresh, Pleasant Breath!

Nothing makes your mouth so gloriously clean and purifies your breath so quickly and effectively as *Lavoris*!

In just 10 seconds *Lavoris* detaches and flushes out germ-breeding substances that remain even after you've brushed your teeth. So for a sweeter fresher breath and a healthier mouth... use *Lavoris* tonight and every night.



More dentists use  
*Lavoris* than any other mouthwash

man who's going to commit suicide by jumping off a building, only they talk him out of it. Did you see it?"

"I've heard of it," said Finney.

"Well, when we got home from the movie, all of a sudden this idea popped into his head. The show was based on something that really happened, so Bob said, 'If they make that much of a fuss about a man who wants to die, why shouldn't they make an even bigger fuss about a man who just wants to live?' He said, 'Just suppose a couple of people climb up on top of Siwash Rock and go on a hunger strike.'" Bob said, "Suppose they print the story in the papers and everybody reads it—pretty soon a lot of ordinary joes all across the country would begin to realize they aren't so helpless after all."

He had no trouble finding words now. They poured out of him.

"Somebody else does the same thing—out in Halifax, say—and then another one in Winnipeg, and Montreal, and after that Chicago and New York and Los Angeles. And each time there's more publicity and more people thinking and imitating, until it spreads all over the world." He wound up triumphantly. "If enough of us stop eating and working, the whole system will collapse. Then all the big men—the politicians and diplomats and dictators and generals—why, they'll just have to do what we say."

"I see," said Jim Finney, and Bob felt the fervor drain out of him. It was no use. Maybe they'd talked to so many murderers and dope addicts and survivors of plane crashes that nothing could excite them.

Finney took a last drag on his cigarette and sent the butt arcing out over the cliff. The photographer said something to him and they held a brief discussion. Then the reporter called out, "We'd like to get a shot of you just the way you are now and another standing up."

By the time they had finished posing with their mouths stretched in artificial smiles and answering the interminable questions, the sun was lifting above the banked trees. Beneath his hand, Bob could feel the Rock warming in the rays that beat down on it.

A BLOND young man strode loose-legged along the path that sloped down to the gun emplacement. He cried out loudly and with cheerful insolence, "Good old Finney and McGraw! Out after the big news, eh? No more wars—we're all going to live happily ever after."

Finney said something to him in a low voice, then turned and waved to the Campbells. "Good luck," he called. He trudged up the hill with the photographer at his heels.

"I like him," Jo said. "He's real." The blond youth was facing them with respectful attention. "Mr. Campbell?" he said politely. "I'd like to get an interview for the Beacon, if you don't mind answering a few questions."

Yes, Finney was real, Bob thought. He might be cynical but at least he didn't try to humor them, as if they were a couple of well-meaning crackpots.

After the Beacon reporter left they lay on the sleeping bag with their eyes closed, letting the sunshine soak into them. It was the first warm day of the year and already the smell of summer was in the air—the smell of sap running freely through the trees after the winter's lethargy and leaves thrusting towards the light and moss and earth and ferns and sunbaked rocks, and mingled with it all the salt and seaweed tang of the ocean. On a day like this there was no need to think. You sank into a state where consciousness was restricted to purely physical sensations.

## How to remove WINTERTIME DANDRUFF

with just one shampoo!



ONE SHAMPOO with Fitch removes ugly dandruff flakes, even in winter when dandruff is worse!

## BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35% at the same time!



NEW, Milder Fitch is so gentle, you can use it every shampoo—not just to remove dandruff!

## Only FITCH guarantees dandruff-free, brighter hair...or money back!

These winter days embarrassing dandruff is at its worst. Dry, overheated rooms make your scalp flake off more. Tight-fitting hats may interfere with circulation. Glands are also overactive.

So, in cold weather, you really need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. It's the only shampoo specially made and guaranteed to remove flaky dandruff with one shampoo—or money back! Of course, when Fitch removes dulling dandruff flakes, it brightens hair up to 35% too!

Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo at retail counters today. If one shampoo doesn't leave your hair free of "wintertime dandruff"—at the same time brighter, more beautiful—return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also ask for professional application at your Barber or Beauty shop.



The change came suddenly. One moment he was steeped in torpor; the next, wide awake and ravenously hungry. Shame forced him to lie still and keep his eyes closed. He couldn't let Jo see his weakness. He willed himself to sleep but instead his brain churned up tantalizing visions of stews and roasts and crisp bacon and toast dripping with butter.

"Bob," said Jo.

He turned his head and said, "Yes?" She was sucking a blade of grass and looking at him, her face so close to his own that it seemed distorted.

"I hate to admit it," she said, "but I'm starving."

"So am I," he said.

They began to laugh, quietly at first and then with mounting hilarity, until tears squeezed from their eyes and they gasped for breath. Nothing could be more ridiculous than this—to pledge themselves to slow starvation and then, on the very first day, to find that the longing for food had driven every other thought from their heads.

When she was finally able to talk, Jo said, "Let's see if gin rummy will take our minds off it."

The cards helped them to ignore the empty feeling and there were other distractions during the long afternoon—a comical squirrel that stood on its hind legs to survey them while its nose quivered with interest, the swooping seagulls, a middle-aged couple who admired the view and showed a well-bred disinterest in the Campbells, a group of children who stared in frank curiosity. The youngsters reminded Bob of their own three, Bruce and Robbie and Lynn, who were spending the Easter holidays in Kelowna with Jo's sister. Meg was warm-hearted and understanding, and he knew that if anything happened she would give them the love and security they needed. But the knowledge, which should have been comforting, aroused instead a sharp ache of longing for the children. He forced his thoughts away from them.

THERE were more visitors before the sun set, most of whom had merely come to stare, but among them was a reporter from the morning paper. He wanted a fresh angle for tomorrow's readers. How had the first day been? Was their resolution weakening? Was the lack of food bothering them yet?

"No, we're feeling fine," Bob said. "I guess we've got more important things to think of."

"You're a wonderful liar," Jo said later, when they were lying in the sleeping bag.

Out here, with the trees cutting them off from the lights of the city, the night sky had a deeper blackness and the stars shone with a hard bright glitter. The night had a smell of its own, distinctive from that of the afternoon. It was cool and pungent with the aroma of evergreens.

It reminded Bob of their camping trip through the Okanagan last summer, of chill early-morning swims in the still lakes and breakfasts of bacon and eggs cooked over the campfire—he shifted his position restlessly, turning over onto his back. The rope knotted to his belt had become twisted beneath him and was digging into his back. He cursed soundlessly and shifted again, onto his right side—but the rock was still hard and unyielding beneath him, and his stomach still a large emptiness. He reached for one of the leather bottles which were tied to the little fir tree and took a sip of the warm brackish water. It had been a mistake to leave it lying in the hot sun all day. Tomorrow he would figure out something better. Tomorrow—that would be Saturday, since today was Good Friday, the day



ONLY

# Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## has the big SMOOTH single head

☆ See Sunbeam appliances demonstrated on television. See **THE JACKIE RAE SHOW** on television every Wednesday Night.



Gives you  
**CLOSER, FASTER**  
**SMOOTHER** Shaves  
than any other method  
wet or dry

Shavemaster shaves circles around other shavers, because you can shave with a circular motion . . . the way the beard naturally grows.

ONLY Sunbeam Shavemaster has this  
**5 YEAR FREE SERVICE GUARANTEE**  
on its **POWERFUL 16-bar armature REAL motor**

### 5 YEAR FREE SERVICE Guarantee

Sunbeam Shavemaster is the Only shaver with a REAL motor which has a powerful brush type, series wound, 16-bar armature, and exclusive long-lasting Nylon crank-shaft drive mechanism. Because of these and other superior engineering features and workmanship Sunbeam offers this Shavemaster with a FIVE YEAR FREE service guarantee. This Sunbeam FIVE YEAR guarantee includes Free Service on all mechanical and electrical parts of the Shavemaster including the motor. It includes all parts and labor with the exception of the Comb & Cutter, the Cord, or damage caused by misuse.

The Model WL is illustrated above, or your choice of three other cases.

Sunbeam Shavemaster is completely different from all other electric shavers. Because of its patented principle, with the big smooth single head, you can shave with an easier, circular massage-like motion and yet always shave against the grain, which gives you faster, closer smoother shaves. Shavemaster shaves circles around other shavers because *you can shave in circles . . . the way the beard naturally grows*. Even though your beard is tough as wire, Shavemaster will not irritate the tenderest skin.

This SMOOTH continuous-round shaving head is screened with a network of holes that are closer together than the whiskers on your face. The Shavemaster head has more shaving edges than any other electric shaver made.

This is the single, hollow-ground Cutter that sweeps over-and-back in lightning-fast oscillations, shaving closer, cleaner and faster than any other method.

The ONLY electric shaver with a Powerful 16-bar armature, self-starting REAL motor.



Transparent view

Why we use **ONE BIGGER, SINGLE head** instead of a multiplicity of small heads



The smooth, comfortable continuous-round Sunbeam head is bigger and has over 3000 shaving edges—more than any other electric shaver. The lightning-fast single cutter makes over 24-million shaving actions per minute—more than any electric shaver with multiple heads.

That's why more men have switched to the Model W Shavemaster than any other Model electric shaver—men with all types of beards—men of all ages and occupations—men who have never before used an electric shaver, and men who have tried all leading makes. Ask your dealer about the 14-Day Home Trial offer. See him today and start enjoying this wonderful new shaving satisfaction.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 18

# A perfect choice...

## Contaflex



... possess it proudly!

The incomparable Contaflex is the latest achievement in Zeiss Ikon camera mastery... now needle-sharp pictures in both color and black and white are yours for the taking. Contaflex offers the world famous Tessar F 2.8 coated lens in the synchronized Compur Shutter with speeds to 1/500th... plus the revolutionary built-in photo-electric exposure meter. Full, clear image visible through lens until shutter is pressed. Once you proudly possess the Contaflex you will never want another camera!

SOLD WHEREVER GOOD CAMERAS ARE SOLD —

Canadian Distributors  
**THE HUGHES-OWENS CO. LTD.**

Halifax Montreal Ottawa Toronto Hamilton  
Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver

of hot cross buns, brown and shiny on the outside, and inside rich with raisins and redolent of spices—he groaned and turned over on his stomach, feeling the knot bite into him and not caring, knowing he would never fall asleep anyway...

Jim Finney arrived early the next morning, just after they finished washing in the cold sea water Bob had hauled up in a sand pail borrowed from the kids. They didn't know he was there until they heard him call out, "Hi kids—how are you making out?"

It was a ridiculous greeting—the reporter could be no more than twenty-four or five—but it had a warm and friendly sound.

"Hi yourself," said Bob. "What are you doing up so early?"

"Just thought I'd drop in and see how you were doing. I brought along the papers, if you can figure out a way to get them over. I'm not so hot as a pitcher."

Bob solved the problem by throwing over one end of a rope, which Finney caught on the third try. He rolled the papers into a tight bundle, tied it and tossed the package back. His aim was wide but Bob gave a yank and the bundled newspapers landed at his feet.

For half an hour Finney leaned against the fence and chatted with them in a rambling, inconsequential way about baseball and education and juvenile delinquency and the problems of parents. They agreed that raising children was no cinch in the modern world. There was a pause and the reporter dragged deeply on his cigarette. Then he said, "So you really think it's going to happen." He didn't have to specify what he meant by "it."

"Don't you?" Bob asked him.

Finney shrugged his shoulders. "Nobody else seems to be worrying very much," he said.

"Maybe because they don't really believe in it," said Jo. "It's just too terrible."

"Yeah," Finney said, "maybe."

He finished his cigarette in silence and left for work.

It took them a quarter of an hour to read the newspaper reports. When Bob had finished, he looked at Jo grimly.

"Well, Jim Finney did a good job," she said, "and as for the others—we expected it."

"Sure," he said bitterly. "We knew they'd go poking into our private lives. But we didn't expect them to make us look like a couple of fools."

There were a lot of things they hadn't expected.

The temperature had dropped and a grey overcast shrouded the city. The Gulf stretched black and cold to the horizon. Even the seagulls seemed to be affected by the chill dampness of the air. Their cries as they circled and banked overhead sounded melancholy and forlorn.

On top of the Rock it was cold and lonesome. Bob and Jo took turns exercising to keep warm. There was no room for complicated manoeuvres, so they kept running on the spot until the blood pounded through their bodies and carried warmth to their numb fingertips. But that was before the people came. They came singly at first and then in groups, all braving the weather on their day off to take a look at the latest additions to the Stanley Park zoo. They pressed three-deep against the fence and stared and made witty remarks. Some of them facetiously threw peanuts and popcorn and candies. One little boy kept insistently repeating in a doleful monotone, "I want to go and see the penguins. Mama, I want to go and see the penguins."

Then there was the doctor, who



## A Billion Dollar Business...

Pulp and paper is Canada's largest, most important industry. Total production is well over one billion dollars a year. It provides more employment than any other industry, accounts for about one quarter of total Canadian exports, and provides the raw materials for many secondary industries.

Basic to our present and future economy, the pulp and paper industry is one of the chief factors responsible for Canada's position as a leading trading nation of the world. It has a record of expansion and growth which in recent years has more than kept pace with Canada's progress.

We believe the securities of Canadian pulp and paper companies offer many opportunities for investment. There are first mortgage bonds and debentures for those whose chief need is capital security... preferred shares for current income... common shares for those who wish to participate in the industry's growth and expansion.

If you are interested in discussing the securities of this important industry, and particularly those suited to your objectives, you will be welcome in any of our offices... or if it is more convenient for you, a letter addressed to us will receive the same careful attention.

### A. E. Ames & Co.

Limited

Business established 1899

TORONTO

MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA  
CALGARY LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER  
OWEN SOUND ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC  
NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

forced his way to the front and introduced himself as a representative of the city health department, acting on the instructions of the mayor. He had a friendly, solicitous manner. They sat in shivering misery and answered his questions, with the eyes and ears of the crowd fixed on them. It was some time before they realized that he was a psychiatrist, trying to determine if they were certifiable or merely eccentric.

"You can give the mayor a message for us," Bob said. "Tell him that if anybody tries to move us away from here, we'll jump off, and neither of us can swim a stroke." That was a lie, but he didn't think they'd investigate. "You can't get near us without making a noise, so it's no good trying to take us by surprise when we're asleep."

The pain was something else they hadn't counted on—not intense pain, but a feeling as if a hand gripped the stomach and twisted it. It came and went intermittently throughout the day. Worse than the pain was the desperate hunger, and worse than either was the strain of hiding their feelings behind a mask of calm and dignity. When a few peanuts landed on the sleeping bag, Bob felt a violent urge to pounce on them. He imagined himself crushing them between his teeth. His mouth filled with saliva and his stomach contracted spasmodically. Then he carefully picked up the peanuts one by one and tossed them into the water.

Jo put her hand over his and squeezed it.

THE day and night dragged by, and another day and another night, and then the days began to blur and run into each other and life became a prolonged nightmare. They didn't play cards any longer or exercise. They didn't even talk much, except when Jim Finney made his morning visits. It was easier just to stay in the sleeping bag and sink into a semi-stupor.

Every now and then Bob was frightened by a sudden feeling that he had lost contact with reality. He remembered things that had happened but in his memory they took on the vague outlines of fantasy. Maybe he had dreamed them.

"Jo—"

"Mmmh?"

"What day was it the radio man came?"

"The radio man," Jo repeated, as if she didn't understand.

Maybe he had dreamed the fat bouncy man with the earphones who squatted over a tape recorder, twisting dials, and shouted across at them to speak right into the microphone.

But then Jo said, "Oh, you mean Roving Mike. That was before the policeman, wasn't it?"

He didn't know. He could remember the man in uniform holding up a piece of paper and telling them it was a warrant for their arrest on a charge of disturbing the peace, and Jo saying that if he came near them they would jump—but was it yesterday? the day before? a week ago?

"He was here the day the sun shone," Jo said.

"Who—the policeman?"

"No, Roving Mike."

But there had been two days when the sun shone, Bob objected. They puzzled over the problem until Jo recalled that the first day of sunshine had been Good Friday and the second Easter Sunday. Ever since then it had been raining.

"Then it must have been Sunday he was here," Bob said. He wondered how long ago that was and thought of asking Jo, but she had fallen asleep again.

The days dragged by, and the nights,





## Famous world-traveller... in its new luxury wrap!

Here's your famous world-traveller—Canadian Club—in elegant new holiday attire of gleaming gold! No fussing with fancy paper—Canada's Most Distinguished Whisky will be available in its sumptuous luxury wrapping—at no extra cost! Canadian Club is light, mellow, satisfying—a most welcome visitor to anyone, whatever his taste in whisky.

In 87 Lands... The Best in The House

*"Canadian Club"*

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED

DISTILLERS OF FINE WHISKIES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 10, 1955



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II  
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY





**SELLS STORY AFTER 2nd WRITING ASSIGNMENT**  
 "Writing has been something I wanted to do. I decided to enroll for the N.I.A. Course. After the second assignment, I sold one article to *Read and Gun* for \$20.00. The *Ottawa Journal* and the local paper have taken articles. I look forward eagerly to the future."—J. V. Redore, Arryprior, Ontario.

## Why Can't You Write?

*It's much simpler than you think!*

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, current events, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, and human interest stories, as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of cheques for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

### The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

### Have You Natural Ability?

Our FREE Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., U.S.A. (Founded 1925). (Licensed by State of N.Y.)

(Approved Member National Home Study Council)

**Free**

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA,  
 One Park Ave., New York 16,  
 N.Y., U.S.A.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Maclean's, December 10.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Miss \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 2-W-595

Copyright 1955, Newspaper Institute of America

and one morning Jim Finney said, "Look kids, you've been here ten days now. Why don't you give up?"

Bob didn't answer right away. Lately, he had noticed, his mind seemed to move sluggishly. It took him a while to understand what was said to him and longer still to frame an answer. There were even moments when he forgot why he and Jo were camped on Siwash Rock.

Now he said, "Ve can't give up yet."

"Why not?" Finney sounded angry. He batted the fence with the bundle of newspapers he was holding. "I've been all through these papers and I can tell you what's happening in one word—nothing. It's a fizzle."

Jo said, "It takes time."

"Time! How much time do you think you've got? You're getting to look more like a couple of skeletons every day."

He was exaggerating—but it was unimportant, anyway. What mattered was just hanging on until people had a chance to declare themselves. Maybe they were waiting to make sure it wasn't just a publicity stunt. Maybe it was timidity that held them back.

"Why not call it quits?" Finney persisted. "Come on. I'll treat you to the biggest steaks we can find."

Bob shook his head. There were a lot of things he wanted to say. He would like to tell Finney that it wasn't so bad, now, as it had been at first, that the hunger pains had almost disappeared and there were even days when they didn't think of food at all. The crowds of sightseers had dwindled to a trickle and the curious stares of the few who came had ceased to bother them. He wanted Finney to know this—but he couldn't tell him. Talking was too much of an effort.

THEY were always sorry when Finney left. When he'd gone, the feeling of unreality closed in on them again. Even the Rock seemed insubstantial. When he pressed his hand against it, Bob could feel it dent beneath the pressure, like a pat of butter. His body felt peculiarly weightless. Once, when he was lying in the sleeping bag while overhead the gulls rode the air currents, their stretched wings scarcely moving, it came to him suddenly that he could do the same. He would stand up with his arms spread wide and lean into the breeze and let his body drift slowly upwards. He inched himself laboriously out onto the Rock and sat there, waiting for the strength to stand upright. Then he realized that he must first untie the rope knotted to his belt. He picked at it clumsily but it resisted him and at last the futility of his efforts overwhelmed him and he sat with tears dribbling down his cheeks, wishing he was lying beside Jo again, safe and warm.

Afterwards he wasn't sure that it had really happened. He wasn't sure about anything, except that they had to stay on the Rock and everybody was trying to get them off. There was a man who said he was the mayor. He pleaded with them at first and then got angry and shouted that they were disgracing the city and he would remove them by force. "We'll jump," Bob warned him, and the man got red in the face and shook his fist. Was he really the mayor? Had there ever been such a man?

Another time it was a minister who said the boys were in his Sunday school class. "Why don't you leave such matters to the United Nations, Mr. Campbell? Your family needs you. Come back to them, and you can pray for world peace along with the rest of us."

Before that—or maybe after—or maybe never—there were two men and



A new and wonderful way of life awaits you here in Arizona's Valley of the Sun. Crisp, dry, sunny days . . . delightfully cool nights. Relax, loaf, or be as lively as you please . . . there's lots to do and see in this healthful, restful land of sunshine. Choose from a variety of accommodations: guest ranches, motels, apartments, world-famous hotels and inns.



Fine golf courses, fishing, hunting, horse racing, dog racing and football.



Attractive shops, fine restaurants, gay night spots, theaters, concerts.



Write for free Accommodations Booklet now. Valley of the Sun Visitors Bureau, Phoenix, Arizona.

For 59 years, America's warmest, driest, sunniest resort area. U.S. Weather Bureau.



**PHOENIX, ARIZONA**  
 AND THE VALLEY OF THE SUN\*

\*AVONDALE • BUCKEYE • CAVE CREEK • CHANDLER  
 GILBERT • GILA BEND • GLENDALE • GOODYEAR  
 LITCHFIELD PARK • MESA • PEORIA • PHOENIX  
 SCOTTSDALE • SOUTH PHOENIX • SUNNYSLOPE  
 TEMPE • TOLLESON • WICKENBURG

a woman who wanted him to join them. "Come and work for the Canadian Peace Congress, Mr. Campbell. It's the only answer." He knew it wasn't, but couldn't remember why.

Maybe they were all phantoms—all except Jim Finney. He was real and solid, bellowing at them, "My God, it's just plain suicide! And all for nothing! Don't you realize by now that people just don't care? You could stay here until you rotted and they still wouldn't care. They've had plenty of time to make up their minds—eighteen days—and that's the answer. Now you've got to forget about them and think of yourselves."

"We can't give up yet," Jo whispered, and Bob parroted, "Not yet."

The nightmare went on until a morning when Jim Finney held up a paper with red headlines six inches high and shouted at them, "Can you see what it says? HUNGER STRIKES SWEEP NATION! It's all over—you've won!" And then there was a big red fire engine and a ladder sweeping through the air towards them, with a blue-coated fireman perched on the end, and an ambulance where Jo and he lay beside each other and wept happily and Jim Finney was unaccountably crying too and repeating over and over again, senselessly, "I had to do it, you understand? I had to do it!"

THAT YEAR spring came late to the Okanagan. Bob worked in an orchard where the limbs of the apple trees stood out bare and stark against the blue of the sky. Sometimes, when memories crowded in on him, he thought that perhaps he had imagined the part about Finney crying. It didn't seem likely that a man cold-blooded enough to deceive them by having a special front page printed would display such emotion.

Bob and Jo didn't blame him—not after the first cruel moment of enlightenment. He had done what he thought was best, and maybe he had been right. There was no way of knowing. Even now, they couldn't be sure. If they had been able to hold out just a few more days—

In his last letter, Finney had said, "Something strange is happening here. There are Vacancy signs in windows all over the rooming house district and you can even find apartments and houses for rent. They say the boom is just leveling off, but to me it looks like the beginning of a mass exodus. It could be that you and Jo have achieved something, after all."

Maybe Finney was right—but they had other things on their minds now—pruning and sprays and temperatures and bulletins from the Department of Agriculture. Adjusting to life in the country was not a simple process. In time, perhaps, they would put down roots and feel they belonged. In time, they might even be able to look to the southwest, over the benchland and the flumes and the dry hills above them toward Vancouver, and not wonder how long it would be before the sky blazed. ★

### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses—attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:

Manager, Subscription Department,  
 MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,  
 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario



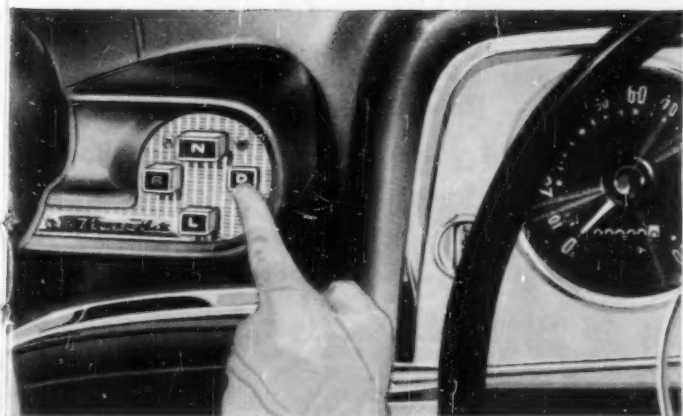
*How to  
give wings to your fancy!*



Plymouth Belvedere 4-Door Sedan

## '56 PLYMOUTH

*be among the first to drive the new Flight-Styled*



*The push-button age  
is here!*

Now, in the new '56 Plymouth with PowerFlite\* automatic transmission. No more lever to shift. Just four buttons within easy reach of your left hand. It's so simple . . . this newest and most modern way to drive.

And Plymouth for '56 is a car with lines so trim and taut that it seems to wing its way over the road!

Perfectly paired with this new kind

of driving and this smart new styling, is the thrilling power of new Plymouth engines. New Sixes . . . and now you can have a V-8 in all Plymouth series. They're high in torque, too, for extra snap at the getaway, extra pull for breezing uphill.

All this, and much more, can be yours in the lowest priced field . . . in the '56 Plymouth. No wonder so many people are excited about this all-new car. You will be, too, when you see and drive it.

*\*Push-button PowerFlite is available at moderate extra cost.*

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

See the new Plymouth with the Forward Look



now at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer's

IT MAKES PERFECT TOAST  
FOR SO MANY YEARS

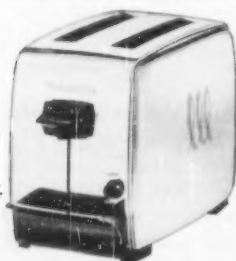
*More people give  
Toastmaster Toasters  
than any other kind*



**TOASTMASTER**  
... first name of  
the gift that lasts

**B14 AUTOMATIC, \$28.95**

Gift givers choose the "Toastmaster"® Toaster because it works so perfectly, lasts so long, and stays so beautiful. And it brings pleasure, not to one person alone, but to everyone at the family table. This model has many millions of satisfied users. Fully automatic. Toast pops up extra high, so small slices are easy to remove. Push-button crumb tray opens instantly for cleaning.



**NEW B18 AUTOMATIC, \$27.95**

This smart new toaster is up to 40% smaller, yet full-size in performance! Easy to handle and store; ideal for modern, space-saving living. Makes perfect toast every time.



**B16 POWERMATIC, \$36.95**

World's most distinctly different toaster. Power-Action lowers bread automatically, toasts it, and serves it up—all by itself! Makes perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between.

**TOASTMASTER**  
*Automatic Toasters*

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS DIVISION  
McGraw Electric Company, Ltd., Oakville, Ont. © 1955.

®"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw Electric Company, Elgin, Illinois.

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## The Ferocious Young Ladies From Edmonton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

had no gym at the time the girls played their home games outdoors. Nevertheless they won the high-school and provincial championships. They had so much fun that in June 1915 the class graduates decided to continue playing together. Soon Page had a McDougall school basketball "farm" system: the junior girls' team, the senior girls', Grassettes—who could be either school girls or graduates—and the cream of the graduates, the Grads.

For seven years the Grads quietly mopped up local opposition, losing only one provincial title. Edmonton paid little attention. No one kept detailed records of the games and few attended them. When the Grads went east to play the London, Ont., Shamrocks, in the first east-west final in 1922 they had nothing in the bank to show for seven years' play.

The London trip would cost a thousand dollars and London could guarantee only six hundred. Each Grad put up twenty-five dollars and Page and Edmonton citizens donated the rest.

"We just scraped by," remembers Page, who now spends his retirement in Edmonton gardening and as an Alberta Conservative MLA. The girls packed lunches to avoid dining-car expenses. They could afford to take only six players: captain Winnie Martin, a school teacher; redheaded Eleanor Mountfield, a bookkeeper; Daisy Johnson, another teacher, and stenographers Dorothy Johnson, Connie Smith and Nellie Perry.

It was to be a two-game total-points series, one game under boys' rules—which most American and eastern Canadian girls' teams used—and one under girls' rules, which the Grads used. The boys' game was a wide-open affair with more running, more checking and five players to a side instead of six.

On May 16 the Grads stepped out in

London's Armories, discreetly clothed from head to toe. They wore knee pads, heavy woolen stockings, loose middies cut like flour sacks, voluminous knee-length bloomers that resembled the modern baseball player's breeches, and bands tying back their long hair. Bloomers flapping and hair flowing, the Grads whipped London 41-8, under girls' rules.

Two nights later they lost by thirteen points under boys' rules, but they still won the series by twenty points. Then they trounced Toronto All-Stars and St. Thomas Collegiate in exhibition games—each game played half to boys' and half to girls' rules—and went home to an incredulous Edmonton. A cheering crowd met them at the CNR station. The Newsboys Band, which greeted all incoming and outgoing Edmonton celebrities for twenty-one years, led a motorcade down Jasper Avenue. The girls received medals and breakfasted with the mayor at the Macdonald Hotel. This was fame and they loved it.

They diligently practiced boys' rules. When London went west in 1923 for another championship series Edmonton easily won both games and looked around hungrily for more opposition. America's top amateur team was the Cleveland Favorite Knits. Cleveland was willing to go to Edmonton for an eighteen-hundred-dollar guarantee plus expenses. The Underwood typewriter company would offer its new challenge trophy for the match. But the Grads didn't have eighteen hundred dollars and so abandoned the idea.

Then one night Edmonton promoter W. F. (Deacon) Whyte saw the Grads whip a local boys' team in a practice match. The Deacon was impressed.

"How'd you like to play Cleveland?" he asked Page.

Page stared.

"I'll put up the guarantee," explained Whyte. "If there's a profit, you take two thirds of Edmonton's share, I take one third. If there's no profit that's my bad luck."

Page accepted with alacrity. The Grads practiced basketball an hour and a half two nights a week, ran a mile around the court after practice

## JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S



and, from time to time, played local men's teams. By the night of June 12 they were ready for the two-game total-points series. So was Edmonton; 4,776 fans flocked into the arena which seated 4,800. Scores of other supporters tuned their crystal sets to radio station CJCA which posted an announcer with a telephone at the arena floor.

The Favorite Knits jogged out on the court. Like many of the Grads' opponents over the years, they were sponsored by a commercial firm. A winning team was good publicity and some of the Grads' opponents were handpicked from all over a state or several states. Edmonton was impressed with its first glimpse of a big-time team. The Favorite Knits wore confident smiles, well-cut jerseys and brief bloomers that revealed an admirable expanse of bare knee. Each girl's bloomers bore the words **WORLD'S CHAMPS** in block letters.

Minutes later the champs' smiles vanished. The backwoods girls in baggy uniforms were running rings around them. Mary Dunn, the Grads' tiny speedy left guard, broke up one Cleveland play after another. Dorothy Johnson, a seventeen-year-old forward, scored fourteen points. The Grads won, 34-20, and a jubilant mob embraced them on the court. Two nights later the Grads won again, 19-13, with Dorothy Johnson scoring seventeen points. The era of the world-beating Grads was born.

The Grads' share of the gate was twenty-four-hundred dollars. At last they had money for equipment and traveling expenses. They defended the Underwood Trophy three times that year before sell-out crowds. By 1924 they could afford an eleven-thousand-dollar trip to Paris for the Olympic Games.

#### No Money — Just Victories

Girls' basketball was not a recognized Olympics event but through a European organization, the Fédération Sportive Féminine Internationale, Grads played six exhibition games, won them all, and were proclaimed world champions.

By now people the world over were asking: how do the Grads do it year after year? Nearly every season at least one girl married and left the team. With two exceptions, all the players came from McDougall school. The exceptions, Gladys Fry and Mae Brown, were outstanding enough on other Edmonton teams to win an invitation to join the Grads.

None of the Grads were paid. Indeed, they were so eager to protect their amateur status that once, when several of them won a few dollars for foot races at a Bremner, Alta., sports day they gave the money back to the town.

No money, no imported talent, a constant change of personnel—yet the Grads kept winning. Why?

There were four contributing factors—shooting, passing, physical condition and Page himself. In twenty-five years Page missed only three practices: once to lead a curling team to a city championship, twice to campaign for the Alberta legislature. Once he spent his Christmas holidays painting the girls' shower rooms.

His school farm system gave him a steady flow of basketball talent but it tripled his work. William Tait, another Edmontonian, coached the Gradettes, but Page coached the junior and senior teams as well as the Grads. By this time he was also principal of McDougall, arriving for work every morning at eight.

He spent hours each year corresponding with prospective opponents

So light... so right for Christmas!

As the lightest of sturdy airplane baggage, these ultra-smart matched sets by McBrine are perfect for happy giving! So right with their promise of carefree travel for years to come... so right in price too... You'll always be glad you gave McBrine!

## NEW Lightweight AIRPLANE BAGGAGE BY McBRINE



VISCOUNT

A glamorous new open-stock set inspired by T.C.A.'s new Viscount planes... Distinctive medallion highlights its fashion elegance... New, lighter-yet-stronger 'Aeroply' construction with wonderful, scuff-resistant DURALITE-5 cleans easily with damp cloth... She'll be thrilled with it for years to come!

SKY-RIDER

← Another distinctive "chevron" style in washable, scuff-resistant super-tough DURALITE-5. Shown in Mist Green — also made in Flight Blue, Coppertone or Palomino with harmonizing interiors of breath-taking beauty. Open stock too! Six pieces include Hat Case and Weekend Case in addition to those shown left.

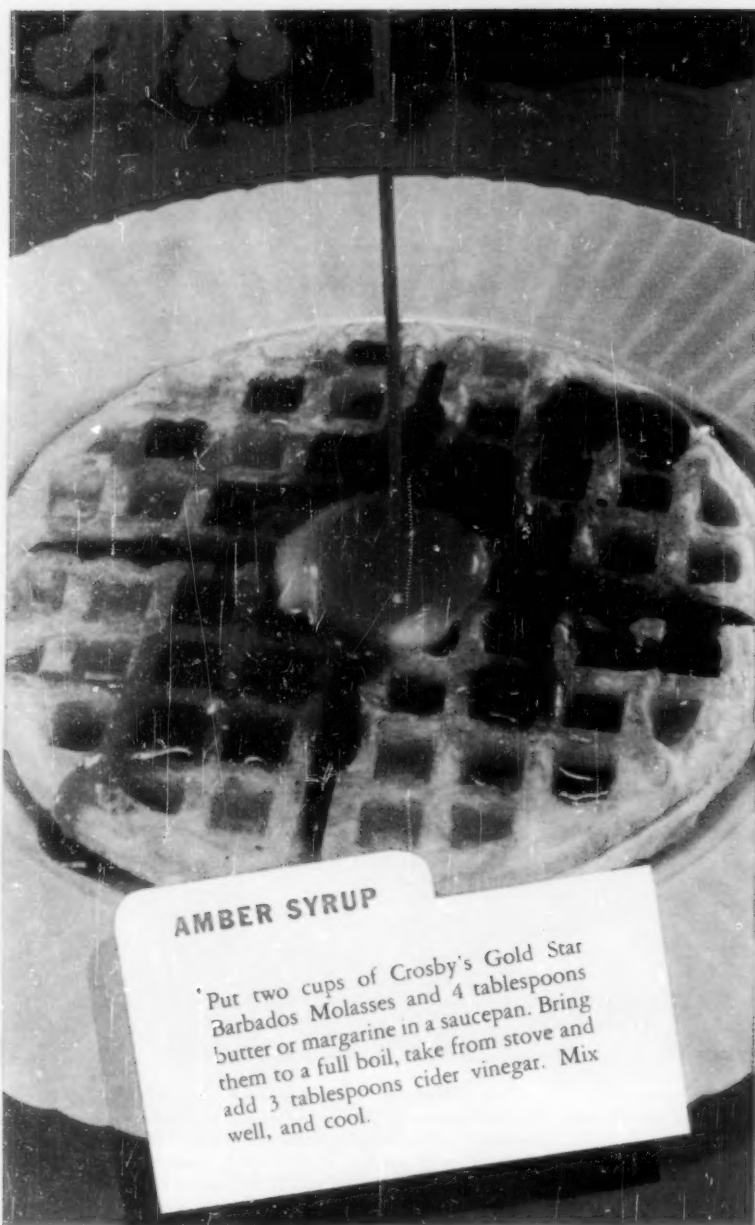
BUY McBRINE  
where you see this sign



COMET

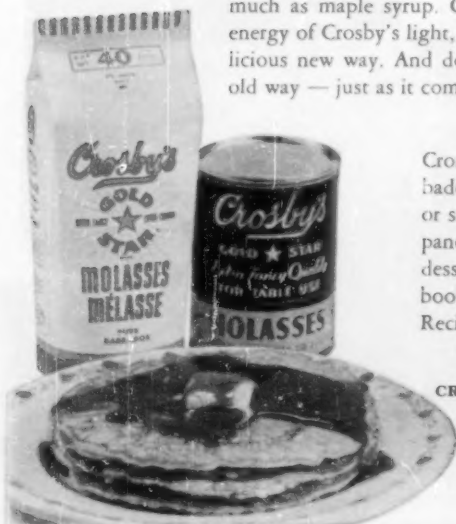
Endorsed by B.O.A.C. for air travel. Modern styling in non-scuff DURALITE bound with genuine leather. 6-piece open-stock sets in seven smart colours.

← MEN'S SETS TOO!



## New syrup makes waffles an inexpensive treat!

Amber syrup is so good . . . and costs only a quarter as much as maple syrup. Give your family the extra food energy of Crosby's light, pure Barbados Molasses this delicious new way. And don't forget the equally delicious old way — just as it comes from the container.



Crosby's is the light, pure Barbados Molasses. In Amber Syrup, or straight, it tastes wonderful on pancakes, French toast, cereal and desserts, too. Write us for free book of 118 Tasty Molasses Recipes.

CROSBY MOLASSES COMPANY  
LIMITED  
Saint John, N. B.

and arranging hotel and train accommodation. On road trips he served as banker for the girls' personal spending money, kept track of equipment and dealt with press and radio.

"Often he was up until two a.m. and when he did get to bed he couldn't sleep," says his wife, Maude, who went on most trips as chaperone.

Page expected the same sacrifices from his teams. "You must play basketball, think basketball and dream basketball," he once told them.

The Grads did. They attended their twice-a-week hour-and-a-half practice all year except in summer holidays. Often they voluntarily spent their lunch hours at extra practice in the gym. Some built basketball hoops at home and practiced shooting there.

"The fact Page was their school teacher as well as their coach had a profound influence on them," says George Mackintosh, retired sports editor of the Edmonton Journal, who followed the team throughout its career. "For instance, I never heard them call him anything but Mr. Page. They liked him but they respected and obeyed him, too."

By the time the girls had graduated through the farm system and their hours of practice, the simple plays were just another reflex action. Page didn't believe in intricate tactics. Once a San Francisco sports writer grumbled, "The Grads are good but those plays are so old they've got whiskers on 'em."

Recently Page explained with one of his rare chuckles, "The man was correct. Our plays were old. I felt if the girls knew a dozen simple plays they would automatically cope with any situation."

So the Grads concentrated on passing and shooting. Page believed that small players—and the Grads were usually small—could control short fast passes with less danger of interception. It was a crowd-pleasing style of play. The ball sped from Grad to Grad while the opposition ran in dizzy circles. Then, like as not, two bewildered opponents made the mistake of covering one Grad, leaving another of the champions with a clear shot on the basket.

In scoring position the Grads were deadly. They scored on approximately forty percent of their shots.

"I don't mind if the other team gets a shot at our basket as long as we get a shot at theirs," Page often said.

"Make it a Hundred, Grads!"

Once, against Queen's University, the Grads scored on forty-four of seventy-seven field shots—about a fifty-seven percent average. Detailed records were kept for only their last 375 games but in that time they scored 18,174 points—nearly eleven thousand more than their opponents and an average of forty-eight per game.

They scored fifty points or more on 162 occasions. Often Edmonton Arena rocked with the war-cry, "Make it a hundred, Grads!" And, in fourteen games, the Grads did score a hundred or more points. Their biggest night was in 1934 when they defeated the University of Alberta, 136-16.

They scored three points a minute that night—and maintained almost as stiff a pace on countless other occasions—because Page insisted on perfect physical condition. Although he never set rules he let it be known, in his crisp precise manner, just what a player should or should not do. No Grad ever drank alcohol or smoked. Even today few of the former players will smoke in Page's presence.

The conditioning paid off. Time after time their opponents faltered in the dying moments of a game while the

Grads finished strong. One humid July night in 1925, for example, the Grads played in Fort Worth, Texas. It was so hot that at half time the teams wrung perspiration from their jerseys. By rights Fort Worth, accustomed to such weather, should have fared better than the visitors but the Grads won, 47-6.

Only once, on an April 1926 road trip, did the Grads misjudge their capacity for work. The trip began with a Saturday win over Winnipeg. On Monday the Grads defeated Chicago All-Stars. In a bruising Tuesday game they edged Warren, Ohio, by two points. By Wednesday night at Cleveland they were tired. Even so they might have held their own had it not been for Cleveland's plate-glass backboards.

The backboard is a six-by-four-foot glass or wood panel which supports the basket at each end of the court. Nowadays it's usually painted white but in Cleveland it was clear, enabling customers at either end to see shots on the basket. The transparency bewildered the Grads and their angle shots caromed strangely off the slick glass. They scored only once on eleven free throws and Cleveland won, 23-16. The Grads rallied Thursday night to beat the same team by five points. Then followed Friday and Saturday games in New York.

In Toronto three nights later the weary Grads began a two-game Canadian playoff and lost to Toronto Lakesides, 24-19. On Wednesday night they won an exhibition game in London. Back in Toronto on Thursday they staged a mighty comeback and whipped Lakesides, 27-6, for the championship. But never again did they book ten games in seven cities in thirteen nights.

When opposition fans cheered the Grads it was often for their manners as much as their play. They were a well-behaved team. Page saw to that. Basketball talent was not in itself a passport to membership on the team. He watched the company the girls kept and the places they went in Edmonton. It was unthinkable that a Grad be seen with a boy of questionable character or in a place of doubtful reputation. Once a party of boys invited the team on a well-chaperoned weekend canoe trip. Page vetoed the outing, not because it was improper but because outsiders might think it was. He allowed no dates on road trips, although the girls had plenty of offers.

"A Grad must be a lady first and a basketball player second," Page often said.

And the Grads were. Henry Viney, sports editor of radio station CFCN, Calgary, who refereed many of their championship games, remembers, "They carried themselves with decorum and poise, like champions. They were absolutely above reproach. Of course, they wanted to stay on the team for it was a tremendous honor to be a Grad. Edmonton worshipped them. I remember once I refereed a game they lost. The next morning Edmonton people were actually crossing the street to avoid meeting me!"

Edmonton showed its affection in other ways, too. Strangers greeted the girls by name on the street and begged their autographs. Their employers were happy to give them time off for games. Before one important game an elderly woman telephoned Maude Page. "I know Mr. Page does not believe in liquor and neither do I," she said, "but what you should do tonight is give the girls a little drink of Scotch before the game."

A retired English soldier named Kidd—naturally he was nicknamed Captain Kidd—drove thirty miles by



horse-and-buggy to attend their home games so faithfully that finally the Grads gave him a team blazer.

At various times Edmonton gave the girls wrist watches and sets of silver plate. In the mid-Twenties the city gave Page a Chevrolet coupé. It was his first car; until then he had ridden to school on a bicycle.

It was therefore a profound shock to their admirers when on May 3, 1930, after seventy-eight consecutive wins, the Grads lost a game by ten points to Chicago Taylor-Trunks. It was the first of a two-game total-point Underwood Trophy series. The powerful Taylor-Trunks had a 228-9 won-lost record over the previous nine years. One of their stars, Cassie Martin, had scored seventeen points against the Grads in the opener.

While Edmonton recoiled from the blow the Grads grimly practiced and plotted. Two nights later they returned to the court, resolved to stop Martin. The largest crowd in the arena's history—6,792 people—attended. Grads won the game by twenty-seven points and the series by seventeen. Cassie Martin was held to three points and Edmonton's honor was redeemed.

In the next three years the Grads won so consistently that home-town attendance fell off. It was taken for granted they would win so the fans stayed home. The Grads were even hard pressed to find opposition. After a series like that of 1931, when they whipped Toronto All-Stars, 123-19 and 100-18, it was no wonder. In 1932 they attended the Olympics in Los Angeles but could drum up only three games during the entire trip. On the way home they defeated a Prince Rupert, B.C., male team, 32-26.

#### They Licked the Best in the U.S.

But just as Edmonton began to think the Grads infallible, the Durant, Okla., Cardinals, came to town in June 1933: This was the first North American championship playoff. Whereas Underwood Trophy games required only that the contestants be state or provincial champions, the North American series pitted the United States champions against the Canadian champions.

The Cardinals won in three straight games, although the Grads fought gamely and, in the final match, tied the score three times in the last two minutes before losing, 45-43.

Actually, the beating stimulated the Grads although various pessimists predicted that they were through. A Calgary sports writer said as much the next spring when Calgary Beavers lost a provincial playoff game to Grads by a mere thirteen points. The next week Page's girls routed the Beavers, 99-21.

In the United States other critics were saying Durant's victory proved that the Grads had built their reputation by beating second-rate teams. Page promptly challenged the entire U. S. A. "Let the U. S. Amateur Athletic Union pick the team and we'll play it," he said.

In May the Chicago Spencer-Coals challenged the Grads for the Underwood Trophy. Edmonton won in two games, one by a 100-39 score. In June the Grads met Tulsa, Okla., Stenographers for the 1934 North American championship. The Tulsans included five All-Americans, averaged two inches taller and fifteen pounds heavier than the Grads and had just beaten Durant, the 1933 winner. Edmonton took the title in three straight games. This silenced the critics.

Page has always refused to name a "best" Grad player or team. "It was

GAME AND RUBBER!...

NOW LET YOUR

GUESTS ENJOY

THE "PRIME FLAVOR"

COFFEE



# MAXWELL HOUSE

## IS THE COFFEE FOR YOU



"LET'S BREAK OFF FOR COFFEE"

means rich delight when it's Maxwell House . . . expertly blended from "Prime Flavor" coffees and Radiant Roasted to capture *all* the delicious goodness. You'll find Maxwell House heartily satisfying. Make it your regular coffee.

Good to the Last Drop



GLASSINE-LINED BAG  
All Purpose Grind

SUPER-VACUUM TIN  
Drip and Regular Grinds

A Product of General Foods

MH-126M

GIVE THE ONE MAN IN YOUR LIFE

# Thousands of Mornings



More men use Schick Electric Shavers than any other make.

LET'S face it. Ever since the new Schick "25" came out only a few short weeks ago, he's been hoping for one—maybe even expecting one under the Christmas tree. In that man's world he lives in, the word gets around fast. He's heard that it makes other shavers old-fashioned. And so—he can't wait to get his face next to one for keeps. That's where you come in Christmas morning—with a new Schick "25".

#### New Caddie Case—New Beauty

Now here's what you do. Let him get a good look at that handsome black-and-silver Caddie Case (it's more than a travel case—it's a handy

holder on the bathroom shelf). Take off the top—and there it is!—the most talked about shaver since Colonel Schick invented the first one. Let him finger its sleek, trim lines and admire its jewel-like beauty.

#### 3 Exclusives with the Schick "25"

But only when he begins to shave will he appreciate what you've given him: Super-Honed shaving heads, honed to a new sharpness; curved combs which press down the skin for gentle shaves, guiding each whisker into place no matter how it grows; and the Hi-Power Motor which moves twice as fast as an airplane

engine at 300 mph, which never falters or flutters as this new Schick "25" breezes through whiskers tougher than strands of steel.

But what he'll be most interested in is how close it shaves. Just try to find a sign of stubble—you'll see nothing but soft, smooth skin.

#### 14-Day Money-Back Trial

He has 14 days *after* Christmas to make up his mind. Ask your dealer about the money-back home trial. At all dealers and Schick Shaver Shops in principal cities. Only \$31.95. Trade-in of \$5 allowed for any electric shaver, any condition. Schick (Canada) Limited, Toronto, Ont.



# ings of Happy Shaving



## Schick "25"

SILVER JUBILEE ELECTRIC SHAVER



MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 10, 1955

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

**THE TASTE THAT TAKES**  
*4 years to grow!*

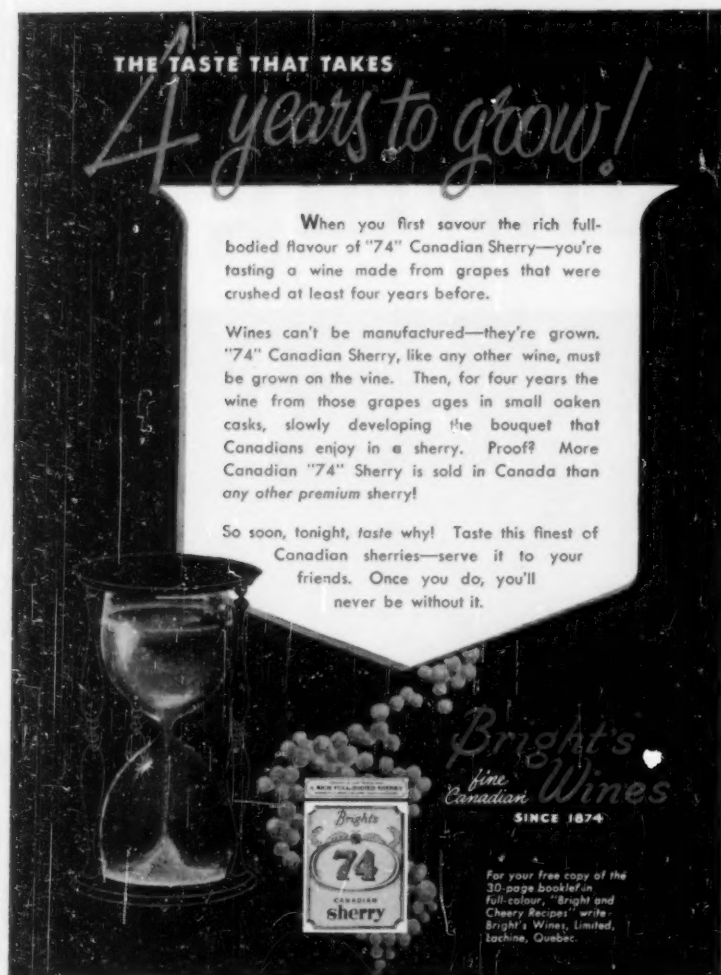
When you first savour the rich full-bodied flavour of "74" Canadian Sherry—you're tasting a wine made from grapes that were crushed at least four years before.

Wines can't be manufactured—they're grown. "74" Canadian Sherry, like any other wine, must be grown on the vine. Then, for four years the wine from those grapes ages in small oaken casks, slowly developing the bouquet that Canadians enjoy in a sherry. Proof? More Canadian "74" Sherry is sold in Canada than any other premium sherry!

So soon, tonight, taste why! Taste this finest of Canadian sherries—serve it to your friends. Once you do, you'll never be without it.

*Bright's fine Canadian Wines*  
 SINCE 1874

For your free copy of the 30-page booklet in full-colour, "Bright and Cheery Recipes" write Bright's Wines, Limited, Lachine, Quebec.



**Give** **PEEK FREAN'S Tins**  
 to friends you wish to compliment.

*Serve them on your table*  
 The finest of fine biscuits—in colourful Presentation Tins.

You compliment friends to whom you give a tin of Peek Frean's Famous English Biscuits... and you compliment guests when you serve these famous biscuits to them. The finest of fine biscuits... in colourful presentation tins 79¢ to \$3.00.

MADE BY  
**PEEK FREAN'S**  
 Makers of famous **ENGLISH** Biscuits

Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean



*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

always a team effort," he says. "We were often up against better individual players but they never played as a unit the way we did."

The teams of the Thirties gave Edmonton some of its greatest sporting thrills. One was on the night of June 1, 1936. The El Dorado Lion-Oilers of Arkansas were in town seeking the Underwood Trophy. Edmonton particularly wanted to win this series because several of the Lion-Oilers were ex-members of the Durant Cardinals that humbled the Grads in 1933. It was a three-out-of-five series.

"We'll take them in four games at the most," said the Lion-Oilers smugly, and for a while it appeared that they might. They won the first game, 44-40. In the second game they led, 35-33, in the dying moments. But they hadn't reckoned on the traditional Grad finish.

Noel MacDonald, who'd already scored eighteen points, broke loose and tied the score. The fans roared with new hope. The Grads laced the air with passes. MacDonald had the ball again. There was no time to pass; she snapped a shot from about thirty-five feet out. Just as the timer's horn sounded the ball trickled into the basket. Grads 37, El Dorado 35. In the bedlam that followed MacDonald slumped on the court. A teammate helped her to the dressing room.

"I didn't faint, the way the newspapers reported," she said recently. "I was just too tired to move my legs!"

That game broke El Dorado's heart. Edmonton took the next two and the Underwood Trophy.

#### Victory Roused the Poets

So it went for the last four years of the Grads' career. Players came and went. Page, white-haired now, was affectionately known as "Papa" to the girls. And still the Grads won. They attended the 1936 Olympics in Berlin and took nine straight games from various European opponents. London, England, Pioneers took the worst drubbing—100-2.

By 1940 the RCAF was using Edmonton's Arena and the Grads disbanded in June. When Edmonton realized it was really losing them, all the old-time hero worship welled up again. Six thousand people attended the final game against Chicago Queen Anne Aces. Grads won the game, 62-52. Then there were telegrams, banquets, and speeches. Several Alberta poets wrote verses about the team. A song writer dedicated a ballad to them. The Underwood Trophy was theirs to keep.

They retired like champions. In the final season they won twenty consecutive games. They scored on thirty-eight percent of their field shots and fifty-eight percent of their free throws. That was twelve percent more, on both counts, than a number of American men's championship teams of that time.

The games were over but the legend lived on. In 1950 a Canadian Press poll voted the Grads Canada's best basketball team of the first half century. In 1955 Percy Page was named to the newly established Canadian sports hall of fame. And, every five years, the Grads relive the past at an Edmonton reunion.

Last September they gathered again from cities and small towns all over the Canadian west. The girls are now married to salesmen, policemen, firemen, railwaymen and bank managers. Many are mothers, a few are grandmothers and most haven't touched a basketball for at least fifteen years but for a few days they were the toast of Edmonton again.

There were luncheons, teas, a ban-



**STOP! HERE'S THE SOLUTION FOR HER HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS**

No need go through that "last minute nightmare"—start her on a set of Wallace Sterling. A few pieces at Christmas—other pieces on birthdays, anniversaries—and she'll have a table service to be proud of forever!

AT BETTER JEWELLERS EVERYWHERE



**WALLACE STERLING**

THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY

#### COUGHER HAS STRANGE ADVENTURE IN ARCTIC...



The only cough drops medicated... with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub for fast relief of coughs due to colds or smoking.



quet, gifts, free movie and football tickets for every woman. But perhaps the best day was the Saturday afternoon that John Michaels, a colorful Edmonton philanthropist, threw a picnic for the Grads, their families and a few close friends. The Grads gave the Pages a silver tray and for three hours they relaxed and reminisced.

One match in particular kept creeping into the conversation, probably because it typifies everything in the Grads' career: the team effort, the suspense, the fighting finish, the adulation of the fans. As the Grads talked about it, that night of June 1, 1935 came to life again...

Edmonton is in an uproar this night. The Tulsa Stenos are back in town, bidding for the North American championship. Grads won the first game, 53-49. Tulsa took the second by an identical score. Grads edged out a third-game win by seven points. Now 5,667 bell-voiced Edmontonians have shouldered into the arena for game number four.

Stenos lead, 13-9, at the end of the first quarter. Grads lead, 21-20, at the half. Tulsa is ahead, 31-29, by three-quarter time and there is no joy in Edmonton.

Now it is 38-38 late in the fourth quarter. The referee calls a double foul. The Grads' Etta Dann steadies, aims and makes it 39-38 on her free throw. The crowd howls. Tulsa's flashy Frances Dunlap, who already has fifteen points, steps forward for her shot. She kneels, waiting for silence. Still the crowd chatters. Finally the black-and-gold-clad Grads step to the sidelines with uplifted arms and hush the fans. Dunlap ties the score.

A Tulsa girl goes to the bench with her fourth personal foul, enough to disqualify her for the game. Three Tulsans are now disqualified. The Stenos brought only seven players and so are now playing four girls to Edmonton's five. But they're taller heavier girls and one of them is Dunlap.

One minute and twenty-five seconds to play. Score still tied. Page gambles: he replaces dependable Mabel Munton with Margaret MacBurney, whose shooting has been off tonight. The Grads uncork a barrage of passes. Suddenly MacBurney has the ball in her favorite spot, the Tulsa corner. Grads 41, Tulsa 39.

The spectators groan. Noel MacDonald, who has scored sixteen points, goes out of the game with her fourth foul. There is silence, broken only by MacDonald's sobs. Tulsa's free throw misses. Edmonton breathes again. Another Grad penalty and another Tulsa free throw. It's Dunlap again, scoring her seventeenth point. Grads 41, Tulsa 40.

Ten seconds to play. Tulsa's Gene Langerman is disqualified. Three Stenos remain on the floor—but one is Dunlap. Then, an instant before the end, little Babe Belanger dribbles the ball through the exhausted Tulsans and scores. Grads 43, Tulsa 40.

For fifteen minutes the arena seethes with flying hats, shredded programs and the hoarse chant, "We want the Grads." The weary champions come out to stand on a bench before their adoring city. Last of all comes Page carrying a grinning Babe Belanger...

Afterward there were letters, telegrams and congratulations from everyone, including Prime Minister R. B. Bennett. But it took an Edmonton woman, who was knocked down in the post-game crush and sent to the doctor with a misplaced vertebra, to sum it up and, incidentally, express the sentiments of anyone who ever played with, or watched, the Grads.

"Oh well," she sighed, as they put her neck in a plaster cast, "the game was worth it!" ★

## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

that what Garibaldi really said was, "God save England!"

Now we come down to more modern times when, a couple of years ago, Sir Jocelyn gathered a few of us together in the House of Commons and asked us to join him in a great project.

"This is my plan," he said. "I want to raise money to erect in St. Paul's Cathedral a memorial to the empire

fighting men who lost their lives in the Hitler war. We won't ask for large sums from anyone. In fact we won't take a large sum from any man or company. We shall collect it in shillings and half crowns from the police, the firemen, the postmen, the miners, the cotton workers, the Boy Scouts, the chaps in the services and so on. Clem Davies, the leader of the Liberal Party, has agreed to join the committee. So has Anthony Greenwood, for the Labor Party. And we want Alfred Bosson and Beverley Baxter from the Tories."

It was useless to say "No." Someone once said that Sir Jocelyn had a whim of iron. That is not at all a bad way of putting it.

We asked him if he had consulted the Dean of St. Paul's, and Josh assured us that he had. We asked him why the memorial would be erected in St. Paul's and not in the Abbey. He replied that there was already an empire memorial in the Abbey.

The idea had come to him on that mad Saturday night in the Blitz when, as a volunteer fireman, he watched the flames move nearer and nearer to St.



## Fly the Family to Europe...at Reduced Fares

via luxurious

## TCA Super Constellation

Finest...Fastest...Most Frequent Flights

**What a wonderful idea!** Christmas in Britain or Europe...either with the home folk or amidst the gay festivities of Old World capitals...a never-to-be-forgotten holiday.

**And what wonderful luck!** New TCA Trans-Atlantic Family Fares combine with low Off-Season Fares to give you rock-bottom reductions on finest, fastest trans-Atlantic travel. You're there overnight—plenty of time to visit during the school vacation.

**Free TCA stopovers** let you see the most places on one ticket! Switch routes coming back...see Scotland en route to London and Ireland returning. See 8 old-world cities on a trip to and from Rome. (TCA books you in Canada to any place in the world.)

**Book space early!** For TCA Super Constellation is the most sought-after accommodation across the Atlantic. Choice of luxurious First Class or comfortable, economical Air Tourist.

### SAVE WITH FAMILY FARES

Under TCA Trans-Atlantic Family Fare plan only one (husband or wife) pays full fare. Partner and children between 12 and 25 each get \$300 reduction for First Class round trip, or \$200 reduction for Air Tourist Round Trip. Children under 12, half fare. Children under 2 (in arms) 10% of normal fare.

### SAVE WITH OFF-SEASON FARES

Lower Off-Season Fares for round-trip travel effective November 1st—March 31st.

#### Sample Savings: TORONTO-LONDON round trip Husband, Wife, and 12-year-old-child

First Class — Normal Round Trip Fare	\$2,219.40
With Family Fare & Off-Season Reduction	\$1,490.40
	<b>SAVING . . . \$729.00</b>
Air Tourist — Normal Round Trip Fare	\$1,653.00
With Family Fare & Off-Season Reduction	\$1,115.00
	<b>SAVING . . . \$538.00</b>

GOING FOR CHRISTMAS? Be sure to book early!

See your Travel Agent, Railway Ticket Office, or local TCA Office —



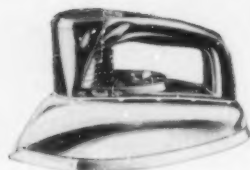
## TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES



## GIFTS FOR HIM (to give to HER!)



The ultra new PRESTO Cooker, in beautiful styling, saves up to 75% cooking time. Safe, speedy, economical... cooks even less expensive foods perfectly, retaining all the nutritional values.



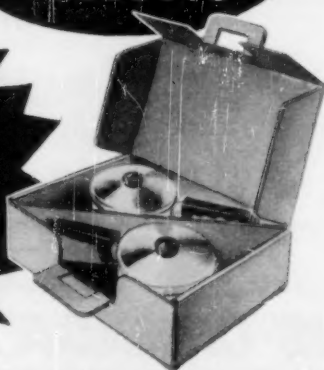
PRESTO Steam or Dry Iron—the only tap water iron with exclusive Scorch Preventer. Light, perfectly balanced—cuts ironing time in half. Now your choice of colored handles—yellow, pink, blue, green or black.



PRESTO Electric Skillet. This portable beauty is four appliances in one... fries, braises, bakes, casseroles! Plugs in anywhere for controlled heat on the spot.

The makers of these famous PRESTO Products offer you introductory savings on their New "Heat-Seal" Stainless Steel Cookware with the lifetime guarantee.

**Presto**  
PRODUCTS



*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## To everyone's surprise, shillings from the "little chaps" built a new memorial

Paul's. Office buildings were crashing into ruins and the whole sky was an angry red. The City of London, with the Guildhall as its centre, had become an inferno but, as if some mystic unseen hand had been raised against them, the flames just failed to reach the cathedral.

"We'll get the money," said Jocelyn. "It will be just the ordinary blokes who'll give it to us." He further informed us that the committee would meet from time to time to study the progress report and to pool ideas. Meantime, with our permission (whatever that meant), he had secured the services of two or three people outside the political world who would give their services free.

I forget which one of us said, "Let's hope we raise the money before there's a third world war to commemorate." But it expressed our secret doubts.

The months rolled on. Every now and then Sir Jocelyn summoned us to a meeting and, with his volunteer treasurer by his side, would report, "Here's a cheque for two pounds four shillings from the Beamville Fire Brigade. The Uplington Police Station has sent us two pounds six shillings. And here's three shillings from an ex-serviceman with no legs."

### Let the Moguls Pay?

No one could have failed to be touched by this story of little people moved by a great spirit, but when we thought of the thousands of pounds needed to conclude the project it seemed to our mundane minds that we would have to go to more substantial sources. What about a dinner in the Commons? We could invite the chairmen or managing directors of the big industrial companies.

"We don't want their money," said Sir Jocelyn. "It must come from the ordinary chaps, in dribblets."

But finally we wore him down and persuaded him to hold the dinner, on the condition that the big boys of the City should only be asked for guarantees. If they would make these it would then be possible to put the construction of the memorial in hand. And anyway, what would it matter where the money came from?

So the seduction dinner took place and the moguls of industry and finance proved friendly and co-operative. The cynic might say that big firms usually have a fund for supporting worthy projects and, in the end, the only loser would be the Chancellor of the Exchequer who would have that much less from income tax.

But their generosity should not be dismissed so cynically. It is an admirable thing that the world of industry and finance should recognize its responsibility to the spiritual realm. In the case of this empire war memorial their guarantees made a certainty of what had only been a dream.

When the dinner had ended and it was time for our guests to depart Sir Jocelyn rose to his feet and expressed our gratitude to the victims. "It was good of you to come," said Josh, "and we enjoyed having you. But I will tell you here and now that we will not call on you for a single penny of your guarantees. We are going to finance this out of the shillings and half crowns of the people."

The moguls smiled indulgently. It was not the first time they had heard that old sweet song. And I must say

that we who were Sir Jocelyn's friends felt that we were listening to something pretty close to a false prospectus.

When the guests had gone Clement Davies, like a good Liberal and non-conformist, pointed out that the dinner must have been a pretty costly affair and it would hardly be proper to charge it to the memorial fund.

"Very well," said Sir Jocelyn. "let's toss for it." For once we overruled him and we all shared the cost. Then we went out on the terrace and cooled off in the light of a full moon.

"We received two pounds fifteen shillings today from a home for disabled ex-servicemen," said Josh, "and they said that they would get up a whist drive and send us some more."

No one spoke. The only sound was the river murmuring its way to the sea.

THE MONTHS PASSED and from time to time the committee met to hear the progress report. The story was the same each time. The shillings and half crowns were coming in, but it still seemed only a matter of time until the guarantors would have to cough up.

Then one day we received word from Sir Jocelyn that there would be a celebration dinner in which the chief guest would be the Dean of St. Paul's. I asked him what we were celebrating. "Didn't I tell you?" he said. "We've got the money."

So we gathered once more in a private dining room at Westminster and Lucas opened the meeting by announcing that the full sum needed—twenty thousand pounds—was now in the hands of the treasurer. Work would start right away. "It is due to you chaps," he said. "You were simply wonderful. I never could have done this without your support."

It takes a lot to make a politician blush but something very like it was on the cheeks of Clem Davies, Alfred Bossom, Anthony Greenwood and myself. If we had been oil paintings we could hardly have done less toward raising the money. However each of us had had an opportunity to ease our consciences by making speeches in which we attributed everything to the crazy loon who had dreamed a dream. As for the guarantees of the business moguls, not one penny was called from them.

The Dean of St. Paul's was in good form and expressed the gratitude of the hierarchy of the cathedral. He even invited us to come some day and climb the steps to the dome, but even Sir Jocelyn showed no enthusiasm for that ordeal.

Instead we fell to discussing the ugly buildings which were rising from the ruins adjoining the cathedral. As a famous architect, Sir Alfred Bossom was particularly scathing about the ugly hand of materialism. A sudden light came into Sir Jocelyn's eye. "Don't you think we ought to set up a committee to look into this?"


We were saved by the gong—the division bells of the House started to ring and we had to go up and vote.

And we didn't return—we knew it wasn't safe. ★

### IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly. The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription.





What ho, my hearties ...  
we're off to the inn!  
I've a table reserved ...  
let the fun begin!  
The cargo's ashore  
at the "Rose and Crown".  
Come one ... come all ...  
"Captain Morgan's in town!"



*Black Label*  
Extra smooth  
and flavourful

**GOLD LABEL**  
Rich and  
full-bodied



# Captain Morgan RUM

Blended in Canada from Carefully Selected Rare Old Rums  
by Captain Morgan Rum Distillers Limited

Remember *Perfection* ... Since 1807



**McCallum's**  
*Perfection*  
**Scots Whisky**

DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Available in various bottle sizes.

16-5

how  
wonderful  
can a  
"smoothie"  
be?



as wonderful as...32 colours—fabulous wash-  
ability—shrinkproofing and mothproofing.

wonderful is the word  
for "smoothie" sweaters  
by *Grand'mère*

temptingly available for men and women wherever beautiful sweaters are sold in Canada

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## The Crafty Crow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

spurred by complaints from farmers, once checked crow stomach contents through all seasons of the year and reported that although fifty percent of his food was grain, the rest consisted of insects, carrion, wild fruits and weed seeds. The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service gathered more than two thousand crow stomachs and came up with distinctly pro-crow statistics. Two thirds of crow dinners, the service said, were made up of destructive agricultural pests. In Canada it is more than twenty years since the federal Department of Agriculture thought it worth while examining crow depredations. "It is now recognized," says Dr. Douglas Clarke, supervisor of the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests' wildlife management section, "that massive control measures of crow populations are hardly justified."

In official quarters then, the young crow may almost claim to be popular but he is condemned by people who see his parents calmly pirating the nest of a goldfinch or robin in the back garden. The unofficial view outweighs the official at the moment, so the crow can't expect any early easing of the blitzkrieg against him.

Perhaps the final indignity inflicted on him is that he is occasionally eaten by mankind. Crow banquets have been held in southern American states (the birds are plucked, then boiled for several hours) and crows are occasionally offered in markets in poorer parts of the U. S. But it's difficult to find anybody in Canada who has tried a crow dinner. The term "to eat crow," denoting a humbling and unpleasant experience, doesn't encourage people to sample the dish. "I've been told that crow meat tastes something like that of a loon, and is just as strong and tough," says Jack Heise, a Toronto sportsman.

Because the crow survives and multiplies in the face of the most persistent and calculated persecution, it is often theorized that he must have, figuratively speaking, the strength of a lion, the longevity of a Methuselah and the guile of an Odysseus. The facts are that the crow is a rather undistinguished black bird of about two pounds in weight, who has no fleetness of wing and whose beak and claws would hardly scare a small screech owl. His voice resembles a rusty nail being pulled from a board. He usually raises one small family a year. As a pet he may live twenty years, but in his wild state he's lucky to last ten.

His family—called *Corvidae*—includes a vast number of birds spread across most of the world, such as Cornish crows, daws, jays, nutcrackers, pies, ravens and rooks. In North America two sub-families are represented—jays and magpies, and ravens, crows, pinon jays and nutcrackers. There are small regional variations among the crows on this continent, caused mainly by birds being changed to suit restricted surroundings. The eastern, or common crow (which is found everywhere) is hardly distinguishable from the southern, Florida, western and northwestern crows. Only the fish crow shows major variations. He is slightly smaller, speaks with a distinctly more nasal accent and is found mainly along the sea coast from New England to eastern Texas. He is often recognizable inland by his habit of taking hard-shelled molluscs, like clams, to a height and dropping them on rocks or stones to crack their hard shells in readiness for a meal.

The real reasons for the common crow's astonishing success in North America are extremely simple: he's tough and resourceful and his sole habitat is farmland. Since the development of the continent has hinged on the opening up of arable land, the crow's territory has been tailor-made for him.

But his own peculiar qualities have been important. He has a cast-iron stomach which welcomes practically anything from sprouting corn to horses' eyes. In Greek times he followed the armies and ate Persians. He's been seen frolicking in the snow in the Laurentians in February and riding ice floes down the Hudson in March. He seems to have a supreme talent for adapting himself not only to local conditions but to emergencies. When attacked by a hawk, he may dive swiftly, duck behind a telegraph pole and then lead the hawk in a fruitless circular chase until he finally flies away in disgust.

For thousands of years the crow has impressed mankind with his sagacity. Cicero pointed this up when he said, "*Cornicum oculos confixerit*" ("He put out the eyes of crows"), to get the idea across of a man who possessed enough energy and cunning to outwit the bird. The bird's craftiness, his funereal black plumage and his ghastly, tuneless cries have combined to make him an object of superstitious awe as well.

At propitious times the croak of a raven (a close relative) has inspired terror in a dozen countries. The appearance of a crow flying singly in Europe and England—and even in Canada—has caused people to cross themselves, or their thumbs, to spit after the bird or to throw something at it—all in an effort to avert a mass of evil consequences. In medieval England a crow sitting on a house roof was believed to be a death omen.

### A Montgomery in Feathers

But if his secrecy, caution and cunning—none of them lovable qualities—have helped make him one of the least-liked birds in history, these same qualities have prompted a mass of often fascinating legends. For instance, he is fancifully supposed to be a linguist, speaking his own language and understanding man's as well. He's alleged to be a jurist, administering justice through crow courts of law. He's spoken of as a militarist who uses sentries, and generals his armies like a Montgomery. He's been reported to pull up winter fishing lines to get himself a fish dinner. A U. S. crow hunter, Bert Popowski, recently stated that, once crows located a freshly sown hill of corn, they "paced off" the distance to the next hill and dug again for seed.

Crow courts of justice—perhaps the biggest chestnut in ornithology—are mentioned in nearly every report on the crow and many people seriously believe that crows who transgress the code are summarily executed by a committee of colleagues.

This theory isn't supported by the scientists, largely because it confounds most modern thought on animal behaviorism and intellect. One of the few bird experts to actually see a "crow court" was T. Gilbert Pearson, a former chief of the Audubon Society. Pearson was watching crows returning to a winter roost in the middle west one evening when he saw seven birds furiously attacking a colleague. "The strength of the persecuted bird was all but spent when I first sighted him," Pearson reported, "and when, a moment later, the fleeing one sustained a particularly vicious onslaught, he began to fall . . ." The persecuted crow dropped dead at Pearson's feet, but although he described the incident



fully he never offered a theoretical explanation.

The famous Canadian naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, was quite positive that crows ran their entire lives on military lines. He claimed he knew crow leaders, or "generals," very well and that they exerted rigid control over their vast hordes of subordinates. He noted young crows being disciplined in platoons. The "army" theory prompted Dr. Bill Gunn, field representative of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, to comment recently that a crow general "would have to work on the ground at a desk cluttered with telephones, merely to keep control." But, in spite of such expert discouragement, the tendency to attribute human qualities to crows persists.

"If only we could translate crow speech," lamented an American ornithologist some years ago. Whether or not crows speak to one another intelligently is a recurrent topic of discussion among ornithologists. In their gigantic flocks crows keep up a conversational squawking, resembling the second hour of a successful cocktail party. Seton insisted he could translate crow speech. He claimed they could express "on guard," "a gun," "a hawk," "great danger," and "scatter for your lives."

Even as a pet the crow is usually only popular with his owner. Jonathan Swift mentions a couple of the crow's close relatives in his Description of a Salamander:

As pyes and daws are often stil'd  
With Christian names like a child

The pet crow's biggest enemy is the next-door neighbor who may have had his false teeth, his watch or his spectacles stolen; as long as it glitters, the crow will freight it off to some secret hiding place. But thieving is only half the burden the neighbor bears. Pet crows love picking choice flowers, or pulling out all the pegs along a line of washing and cawing raucously and long. If the neighbor is a cat lover, apoplexy is only a step away when a domesticated crow is seen sneaking up on a slumbering household feline and deftly wrenching out a beakful of whiskers.

Joe, a young crow from Paris, Ont., owned by Sgt.-Gunner Art Shaw of the RCAF, played hob with the neighbors' nerves while his owner was overseas during the war. He perfected a system of detaching windshield wipers from cars and fleeing with them before startled motorists could leap from their seats.

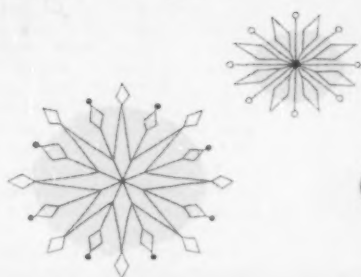
Crow owners, wishing to argue the intelligence of their pets, can point out that crows suffer from almost human emotions. They often fly into violent rages at the sight of a bald head, plus fours, white dogs or cyclists. One attacked a fifteen-month-old Toronto baby in her pram for no apparent reason and another repeatedly strafed funeral processions at Toronto's Mount Pleasant Cemetery until shot down.

One of the paradoxes of the crow is that, as a pet, he becomes completely domesticated, pointedly ignoring his wild brethren. He is one of the few wild birds that can be tamed and safely released. Only during one short period early in a wild crow's life is this tendency to accept domesticity displayed. His parents seem to realize this weakness and harass him unmercifully if he tries to make friends with anybody.

By September the crows that have nested in Canada begin to drift south to warmer weather. The great southward movement becomes a flood. A Toronto veterinarian and crow hunter, Dr. Alan Secord, has watched crows passing overhead in Ontario for five days, dawn till dusk, with never a break in the line of flight. In 1945 a

a gift of beauty...

and a joy FOREVER



*Skyway*  
LUGGAGE



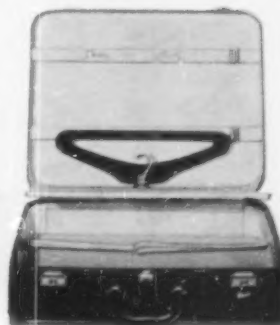
UNDER THE SMARTEST trees in town this Christmas you'll see the glowing Chromatic colors—Burma-Danube-Matador—of Skyway... Canada's smartest luggage and everyone's happiest gift idea—to bestow or be given... and, your gift of Skyway stays new forever, thanks to marvellous \*Koroseal... every piece perfectly matchable... deep chrome Travelgard lockware and new Liftomatic hinges help to make Skyway the gift of gifts this Yuletide.

\*B. F. Goodrich

See Skyway wherever good luggage is sold.

CANADA'S SMARTEST LUGGAGE

*Skyway*



Jet Sweetheart \$27



Danube Pandora \$30



Nude Pullman \$35



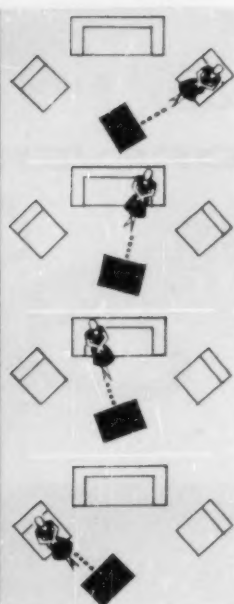
Spruce Dressing Case \$26.50

See Skyway's luggage for men in two smart browns—six sizes. Two-suits shown is \$33.

WRITE VANCOUVER 6, B.C. OR  
18 WALL STREET, SEATTLE, U.S.A.



FINE CABINET BY DEILCRAFT



5717

## it faces you wherever you sit

The versatile new RotoVue by Electrohome rotates at a finger touch to face you wherever you sit. Saves moving furniture—and lets you enjoy TV in two or more rooms simply by turning the set. Handy "Top Tuning" is another new feature that makes the RotoVue Canada's most modern TV set.

See the RotoVue and other fine Electrohome sets at your dealer soon. Priced from \$179.50.

FOR CANADA'S FINEST TV  
SELECT

**Electrohome**  
KITCHENER, ONTARIO



*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## One night the trees blew up and three hundred thousand crows went with them

Toronto Field Naturalists' Club member reported a crow flight which "covered the sky" from horizon to horizon. The birds empty out of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. There is no definite route of flight, although millions funnel west past Toronto to avoid crossing Lake Ontario. By October most have reached their destinations, usually in Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri, where unploughed cropfields offer a banquet of waste seeds.

Like many other birds, the crow congregates in winter for safety and this is where his unpopularity really catches up with him. In his vast numbers he is an easy prey to three of his greatest enemies — man, owls and disease. Tuberculosis occasionally decimates flocks. The great horned owl isn't as lethal, being satisfied with a crow a night, but he has a distinctly unsettling effect on any group of birds which he is in the process of eating. Fortunately for the crow, the owl isn't very bright, in spite of his fabled reputation. Often he's dumb enough to be found in the morning near the scene of last night's supper. The irate crow survivors quickly gather to hotfoot him into the next county.

Ironically, not only does the crow fail to kill the owl but he puts on such a hysterical display getting rid of him that hunters have been quick to exploit his lack of self-control. They fasten papier-mâché—or stuffed—owls on poles or in trees, then hide and mow down the attacking crows with storms of buckshot.

### He Knows All the Angles

"Crow hunting, because it offers a good sporting challenge, is spreading fast and has disciples as dedicated as fly fishermen or golfers. An American crow hunter recently shot his way through Ontario and Quebec and bagged three thousand birds. When experienced crow hunters like Alan Secord go hunting, they usually take with them a portable blind big enough to conceal two men, camouflage clothing, a sackful of decoy owls and crows and possibly some live decoys.

But the hunter's most cunning ploy is that he is able to speak the crow "language" fluently. By using a crow call—a tube of wood or plastic from three to six inches long—he fools the crows into thinking that one of their kind is in trouble. Operating the call—described as "trying to grunt, croak and whistle, all at the same time"—is so complicated that novice callers often complain of strained stomach muscles. It takes years of practice to operate the instrument convincingly.

According to Secord, the crow is good sport. "He's cunning, evasive and plentiful. He knows all the angles. If you make a bad call, you might as well go home." The Toronto Anglers and Hunters Association provides members with the use of a skeet-shooting range so they can get in training for crow killing. Usually a mid-summer crow-hunting expedition is organized by the association, but elsewhere in Canada, crow hunting is rarely more than casual weekend sport. In the United States, however, an annual crow hunters' convention promotes the pastime by selecting for honor "the most skillful crow slayer in the world." And public library shelves reveal a growing literature on the subject.

The crow hunters, for all their blood-

thirsty enthusiasm, don't really dislike the crow. They give him a sporting chance to get away. He isn't always treated with such consideration by others. Oklahoma City was once beset by crows who used the city's trees as an enormous dormitory. What with the noise and the guano, Mayor John Frank Martin finally could stand it no longer. He bought three thousand dollars' worth of dynamite and had it made into hundreds of bombs. These were suspended in the dormitory trees by day and detonated in one massive blast at night. A gang of twelve men spent the following day shoveling up ten thousand bodies. But though this experiment was racked up as a considerable success, it hardly compared with a slaughter carried out at Rockford, Ill., when a bombing killed off three hundred and twenty-eight thousand crows.

Dynamiting the birds is not a Canadian custom because crows don't congregate here in enormous flocks during their summer stay. But they're pursued, just the same. The St. Catharines Fish and Game Protective Association once organized a large crow hunt intended to "bring down every crow in sight in the district." Four carloads of hunters set off in four directions. They fired hundreds of shots but downed less than a dozen birds.

At Fonthill, Ont., a crow trap measuring seventy-five feet by twenty-six feet was built to wipe out flocks of crows frequenting a slaughterhouse refuse dump on the farm of a local butcher, H. J. Dougherty. The trap was billed in the press as having a capacity of "one thousand crows a day" but after it caught only fifty crows in the first week, nothing more was heard of it.

The crow must not only keep his eyes peeled for traps, he must watch his food carefully, too. Poison is still liberally used to prevent crows eating sown grain. It's a good deterrent even though it doesn't save the unpoisoned grain and will never be a big factor in reducing the bird's numbers.

Canadian farmers put up with crows with a resignation brought about by frustration. They've seen their scarecrows used as whistle stops and have fired bushels of twelve-gauge shot at birds seemingly always just out of range. They've seen their sprouting corn ripped up and their chickens slaughtered. One Ontario farmer released a hen turkey into an orchard last summer with her brood of youngsters; as he tramped back to his house he heard two crows calling excitedly. He raced back to the turkey in time to see two crows flying off with a young turkey each.

But Canadian farmers are lucky—at least by U. S. standards. In winter the Canadian tourist crows not only flee south but they congregate with resident American crows in gigantic flocks, numbering up to a quarter of a million, and settle on farmland to endure the winter.

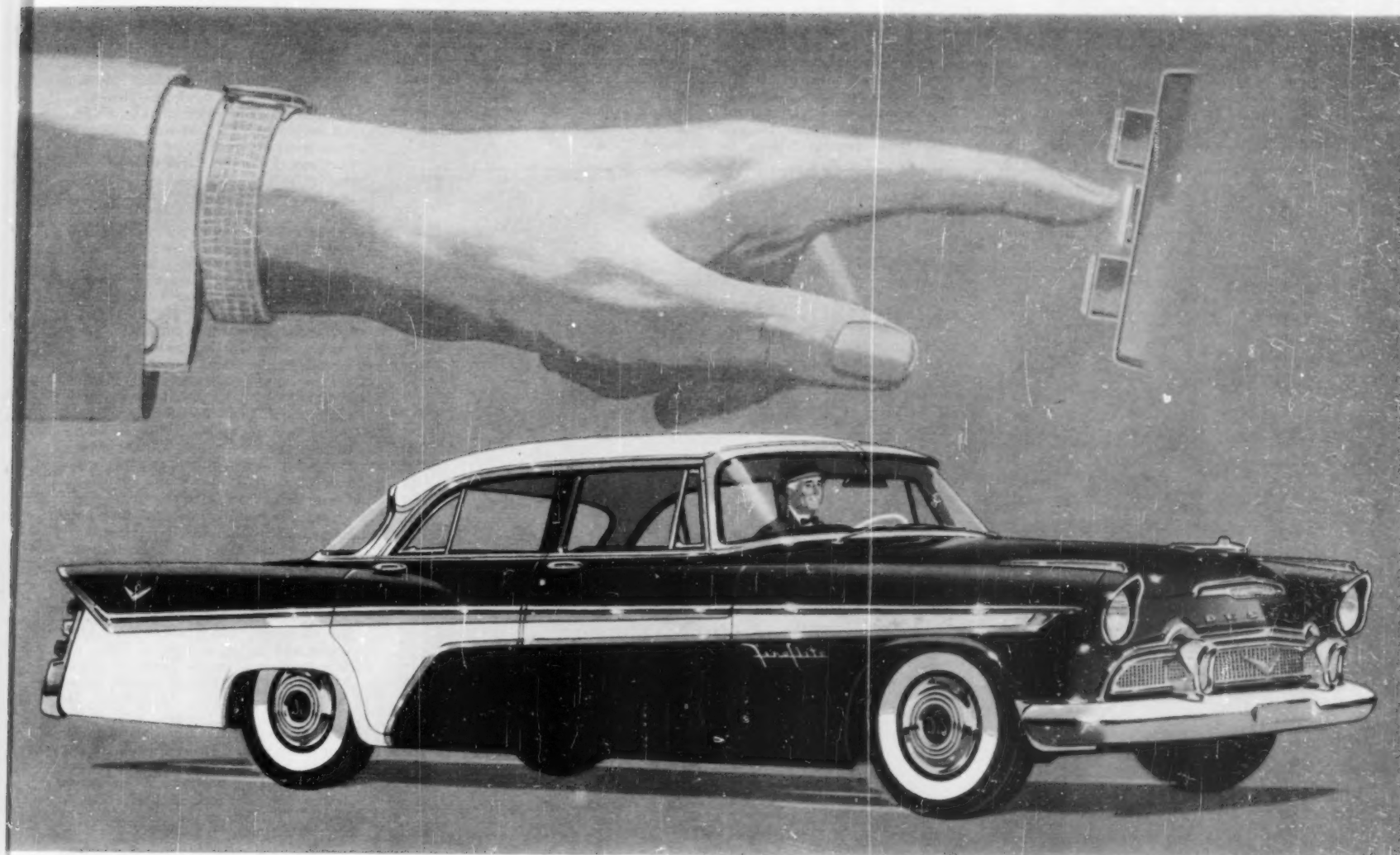
The unpopularity of the crow is such that it would need super-salesmen and a national promotion campaign to establish the idea that he's not such a bad guy after all, and even fulfills a

### IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

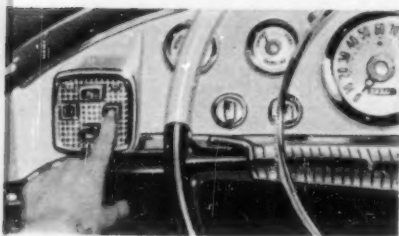
Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.



MAGIC TOUCH *for the man who's going places...*

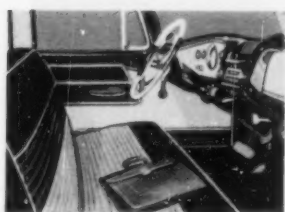


De Soto Firelite V-8 Four-Door Sedan

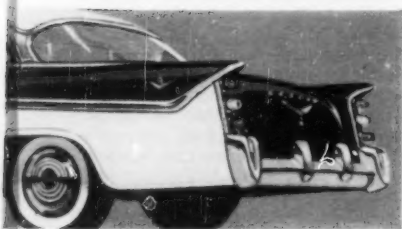


*New!* Push-button automatic gear selection that works like magic! Press a button . . . step on the gas . . . and GO! No levers of any kind with push-button PowerFlite transmission, standard equipment on De Soto.

*New!* More room, comfort, and style inside, too! New two-tone colour combinations for smart harmony with exterior colour styling. New fabrics in modern textures and high-fashion patterns.



*New!* See the touch of tomorrow in rear fender lines that rise from sleek sides to soar high at the back. Notice how the low, sloping rear deck emphasizes this daring new fender design.



## *The distinctively new* **DE SOTO '56**

You'll find so much to please you when you take the wheel of a 1956 De Soto!

Magic Touch automatic gear selection, for one thing. Just press a button . . . step on the gas . . . and GO! That's the effortless new way to drive.

The new De Soto also has the styling touch that's modern as tomorrow. It's fresh and stimulating . . . every long, sleek contour alive with the Forward Look of eager action!

And there's plenty of action, too, in the De Soto Firelite engine—a great new V-8 with increased horsepower.

But try this fabulous new '56 De Soto for yourself! See your Dodge-De Soto dealer . . . real soon!

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Your Dodge-De Soto dealer invites you to see and drive this distinctive car with the Forward Look



desirable function in nature. For irate farmers recalling a pillaged chicken flock, or for sentimentalists mourning the destruction of songbirds, the curator of ornithology at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, L. L. Snyder, sometimes tells a story. Standing at his office window one day watching a nestful of young robins outside, he saw a crow fly down and calmly eat the lot.

Says Snyder, "Within two minutes of the crow's departure, the male robin was singing as though nothing had happened. Later, I even saw him standing on the edge of the nest and

picking up pieces of his former offspring and eating them. There is no sentiment in nature. Those robins are just efficient little machines, performing a function—in this case, feeding a crow. Indeed, because robins breed prolifically, we might expect to be overrun by them if there were no crows."

E. R. Kalmbach, an American ornithologist, once reported to the U. S. Department of Agriculture: "If the crow is definitely a nuisance, then curb him. If he's not, leave him alone." Kalmbach condemned indiscriminate nation-wide crow control which, he

argued, was no long-range answer to restoring waterfowl or even protecting crops and poultry.

This more sympathetic view of the crow is slowly becoming more general. Not that it matters. By easily surviving man's most strenuous counter-attacks—massed bombing and perpetual shooting—nothing can shake the crow's future here now. He has thoroughly justified Henry Ward Beecher's remark, made sixty years ago: "If men wore feathers and wings, a very few of them would be clever enough to be crows." ★

## They'd Rather Sing Than Eat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

almost equidistant from Boissevain and Upham.

Another four were inmates of a prison in Montgomery, Ala. When one was offered a parole, he turned it down so he could go on singing. Then, last July, when the four were returning from a singing engagement, they overpowered the guards and escaped. If they're still together today, one tune they're not singing is Alabama Bound.

In the SPEBSQSA, members bellow just as lustily for *Ida! Sweet As Apple Cider* whether they're flannel-suited bank managers or messenger boys in blue jeans. The East York chapter in Toronto has singers from seventeen to seventy, and they include a postman, salesman, artist, fireman, customs broker, florist and truck driver. A charter member is forty-five-year-old Walter Elliott, the president of a market-research firm in Toronto. Every fall he invites the whole chapter to his cottage for a week-end outing which inevitably turns into a two-day sing-song.

In Elliott's chorus is a freckled, downy-cheeked seventeen-year-old named Tom Hocking, who last year followed his father into the chapter. It doesn't matter to Tom that the majority of chapter members are fifteen to twenty years older than he is. The East York chapter rents a small hall for meetings, which start soon after seven and go on as long as there are four men to take the harmony parts. Members sit in folding chairs facing their chorus director, Al Shields. He and his brother, George, who is the chapter president, learned about music from their father, an organist and choir-master at a city church. When the singers make a mistake Al grins, waves his arms and signals them to stop. "C'mon, sound that *Gee!*" he shouts. "Make it *go-ing*."

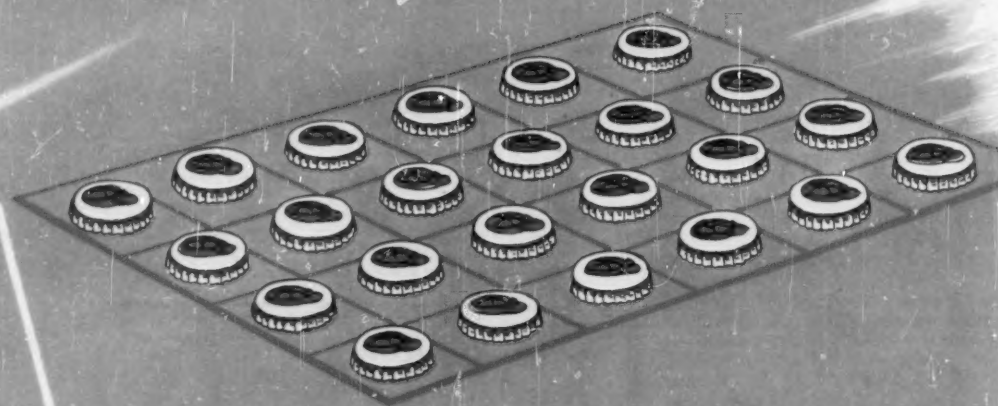
After the chorus singing, George Shields picks a man from each section of the chorus to form a quartet. The foursome, often singing together for the first time, sometimes produces good harmony, but more frequently there are grinding discords. These are acknowledged by sympathetic snickering from the audience who then call on the chapter's top quartet, the Tone-Sifters.

The first member of this quartet is Jimmy Waugh, an honest-to-goodness Irish tenor who came to Canada from Belfast after the war and works as a machine operator in a Toronto factory. Next to him is another Irishman, a thin-faced carpenter named Eddie McVeigh, who is lead singer. The quartet is completed by baritone Dick Pooley, a rosy-faced commercial artist and father of three, and Art Cook, a curly-haired salesman, who lullabies his daughter in a rumbling bass.

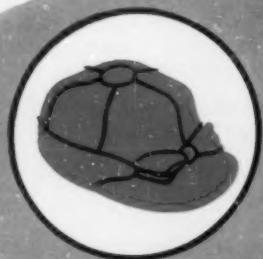
For that melancholy number, *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen*, the four men, all about the same height, stand close together, knees bent slightly and heads inclined as if listening for one another's notes. They sway from the hips, and, like choirboys on a Christmas card, they raise their heads and open their mouths wide for the long deep chords. Nobody stars in the quartet: voices blend evenly and hand or foot movements are carried out simultaneously by all four.

The Tone-Sifters also like to clown an act. When they do *Ballin' the Jack*, they go through the song's motions—"Swing your foot way round then bring

It's a pure case  
of pleasure!



CARLING'S



Red Cap  
Ale



it back, now that's what I call ballin' the jack." On the last line tenor Waugh gives his version of a shimmy while the hall rocks with stamps and whistles.

The barbershop spirit has overflowed into the homes where SPEBSQSA wives, who have played second fiddle long enough to like it, have formed the Sweet Adelines. Open to all women who like barbershop, the organization started in the U. S. and spread to Canada where five chapters have been formed. Although female barbershop lacks the resonant quality of male harmony, it accommodates the same four parts in women's range.

Barbershop's popularity is also reflected in the entertainment world. As SPEBSQSA quartets become more polished, they are often paid to sing at social gatherings, variety shows and in night clubs. The society permits them to sing for money as long as three members of the quartet live on jobs unrelated to music. Many top quartets have refused full-time professional careers because they prefer to sing for love.

Whether foursomes are professional or not they get plenty of stage experience through the annual barbershop concerts in their home towns. In Toronto, two chapters each hold annual one-night "Parades" at Massey Hall. They import champion SPEBSQSA quartets, and the peak of the program comes when they turn it over to the audience to whoop up the old songs.

#### Stranded at a Funeral

In spite of its professional ambitions, the concert is often an amateur production, with amateur mistakes. A few years ago, a Toronto chapter quartet, the Tunetwisters, were taking their bows when the baritone stepped back from the microphone, lost his balance and fell plunk into a pool of water that was part of the set. Red-faced and dripping, he hauled himself out, went up to the microphone and cracked "Just call me 'Guppy.'" It was the big moment of the show.

The society encourages chapters to give their talents and the proceeds from their shows to worthy organizations. Two years ago East York chapter donated six hundred dollars—all the money in its treasury—to a cerebral palsy fund. Soon after, the chorus learned it would be competing at the 1954 convention in Washington, D.C., and members had to dig into their own pockets to go.

About this time, the Montreal chapter heard that a Washington airman, in Montreal for his grandfather's funeral, was stranded with only five dollars when he missed a free return flight in a service plane. They volunteered to take him to Washington with them, and they did, paying his bills.

With SPEBSQSA members singing comes first, although they don't know whether they sing because they're happy or are happy because they sing. They get the same pleasant thrill whether they're bouncing to Cruisin' Along in My Old Model T or sighing over Tie Me To Your Apron Strings Again. Most barbershop ballads were written around the turn of the century when barbershop harmony and "heart" songs were popular. For this reason, the barbershop repertoire includes many numbers that express a yearning for a girl, a mother, a place or time when everything was happy. These sentiments spill over in tunes such as You Leave a Trail of Broken Hearts, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny and When the Maple Leaves Were Falling.

Although the barbershop craze didn't hit the public and the song writers until late in the nineteenth century, the basic harmony originated much earlier—in a

barbershop. In Shakespeare's time, barbers doubled as surgeons and their shop was identified by a red-and-white pole topped with a gilt knob. The pole represented the winding of a bandage around an arm, previous to blood-letting; the knob stood for the brass basin used for lathering before shaving. In the days before magazines, waiting customers passed the time strumming stringed instruments provided by the barber. The musicians, who could not play different tunes at the same time, evolved a four-part harmony which other customers could sing.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, the Barber-Surgeons' Company was disbanded, but the practice of music-while-you-wait clung to barbering. In the New World English settlers brought harmony with them, and barbershops, which sometimes offered the only bathtubs and billiard tables in town, became a meeting place for male residents. In between gatherings of the anti-horse thief association and the volunteer fire brigade, quartets met to perfect their harmonies.

Barbershop was at its peak in the Nineties. Its chords rang through the

years of bell skirts, boaters, bicycles and handlebar mustaches with songs such as When You Were Sweet Sixteen, In The Good Old Summer Time, Good-bye My Lady Love, I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now, Waiting For the Robert E. Lee and Sailing Down the Chesapeake Bay. But in World War I it was drowned by noisier tunes—a trend that continued into the jazzy Twenties. But barbershop was saved from extinction by a few stubborn individuals like Owen C. Cash, the Tulsa tax attorney who in 1938 determined to revive the sweet old harmo-



Start of the 1955 NASCAR Grand National Race. Tim Flock sets new record speed of 130.293 mph in the winning car above, a Champion-equipped Chrysler 300.

**CHRYSLERS, OLDSMOBILES and BUICKS**  
take first 9 places in 160-mile stock car classic  
... equipped for greater power with **5-RIB CHAMPIONS!**



Once again—in the famous Daytona Beach Grand National Race—experts chose 5-rib Champions for top power, fastest engine response. The results speak for themselves.

5-rib Champions deliver surer sparking, greater power in every make of car. You'll enjoy discovering how eager and responsive *your* car can be. Just tell your garageman you want 5-rib Champions.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED  
WINDSOR, ONTARIO

## Go South



Why put up with winter's cold? Enjoy yourself under sunny skies in El Paso's high, dry, healthful Sunland. Bask in sunshine, ride, hike, golf, or sightsee where there's plenty of outdoor fun for everyone each warm winter day.

## Go West



Get a new lease on life in the wide open spaces, where the Old West lives on amid every comfort. See cowboys, Indians, rodeos, cattle ranches and ghost towns. Visit unique Carlsbad Caverns, Big Bend, White Sands and other scenic attractions.

## Go Abroad



You're in a different world when you cross the Rio Grande at El Paso. Enjoy Old Mexico's picturesque markets, thrilling bullfights, colorful fiestas, quaint villages and festive night life. Drive the "Central Highway" to Mexico City.

All three on One Sunny VACATION IN

**EL PASO'S**  
*Sunland*

Accommodations to suit your budget and no winter increase in rates. Send for free folders today.

### EL PASO Sunland Club

333 San Francisco St., El Paso, Texas

Please send FREE pictorial literature on  
El Paso Sunland 46 Things To See  
☐ Old Mexico ☐ Its

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Prov. ....

WHERE SUNSHINE SPENDS THE WINTER

nies. Cash's revival of barbershop was such a sensation that at the third meeting of his singing club—attended by one hundred and fifty men in a Tulsa hotel suite—one of the singers looked out the window and saw a traffic jam below. He didn't think anything of it until the reporter came to the suite and said he'd asked police outside if there'd been an accident. The police said there hadn't been an accident; the cars had just stopped. "It's just some darn fools up there singing," said one cop.

The reporter's story in a Tulsa paper was picked up by wire services and in a few weeks SPEBSQSA clubs were springing up in cities all over the U. S.

Although barbershop style remains unchanged, the society has improved many of the melodies sung under the gaslights. Improvements have been printed in sheet music—something unknown to off-the-cuff harmonizers of old. Although there is still room for improvising, quartets and choruses use these arrangements as the basis of their harmony.

One surprising fact to new barbershoppers is that Sweet Adeline—long the favorite of amateur harmonizers—is outlawed from society competitions because she reeks too much of saloons and play-acting drunks. Ten years ago SPEBSQSA banned the song, whereupon Harry Armstrong, the composer, retorted: "Imagine a group that meets in a brewery in New York banning a song because of its connection!" But the society stuck to its stand, and a year ago a writer in SPEBSQSA's official organ, *The Harmonizer*, even called Addie "a musical bawd."

Religious or patriotic songs, which might stir judges' feelings, are also banned. But outside of these, any number written in the barbershop era is good contest material. Of course, away from the judges, barbershoppers continue to sing Sweet Adeline and the new generation since the war has introduced such modern numbers as *Dearie* (1950), *Down By the Riverside* and *Melody of Love*. They have even invaded the classics for a four-part arrangement of *Because*.

### Cummerbunds and Zany Names

Few of today's popular hits can be suitably adapted to barbershop. Although it is possible to sing them in four parts, their rhythm, repetitious melodies and reliance on accompaniment—as in the current hit, *Shake, Rattle and Roll*—rule them out as good barbershop material. However, some modern quartets use the old barbershop chord. When first starting out in Toronto, the Crew Cuts, a foursome now among the top recording and stage artists in the U. S., attended an East York chapter meeting to learn about barbershopping. Luckily, they weren't interested in joining, because the East Yorkers would have had to inform them that they were practically "crows." They could manage a few barbershop chords, but they used all types of harmony effects and a "rickity-tick" style that was miles from barbershopping.

The song style of SPEBSQSA quartets may be staid, but in the matter of names, uniforms and stage presence they follow today's professionals. Outfits of padded jackets, draped pants and cummerbunds, and names such as the Atomic Bums of Minneapolis, hardly recall the singing barbers of the Nineties. Canadian quartets have adopted zany titles such as the Flat Happy Four of Brandon, Man., the Totem Tones of Vancouver, B.C., the Rip Chords of London, Ont., and the Harm and Agony Four of Orillia, Ont. Like all singers, SPEBSQSA quar-

tets enjoy entertaining audiences, but shows are child's play compared with the annual international competition. There it would take a death in the family to prevent them from singing. At the 1954 competition in Washington, D.C., Norm Sawyer, the lead singer with Toronto Rhythmaires, was stricken with agonizing stomach pains before the second round of the contest. He got through two numbers, then his fellow singers called a doctor who ordered an operation for kidney stones. A few hours later the Rhythmaires learned they were one of five quartets

chosen for the final round. Sawyer persuaded the doctor to give him pain-killing drugs and, although he was barely conscious of singing, he went into hospital later knowing he was part of the third best barbershop quartet on the continent.

The only Canadians to make the 1955 competitions at Miami Beach, Fla., were the Rhythmaires, the Toronto Townsmen and choruses from East York and Montreal. The East Yorkers sang on the plane to Miami, sang in their hotel rooms and sang on the beaches; in fact, they sang when-

### They Don't Need a Barbershop to Harmonize



ON THE SANDS at Miami Beach Toronto East York singers tune up for the 1955 championships. They also sang on the street corners.



BEHIND THE SCENES, the Toronto Rhythmaires—Ed Morgan, Norman Sawyer, Gordon Lang, Duncan Thompson. They were fifth best.



ON STAGE, the Four Hearsemen — they sing for an Amarillo, Tex., undertaker — were judged the best quartet on the continent.



*Whatever the season,  
Whatever the reason—*

**ONE GIFT IS ALWAYS RIGHT...**





Jewellers have ordered  
the greatest selection of  
**GRUEN** watches in  
history

**THERE MUST BE A REASON**

So before  
you choose a watch  
VISIT YOUR JEWELLER  
AND SEE  
the newest look in time

By  
**GRUEN**

When you see these watches you'll know why there are no pictures here—for no camera could catch the incredible beauty of Gruen's new styling. You'll also know why your jeweller has purchased the largest selection of Gruen watches in history.

See THE NEWEST LOOK IN TIME at your local jewellers. And remember, when the name on the dial is GRUEN, it's the precision watch—the finest you can own.

There is a Gruen watch to suit every budget.

THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY LTD.  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

#### Aches & Pains?

For strains, sprains, rheumatic aches and pains, try Sloan's Liniment. Just dab it on—no rubbing required.

**SLOAN'S  
LINIMENT**

60¢ and \$1.20 at all Drug Counters

#### Do FALSE TEETH

Rock, Slide or Slip?

FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

## On Miami street corners quartets sang Meet Me in St. Louis—nobody got angry

ever there were four or more men to carry the harmony. It was that way all over Miami Beach, where more than four thousand barbershoppers and their wives had gathered for the convention. Snatches of Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis, or Down Among the Sheltering Palms sounded from restaurants, hotel lobbies and corners of streets—renamed Harmony Lane for the occasion. Unlike most noisy delegates to a convention, barbershoppers drew no criticism from Miami Beach residents, who, if they paid any attention, paused to applaud or request a number.

One hotel set up a woodshed, complete with logs and axe, for quartets to practice harmony. "Woodshedding" is barbershop for off-the-cuff harmonizing—a sort of vocal jam session. The term originated in the days when four men would go to the woodshed to perfect their harmony before presenting it in the parlor.

But most barbershoppers did their harmonizing wherever they felt like it. In a restaurant two men wearing SPEBSQSA badges were having lunch when they got into conversation with a third barbershopper at a table across the aisle. The two men said they sang bass and lead in a quartet, whereupon the third excitedly announced he was a baritone. "If we only had a tenor," said one.

"I'm a tenor," cried a man leaving a table of six halfway across the room. In a moment, the four decided on Give My Regards to Broadway and were off in a world of harmony.

The serious business of the convention—the judging of quartets and choruses—was going on in the modern white Miami Beach auditorium, set in a park of palms. In their backstage dressing room, the Rhythmairs were getting ready to compete against forty-one quartets in the first round of the competition. All in their twenties, the boys nervously paced the floor, pausing to adjust maroon bow ties and cummer-

bunds or to wipe their foreheads which were wet with sweat in the ninety-degree heat.

"You should have worn an undershirt, Dunc," remarked Ed Morgan, the quartet's tenor, to blond Duncan Thompson, the bass singer. "You're going to sweat right through."

"Naw, he'll be the only one that's cool," snapped the wiry baritone, Gordon Lang.

In another dressing room down the hall, the Toronto Townsmen were also awaiting their call. They were following their tradition of drinking coffee before show time. But this time coffee wasn't enough. The Townsmen, like the Montreal chorus, didn't win an honor spot.

The Rhythmairs placed fifth among quartets bowing to the champions, the Four Hearsemen, whose name and morning clothes tie in with the commercial singing they do for an undertaking firm in Amarillo, Texas. Out of ten chorus entries, East York came third behind a champion group from Janesville, Wis., and a chorus from Michigan City, Ind.

By ranking among the top entries, both the Rhythmairs and the East York chorus received one hundred dollars each from a recording company to record their two contest numbers. East York was scheduled to make a record after the evening competition at eleven o'clock. The chorus went directly to the appointed recording spot and then had to wait two hours for the engineers who had been delayed. Dog-tired, they put in the last hour singing on the street outside the building, while cars, buses and pedestrians stopped to listen.

Sitting in a parked car a short distance from the singers, a woman turned to her husband. "They must be barbershoppers," she said.

The man nodded. "Who else would be sober and still want to sing at this time of the morning." ★





## The Only Sensible Thing To Do

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

was a new habit; she enjoyed shrugging. "Donna was crying her head off, of course. I don't know."

"Bonny really dug in," said Charline, who was fonder of Bonny but had a nine-year-old's strong sense of justice. "Donna yelled like anything."

"You were crying too," Carol told her sister.

"Because of Bonny. It wasn't really Bonny's fault. I think if someone hit me that hard, I'd do something, myself."

"Don't be silly, Charline." Vera spoke a little sharply, and with finality. The two girls went outside again. In the garden Carol shrugged, thought a little, and shrugged again.

DON'T you think you should telephone Mrs. Richards?"

Mrs. Macleod, who had sat down again, got up. "Yes, I should. It is too bad—Hester Richards is an awfully nice person." Mrs. Macleod turned to her sister as if hoping that Hester Richards' niceness would somehow soften the disapproval. Vera's face however gave no indication of her relenting. Phone she must, phone, and listen to a distraught mother—for Mrs. Richards, nice as she was, was also known for an almost eccentric instability—and apologize, and promise something about doctor's bills, if Donna was badly hurt—oh, it got nastier and nastier...

"Roger will be home soon," attempted Mrs. Macleod.

But her sister's eyes said, phone now.

Mrs. Richards was extremely and remarkably and really almost too nice about it. Donna's arm was certainly nothing to worry about. She had it washed and dressed. No, it was not a bad bite at all. And Donna had confessed she'd hit Bonny quite hard.

"Mrs. Richards really rather felt that Donna had provoked Bonny," finished Mrs. Macleod to Vera.

"But you must agree that Bonny is much too highly strung and excitable."

"Yes," said Mrs. Macleod. She thought: but she is so affectionate.

"And you remember the incident with the Duncan baby?"

"Yes." She thought: I wish Vera wouldn't say, "incident"; she makes it sound like a case in court. And everyone knows Bonny is rough, and she had been provoked—"Bonny had been provoked."

"Provoked or not." Vera's words were spoken with finality. She was irritated for some reason by her sister's repetition of "provoked." Provoked. The word was idiotic. Provoked indeed. The two ladies sat silent, staring out the window.

Mr. Macleod was a little late. His wife came out from the kitchen to meet him, although she would rather have put off the telling. But Vera beside her cutting up the turnip would have said, don't you think you had better tell Roger—she was undoubtedly thinking it as she sliced, sliced, sliced. And so Mrs. Macleod came to her husband as he was hanging up his coat.

"I hear we have had a little catastrophe," he said. He explained, "Coming up the block I stopped and had a conversation with Mrs. Burke."

"Oh—and?" Following him into the front room, Mrs. Macleod felt again the nervousness which always associated itself with the name and person of Mrs. Burke. Mrs. Burke was active in the church, efficient, pious and dreadful in the eyes of the meek Mrs. Macleod,



This  
Yuletide  
(and at  
anytime...)

...buy whisky with  
the name you can rely on!

Whether we realize it or not, most of us choose a whisky by how well we *know*, and have *confidence* in the name on the bottle... and that's the best way to judge a whisky's quality!

That's why the name of Wiser's has meant so much to so many people since 1857. This name *alone* on a bottle of whisky is all you need to see to be sure of getting unsurpassed, *fully matured* quality whisky. When you buy Wiser's you are buying whisky that is backed by 98 years of distilling integrity.

**Wiser's**  
DE LUXE  
Canadian Whisky  
SINCE 1857



who knew herself incapable of any real sort of activity, efficiency, or piety.

"And I think we are going to have to get rid of Bonny."

They sat down.

"It seems a shame," she said. "Bonny is so affectionate," she added.

"I know, Bonny wouldn't bite unless she had been—"

"Provoked," put in the wife.

Vera, in the kitchen, heard the word and sliced on.

"Mrs. Burke and I went over the thing quite thoroughly, dear. The point is that Bonny is a nuisance to the neighbors, and she does tend to get excited, and now she's bitten someone. And a thing like that isn't excusable. And, Mrs. Burke has been telling me that her children are afraid to pass the house if Bonny is out."

He went on, "I don't think keeping Bonny in would solve anything. She wouldn't be happy. No, there's nothing for it but to get rid of her. I thought perhaps we could get someone in the

country to take Bonny off our hands, but that's foolish, really. She wouldn't take to anyone else, and besides, who'd take her now?"

"Well—" said Mrs. Macleod.

"Well, I'm sorry for Carol and Charline—but it'll be good for them too in the long run. They tease her too much. Where is Bonny?"

"In the basement."

"Did you punish her?"

"I put her in the basement," murmured the wife, knowing that she was weak.

**B**ONNY, crouched against the house wall next to the coal bin, heard Mr. Macleod's approach with trembling. Although she was no longer in the desperation of excitement in which she had been when she was first sent down, she was still aware of her badness. She did not remember what she had done; but the badness remained, over her and around her, and it intensified at his footsteps, and she quivered.

"Bonny." His voice was kind. She knew her name well, and his voice also, and his kindness.

"Bonny, girl, what are you doing in there? Here, Bonny."

She came. He put his hand on her head. He began to speak. She did not understand what he said but his voice ran over her and enclosed her, enfolded her in warm, tender sounds. It was sad; she was aware even in her happiness of his sadness. After a little while he left her and went upstairs. The basement door shut. She followed; she lay on the dark top step and listened and waited. The badness was gone and she did not remember it. Something had come in its place that was good and serene and yet very sad. She waited, not knowing what she was waiting for.

Supper was a quiet meal. Carol and Charline argued and chattered a little, but the silence of the grown-ups depressed their natural high spirits. Charline saved all her dessert and took it down to Bonny, and no one commented.

The doorbell rang just after Charline and Carol had been sent upstairs to bed. Bonny also slept upstairs, but it seemed that the grown-ups had forgotten her. Actually their forgetting was on purpose; they knew she was there, but they didn't want to think about it. They lacked the hypocrisy necessary to be kind to her. They were incapable at present of doing anything about her.

**I**T WAS Vera who admitted Mrs. Richards and Mrs. Burke.

Mrs. Burke entered largely, pushing Mrs. Richards before her. She had come because of a certain dissatisfaction with Mr. Macleod's attitude of that afternoon. She felt that he had tended to minimize the danger of Bonny at large, and her admitted purpose now was to reassure herself that he would take the necessary steps and, if need be, to convince him of his duty therein. Her unadmitted purpose was, however, to see that Mrs. Richards behaved herself. When she had spoken to Mrs. Richards earlier she had been gravely worried about that lady's ideas on the matter. They had almost quarreled. Mrs. Richards, for motives unknown and indeed sentimental to the extreme, had defended Bonny against her child. And so Mrs. Burke, in order to restrain Mrs. Richards, visited the Macleods that evening. It would have surprised her to know that Mrs. Richards felt a similar purpose, having appeared only because she feared the consequences of a dutiful Mrs. Burke there and unchecked.

"Please sit down," said Mr. Macleod, and everyone sat.

"How is Donna?" asked Mrs. Macleod, timid of Mrs. Burke and all she might say, but feeling it her duty to plunge headlong.

"Oh, she is really perfectly all right," Mrs. Richards said in the most reassuring of voices. "I sent her to bed just after supper as she was feeling sorry for herself, but it was just the surprise, truly that was all there was to it—," and she laughed a little.

"Shock," announced Mrs. Burke in serious tones. "Shock is often quite as dangerous as actual injury, is it not?" She looked toward Mrs. Richards as if awaiting an assent, but the question, Mrs. Macleod felt, was directed toward herself and she found herself nodding.

Mr. Macleod, leaning forward a little, said, "I understood there was no serious hurt, but let me assure you, Mrs. Richards, that if anything should come up, it will be taken care of."

"Oh no, no, you must believe me—Donna is perfectly all right. It was nothing. And she confessed to me that she hit Bonny on the head as hard as she could, and really for no reason." There was a pause. She went on. "I simply called in for a moment to let you know—that—I don't wish to—that I can see no reason that—anything should happen to Bonny," she finished.

How extremely upset she is! thought Mr. Macleod. He wanted to say, My dear Mrs. Richards.



when  
a man  
gets a



**PHILISHAVE**

THE ROTARY ELECTRIC SHAVERS

... pleasant things happen.

He discovers what a soft touch shaving can be, because PHILISHAVE, the rotary electric shaver, gives smooth, skin-line shaves that last 'round the clock.

Rotary action PHILISHAVE has a special skin-smoothing rim that guides the dual cutting heads gently over facial contours for clean, close, comfortable shaves—there's no irritation, ever. PHILISHAVE's 12 whirlwind rotary cutters spin whiskers off—faster, smoother!

FREE! 15-day home trial—see your PHILISHAVE dealer. There's no obligation.

PHILIPS INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Toronto • Montreal • Winnipeg • Vancouver • Halifax



#### CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance, otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses—attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:

Manager, Subscription Department,  
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,

481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*





# SWEET CAPS

add to the enjoyment



FRESHER...MILDER...THEY'RE TODAY'S CIGARETTE

CORK or PLAIN

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 10, 1955

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

"My dear Mrs. Richards," said Mrs. Burke, "we must look at this clearly. The reason we called"—she was telling Mrs. Richards as well as the Macleods—"was to enquire as to whether you have come to any decision regarding what is your duty in this matter."

"We've certainly considered taking a definite step," said Mr. Macleod. "If Bonny is dangerous and if she cannot get along with children, we shall have to get rid of her. I'm afraid she really is much too excitable. When she gets excited she is difficult to control, you see."

"And it has happened before, has it not?" went on Mrs. Burke. "The Duncan child—little Ross Duncan—he was only a baby then, and was there not some trouble?"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Macleod. "Mr. Duncan was playing about here with Bonny, I remember, and Bonny got over-excited."

"And out of control," emphasized Mrs. Burke. "It's a shame, but there it is. And, as I told you, Miriam and John are quite terrified to pass this house. But I'm not speaking so much for them in particular as for all the

children, for Donna especially, for—" she turned to Mrs. Macleod, "your own Carol and Charline."

Mrs. Macleod, gazing into the face of the woman who frightened her, remained silent. Mrs. Burke went on, "And Our Lord said, 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.'"

Monstrous, this is monstrous, the strange Mrs. Richards was thinking. She writhed inwardly; she clasped and

unclasped her hands. She was suffering such anxiety on Mrs. Macleod's behalf that she could scarcely bear to sit still.

Mrs. Macleod, on the contrary, was unaffected. She said nothing at all. She was repeating over and over in her thoughts: Bonny is so affectionate . . . Bonny is so affectionate . . . but Bonny is so affectionate. The recurring words protected her from any thought which may have followed Mrs. Richards' ideas. Mrs. Burke's talk about Carol and Charline and about the millstone certainly was not affecting her as Mrs. Richards feared. She was numbed to some extent; the capable presence of her husband rendered her as usual the more incapable. She felt a certain apprehension but beyond that nothing. She leaned on her husband's justness.

CHARLINE, missing Bonny, had crept downstairs and along the hall to the basement door. She opened it stealthily and whispered, "Come on, but be quiet," and Bonny, who had been as close to the door as she could get, came on and followed Charline down the hall. Charline could hear her father's voice, and visitors were in the front room. Now her father was saying, "It really is necessary. Bonny is dangerous and we cannot frighten and endanger the children of the neighborhood."

Mrs. Richards—yes it was Donna's mother and sounding very excited—said, "But if the children are careful . . . Why, nothing will ever happen again—whether they're careful or not!" Mrs. Burke—yes it was Miriam the brat's mother—said, "Nothing may happen, but think how easily something could happen! Think of the risk, Hester. Think of the frightened children—think of your own dear little child!"

Then Charline heard Donna's mother make a sort of quick, sad little cry, like a breathing only out loud.

Then Mrs. Burke said, "Bonny must go."

Then there was a quietness, and then all sorts of standing-up noises and everyone talking, and Charline knew the visitors were going to leave. She went to the stairs and hustled Bonny up in front of her and into Carol's room which was next to the nursery where Charline slept.

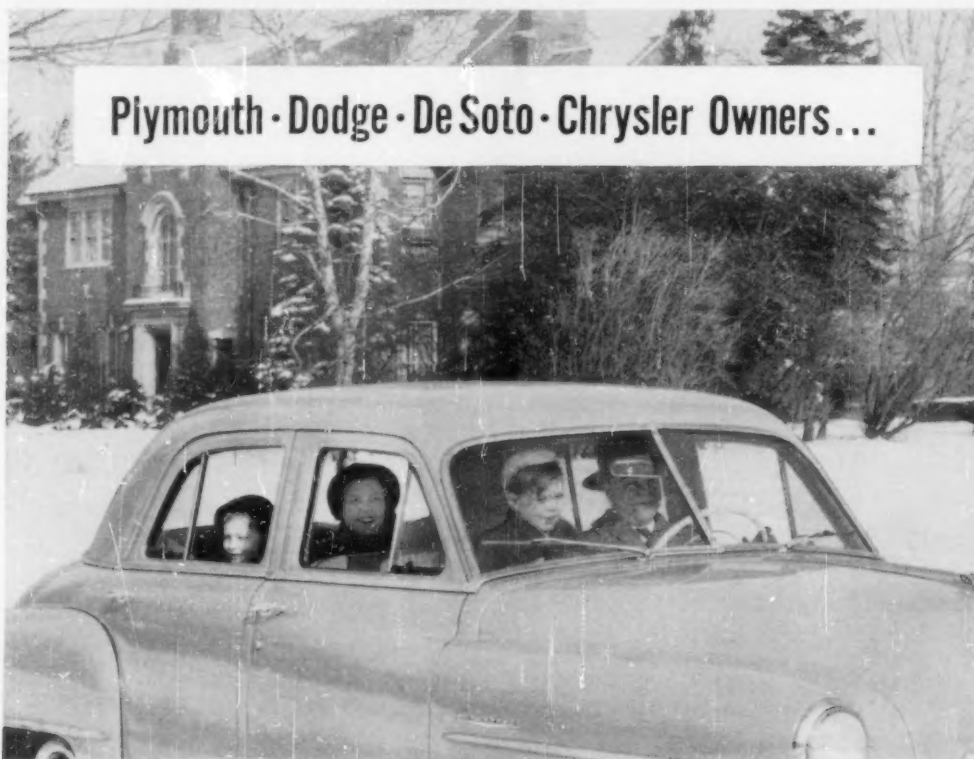
"Listen, Carol—" Charline sat down on the edge of her sister's bed—"oh Carol, Mrs. Burke is down there and Donna Richards' mother, and Mrs. Burke said, 'Bonny must go.' What does she mean, Carol? Will they take her away?" Charline threw her arms around Bonny.

"It means, I think, that she has to be got rid of," explained her sister. "'Go' means really go, like go to heaven, like Grandfather. You know." Carol was not sure how she should express her greater understanding to her younger sister and could not bring herself to say more. The words in the darkness were horrible enough. Charline hugged Bonny closer and said, "They can't. Mrs. Burke can't say, because Bonny is ours. I hate her. And old Miriam, she always teases Bonny. I wish Bonny would bite Miriam. Carol, they can't take Bonny away from us, can they? Can't we hide her somewhere?"

Carol, more sensible and less attached to Bonny, said, "It wouldn't be right because if Daddy really thinks she must go, then that is what's right. I mean, if she bites people and Daddy thinks it's dangerous, then it's right for her to go. Where she can't bite people. She would be a lot happier."

Charline began to cry and was unable to see that Bonny would be happier somewhere else.

"Don't cry, anyway," Carol cautioned. "You'll only get her all



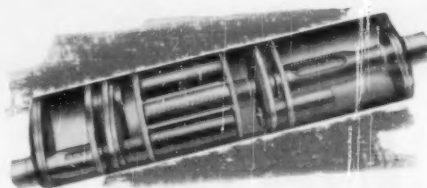
Plymouth • Dodge • De Soto • Chrysler Owners...

## In a closed car in winter faulty mufflers can be dangerous!

Unfortunately, you can't always spot a defective muffler by noise alone. Often a muffler may be damaged enough to allow fumes to escape . . . yet, still be efficient enough to deaden sound!

So why take chances? Next time your car is checked, ask your repairman to examine your muffler. If it proves faulty, be sure he replaces it with a Chryco muffler. For Chryco mufflers, like all genuine Chryco parts, are made to fit your car! They're tested and approved by Chrysler Corporation engineers to meet the same high standards as the original equipment in your car.

Genuine Chryco mufflers and other Chryco parts can be obtained at better independent garages everywhere . . . and, of course, at your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo or Dodge-De Soto dealer!



### CHRYCO PARTS AND ACCESSORIES

They're guaranteed

PARTS DIVISION — CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED



excited. Put her to bed. Bonny, go on."

Charline took Bonny into the nursery. "I'm taking her to bed with me," she told Carol between sobs.

**D**OWNSTAIRS Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Richards had been seen to the door. Mrs. Burke felt the satisfaction of a good deed done. Mrs. Richards was feeling wretched and ashamed. At the door she had wanted to say something—anything kind—to Mrs. Macleod but somehow the chance had slipped by and she had not spoken. Now, walking down the dark street with Mrs. Burke's serene voice telling assurances into her ear, she thought, why did I not speak? How awful it is—how cruel I am!

Mrs. Burke was saying, "My dear Hester, we do appreciate your concern, but don't you feel now that there is a real peace, now that we know that we have been just?" She took Mrs. Richards' arm affectionately.

**I**N THE front room of the Macleod house three people sat still. Vera, who disliked scenes, was feeling relieved that the visit had been got through so easily and was well content with its outcome. She was glad that she had not had to join in the squabbling; glad she would be to see the last of the troublesome Bonny, of whom she had never approved. Mr. Macleod, burdened with an undertaking most unpleasant but fortified with his incontestable rationalism, aligned himself—almost by force, for his kind heart was a little torn—with a universe which he thought was just and fair; and so he was secure. Mrs. Macleod was looking at her husband with a sort of mute desire to enter also into his ordered universe, but she could not enter. Vera, regarding her, thought: how pale she looks! Rather than remain in such morbid company she left the room.

Mr. Macleod also rose. His wife watched him go into the hall. She thought: now he is going to the basement door. Now he is opening it. Now he is bringing Bonny up.

"Bonny," called Mr. Macleod. "Bonny."

Silence. Then the door shut again. He said, half to himself, "They must have taken her upstairs." He went to the closet and his wife knew he was getting his coat and the old cape. He went into the bedroom and she heard him open the top drawer. She heard him go to the stairway and give a soft little call.

"Bonny's up here, Daddy. She's up here asleep," Charline's answer came. She heard her husband say, "I want her. Bonny." She listened. Soon she heard Bonny coming downstairs, slowly as though she knew. He already had the front door open.

Then suddenly she heard Charline and Carol coming downstairs too, running, and Charline's voice loud and frightened: "Daddy, are you taking our Bonny away?" And for some reason Mrs. Macleod suddenly remembered Mrs. Richards' face—

She jumped up and ran into the hall. She snatched her husband's arm. "You can't!" she cried. "Oh, you must not!" and she implored him and wept and threw her arms around Bonny. And Carol and Charline wept too, frightened and hardly understanding. But Mr. Macleod said in a loud, hard voice, "Let her go. She must go. It's only fair."

In a few moments Mrs. Macleod obeyed him. He took Bonny's hand firmly—and she was not loathe to give it for she loved her father dearly, although she was afraid. Together they went out to the car.

"It's inhuman, inhuman," wept Mrs. Macleod. ★

## He Insists He Can Make the Sahara Green

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

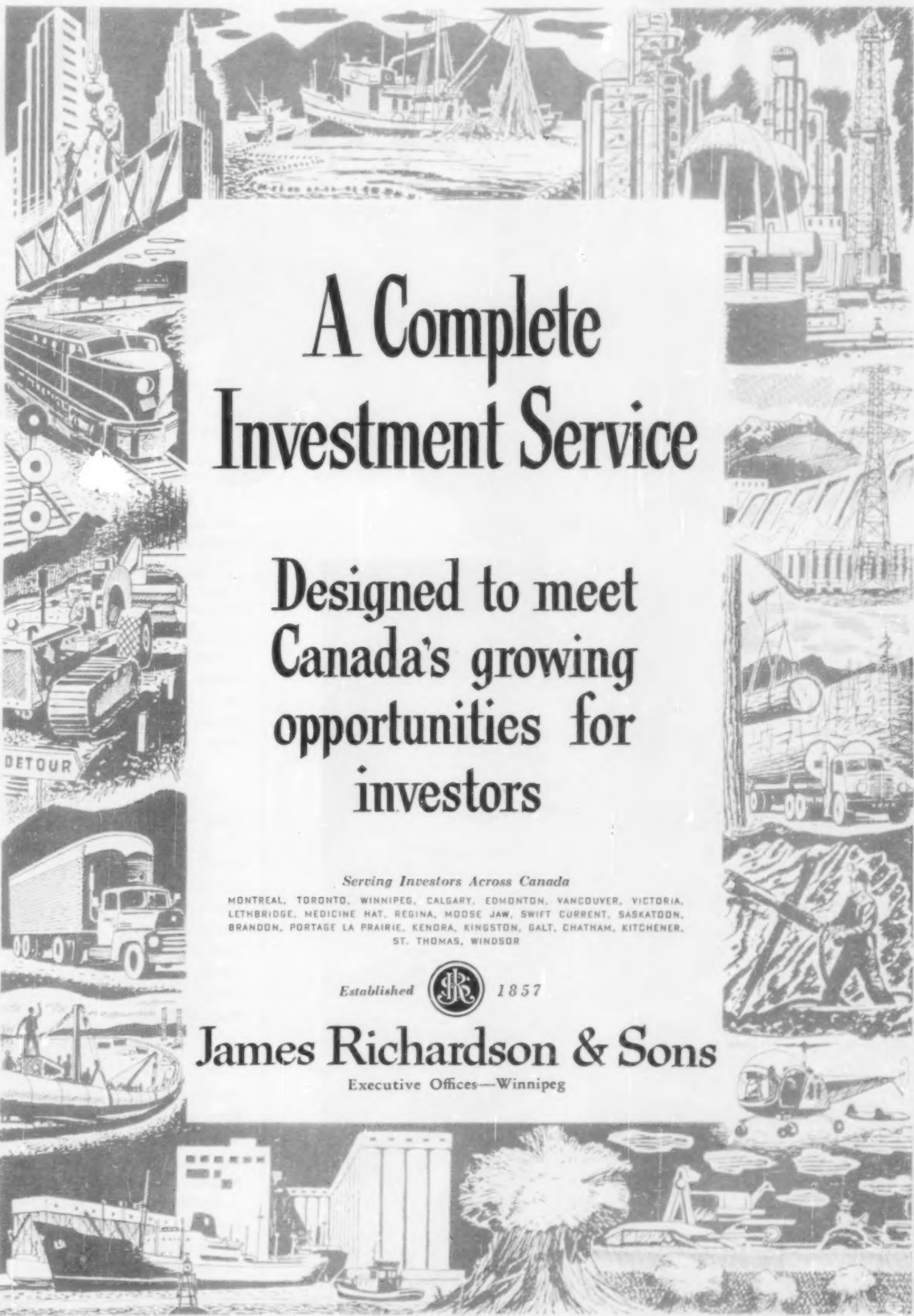
one-third of its bark, it dies. If the earth loses one-third of its tree cover the spring-water table will sink beyond recall and the earth will die."

For ten years the diplomats have come back each year to Baker's

luncheon: ambassadors and first secretaries from Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Hungary, talking urgently about soil erosion and desert reclamation with first secretaries and ambassadors from the other side of the Iron Curtain. This establishes Baker as one of the few people in the world able to get East and West working together during the cold war.

"I take no notice of the iron curtains of this world," he says. "Unless we co-operate it's death and there's no use fighting each other over our graves."

Last year the original thirty-two diplomats had swelled to fifty-five, all of whom listened intently to Baker's report of his trip across the Sahara. He was accompanied on the journey by a geologist and a botanist. They satisfied themselves that great forests had once flourished on what is now stony waste. They checked on discoveries of subterranean water supplies which, presumably, could support trees planted in certain areas. They found tribes living precariously on islands of soil, surrounded by encroaching desert. Some tribal chiefs, they reported, had




# A Complete Investment Service

## Designed to meet Canada's growing opportunities for investors

Serving Investors Across Canada

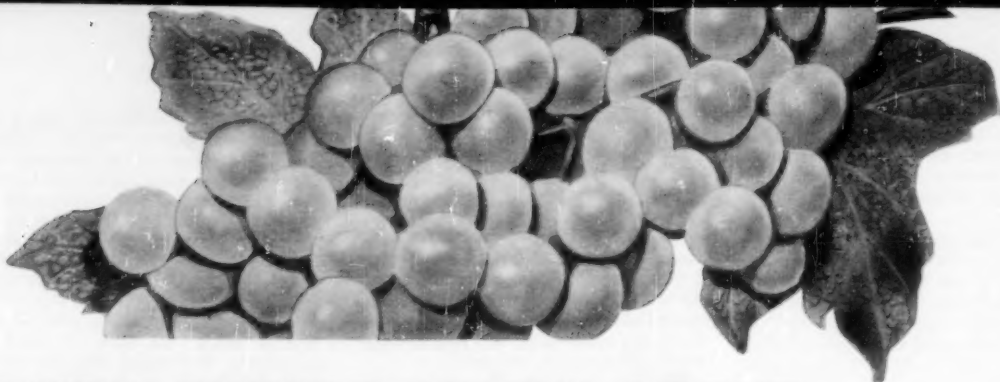
MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA, LETHBRIDGE, MEDICINE HAT, REGINA, MOOSE JAW, SWIFT CURRENT, SASKATOON, BRANDON, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, KENORA, KINGSTON, GALT, CHATHAM, KITCHENER, ST. THOMAS, WINDSOR

Established  1857

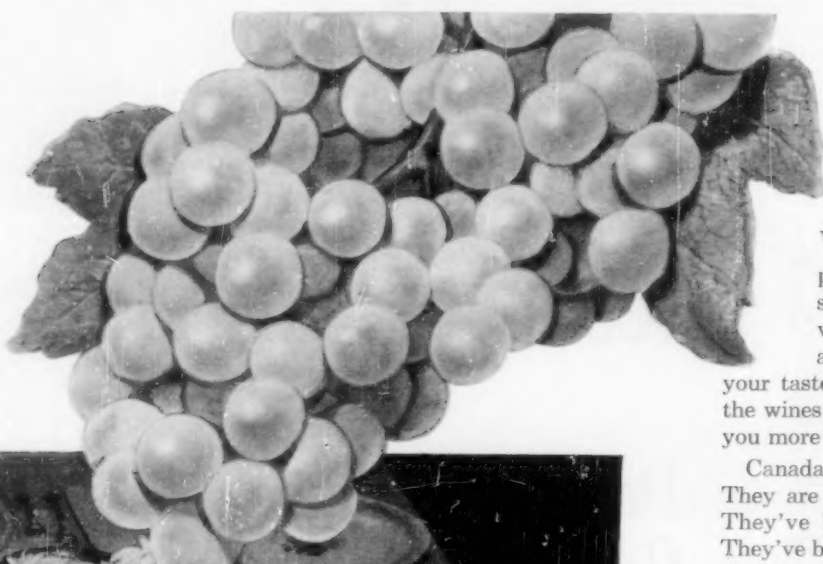
# James Richardson & Sons

Executive Offices—Winnipeg

(Advertisement)



## WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT Choosing a Wine



We assume that you buy wine for pleasure—people of good taste have been doing that for some thousands of years. If you have tried a variety of wines, both imported and Canadian, and have discovered exactly the wines that suit your taste best, read no further. *But*, if you don't know the wines of Canada, here are some facts that may bring you more pleasure.

Canada now is making many extremely good wines. They are grown in Ontario's famous Niagara peninsula. They've been winning international awards recently. They've been earning favourable comment from visitors to Canada. Now, let us not be misunderstood—we're not going to claim that the world's greatest wines are grown in Ontario. That's not the point at all. It's this: our own wines compare very well with all but the very expensive imported wines.

### CANADIANS ARE LEARNING

You may ask, "If Canadian wines are as good as imported ones, why then does anybody buy the imported article?" We think there are two answers to that. One is a kind of snobbery—some people are happy to pay more, just for the sake of a glamorous foreign label. But a more important reason may be that people just don't know what a good Ontario-grown wine is like today. How long is it since you've had a glass of Canadian sherry or a Canadian red or white table wine? Of course more and more Canadians are discovering the pleasures of Canadian wines—that's what encourages us to invite your comparison.

### OUR COMING OF AGE

So the chief point of this message is simply this: we want you to know that there is a good variety of first class wines now being grown right here in *our own country*. They're better than ever now, because we've been developing new wine grapes, especially suited to our special climate. You can be proud of them because they're Canadian—another sign that our country is coming of age. And you can afford the temperate pleasure of a glass of wine more often when your choice is Canadian. You pay for no import duties nor for the expensive shipping charges that the import must count into its price. Doesn't this sound like a fair presentation of the facts? We'd like *you* to try a good Canadian wine in your own home, soon.

*The Canadian Wine Institute, 111 Richmond St. West, Toronto*



actually  
children  
starvati  
was adv  
the rate

At B  
diploma  
and ex  
Baker  
Recla  
tered  
are to  
educate  
run tra  
student  
provide  
to bodi  
tion. A  
money  
Baker's  
doesn't  
is man  
to study  
work o  
reports  
already  
Austria  
of pilot  
and to

When  
aims of  
pany in  
to buy  
resell i  
issue sh  
Tangier  
tax rest  
fleece o

But  
investo  
persua  
to inve  
pany, t  
import  
large so

On t  
grandil  
about  
against  
to Bak  
his for  
mused  
can. H  
probab  
respons  
than an  
The



actually forbidden marriage so that children might not be reared for certain starvation. In certain districts the sand was advancing on crop-growing land at the rate of thirty miles a year.

At Baker's luncheon this year the diplomats listened to more than dreams and exhortations. Turned practical, Baker told them about the Sahara Reclamation Company which he registered in 1954. Its announced objectives are to plant trees on a large scale, to educate public opinion, to establish and run training institutions for research students, to conduct surveys and to provide technical advice and loans to bodies interested in land reclamation. At present it has only a dribble of money to lend, provided by converts to Baker's philosophy of doom. This doesn't worry him: "What we need now is man power; trained foresters willing to study desert reclamation and then to work on Sahara pilot schemes." He reports that two training units are already in business in France and Austria. He has drawn up blueprints of pilot schemes to be used for testing and to reassure natives and investors.

When pressed Baker can put the aims of the Sahara Reclamation Company into simpler terms: "We propose to buy land cheaply, reclaim it and resell it at a profit. We propose to issue shares. And we are located in Tangier, an international zone without tax restrictions, so no government can fleece our investors."

But it is not enough just to attract investors, Baker adds. He hopes to persuade the governments of the world to invest men and money in his company, thus enabling it to fulfill its most important objective: to plant trees on a large scale.

On the face of it, it seems wildly grandiloquent for one man to talk about uniting the world in a fight against the Sahara. But after listening to Baker tell the story of his life and list his formidable achievements, the bemused observer is likely to decide he can. He is a fanatic about trees and has probably been directly and indirectly responsible for planting more of them than any man alive.

The Men of the Trees now has

twenty thousand members in a score of countries, all pledged to plant and protect trees and all behind his scheme to reclaim the Sahara. Men of the Trees call themselves "earth healers." Their broad objective is to persuade governments to extend tree cover and practice forestry according to their ideas, which are mainly Baker's.

Privately, at the invitation of governments and on behalf of Men of the Trees, Baker has traveled around the world a dozen or more times (he says he can't remember how many) sparking tree-planting campaigns; harrying timber concessionaires, national parks' boards and government officials; opening forestry schools or preventing them from closing; calling meetings, starting press campaigns and always threatening pestilence and plague if man continues to monkey with the delicate balance of nature.

#### The Priest of the Trees

By lecturing, begging, pleading and warning Baker helped collect nine and a half million dollars to save certain sections of the coastal redwoods of northern California. He presented President Roosevelt with a forestry plan that influenced the planting of a giant shelter belt of trees from the Canadian border to the Panhandle of Texas. A similar plan for England was adopted in a modified form after the war by the British Forestry Commission. Baker claims chief responsibility for starting the World Forestry Congress which met for the fourth time last year in Dehra Dun, India. Palestine, New Zealand and Australia are other countries that have reaped benefit from Baker's missionary zeal.

He is a tall, commanding man with a military bearing and a military mustache decorating a face that is ruddy with health and bright with enthusiasm. His manner, like his voice, is gentle, yet compelling and wherever he goes he attracts hordes of converts to the religion of trees or, as he calls it, "earth healing."

Baker tells of a typical "conversion": Not long ago, at the University of Vienna, he was discussing his plan to

**BOTTLED IN BOND**

millions like it best!

# Bonded Stock

## Canadian Whisky

**G&W** Canada's Most Popular Whisky at a Popular Price

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED • CANADA'S OLDEST DISTILLERY

558-2



Leaves down it's an oblong cocktail table. Leaves up it's a square cocktail table. In the raised position it is a card table or tea table.

Decide on it and other Deilcraft "Lovely to Live With" occasional furniture — for your home. Look for the Deilcraft tag.

THE **HI-LO** two tables in one!

**Deilcraft** FURNITURE

decide on—

BY **Electrohome** OF KITCHENER — makers of television, radios and quality appliances

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*



reclaim the Sahara. He reported that an Austrian expert on reclamation had agreed to train fifty advanced students to work on the desert pilot scheme but as yet no place had been found to train them. When the lecture ended an Austrian count bolted forward and embraced Baker. "You have found the way to unite East and West," he said in a voice quivering with emotion. "I have an estate of sixty thousand hectares. It is all yours to do with as you please."

Like most missionaries Baker accepts and even expects such gifts as the due of his godly work. He has no personal interest in money. When he runs out of it, and he often does, he leans placidly on his faith. Shortly before he made his trek across the Sahara he was so desperately in need of money that the project was in jeopardy. One morning a letter arrived which said: "I so admire you, your life and the cause for which you are working that I am enclosing a small cheque to help you." The cheque was for one thousand pounds.

But Baker does not sit back and wait for unknown benefactors. He finances his busy life mainly by writing books and articles and by giving lectures and broadcasts. He often telephones his publisher to rattle off the names of influential people who might be converted if they had a free copy of his latest book. The publisher remonstrates, pointing out that this will cost him money. "Never mind that," says Baker. "Think of the good it will do."

To do good—according to his own interpretation of the word—is the object of Baker's life. That forestry became the means of fulfilling this object is, he says, due to Canada.

A zealot even in his teens, Baker was so moved by a lecture on life in the raw among the Barr colonists of Saskatchewan given by the famed Bishop Lloyd

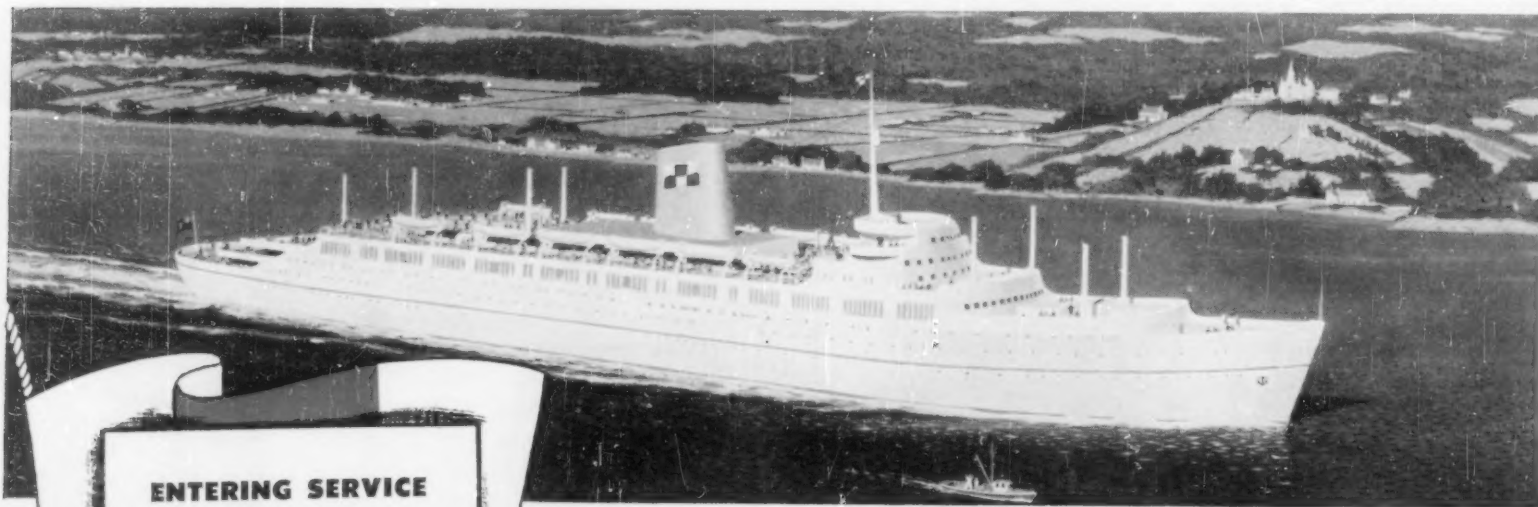
### Prime Joints

With beauty our elbows  
Are scantily endowed,  
But they do have their points  
When we go through a crowd!

ETHEL JACOBSON

that he decided to leave his home at Cheltenham, England, in 1909, migrate to Canada and set up a mission church. Baker's father and grandfather had established a family tradition of mixing forestry and religion. His grandfather, a parson, traveled with his pockets bulging with acorns which he planted in the hedgerows as he passed by, a habit Baker has inherited. Baker always carries seeds in his pockets and wherever he goes he plants trees. When he embarked on his trip across the Sahara, well-wishers in London loaded him with peach stones because he had said in a broadcast that they would germinate in the desert. He carried thousands with him and left a trail of them behind him.

Baker's father was a forester and nurseryman. He was also a lay preacher and a follower of the American evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, the Billy Graham of the 1890s. He taught his son to bud, graft, and transplant and also to live devoutly and pray often. Baker has since moved far away from the blood and fire of the old-time revivalist to the doctrines of the Persian philosopher Baha'ullah. But the habit of prayer persists. Recently, visiting a friend, Baker noticed that the roses needed pruning. Seizing the shears he strode into the garden. His friend noticed that his lips moved as he worked. "I always say my prayers



## Proud new addition to the famous WHITE EMPRESS FLEET

Now the world's largest travel system — with a half century of experience on the St. Lawrence River route — adds another symbol of service to an ever-expanding Canada.

The Empress of Britain, with its 26,000 tons of functional beauty offers you scores of luxury liner features ... spacious decks and gracious service that have long been identified with White Empresses.

You'll find individually controlled air conditioning for every stateroom and public room. First class or tourist, you'll

enjoy the cinema, dancing, libraries, shops, and a crystal clear swimming pool.

Book passage from Montreal aboard the new Empress of Britain. Rates from \$285 first class — \$182 tourist.

For information and reservations see any Canadian Pacific office or your own travel agent.

**Canadian Pacific**

### CURRENT WHITE EMPRESS SAILINGS

Rates: First Class from \$230; Tourist from \$157  
according to ship and season

**EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND**  
From Montreal: April 24

**EMPRESS OF BRITAIN**  
From Montreal: May 1

**EMPRESS OF FRANCE**  
From Saint John: Jan. 7, Feb. 25, Mar. 20  
From Montreal: April 17, May 8, 29



when I'm pruning," said Baker. "It makes the plants feel better."

He was broke when he arrived in Canada in 1909. "On board ship somebody taught me how to play poker and took all my money," he recalls. "I got a job on the docks and earned enough to see me through to Saskatoon." There, he set off in pursuit of his first two ambitions—to find a homestead and to bring religion to the hinterland. "I was a very intense young man," he says. He found a suitable homestead on Beaver Creek, about twenty miles south of Saskatoon, then persuaded the neighbouring farmers to foregather every Sunday afternoon to sing hymns and listen to him preach.

When the University of Saskatchewan first opened its doors, Baker decided to add some higher learning to the forestry, bee-keeping, blacksmithing and carpentry he had already acquired. But book learning came hard and after two years he gave up to devote himself to forestry. In 1913 he joined a logging camp at Prince Rupert and there he "got the call." He says now, "It broke my heart to see them cutting those beautiful trees so recklessly. I swore to dedicate my life to stopping it."

He returned to England to enter a forestry course at Cambridge and those studies were interrupted by World War I—Baker served with the King Edward's Horse, made up of university students from the Dominions. After he was demobilized in 1918 he re-entered Cambridge and graduated at the head of his class. In 1920 he was appointed as a forestry officer in Kenya.

"What Blasted Nonsense!"

Baker spent a total of nine years in Africa, first in Kenya and later in the mahogany forests of Nigeria, both lying directly south of the threatening Sahara.

"I fear I wasn't popular with the British administration," Baker says. "I got mad too often at restraints and at the way some of the officers treated the natives." When Baker is angry a bright pink flush of indignation suffuses his face, his mustache bristles, and his eyes flash. His anger reaches boiling point when he talks about Kenya. "If the natives had been treated with love and understanding there would be no Mau Mau today," he says. When someone recently suggested that the Mau Mau could be defeated if the Kikuyu understood co-operation, Baker fired back wrathfully: "What blasted nonsense! They live by co-operation! They are an example to the rest of the world!"

As a young forester in Kenya, Baker had one hundred pounds a year for reforestation; his plans—already giant-size—required thousands of men. He decided to try to persuade the natives to stop cutting down trees and plant new ones.

"The Kikuyu, who inhabit the highlands of Kenya, celebrate every occasion with a dance," Baker relates. "Why not a dance of the trees?" I asked myself. I worked for three months preparing for it and finally, on the appointed day, three thousand warriors in full regalia reported for the ceremony. I was amazed. I decided to take a long chance. I told them that other tribes in my territory accused them of being forest destroyers. I said I agreed with the charge. Then, as they muttered angrily and fingered their spears, I exhorted them to remove this stain from their reputation." Baker won them over and the Kikuyu warriors became the foundation members of the Men of the Trees.

Baker still uses this same technique to secure converts. First he scares them; then, as they bow under the weight of their guilt, he invites them to shake it off and follow him to the land of milk and honey. At the conclusion of his lectures today, a stream of penitent citizens invariably moves forward to lay down their three-dollar annual membership to Men of the Trees and promise that henceforth they will plant ten trees a year and do a good deed every day.

"I borrowed the idea of the good deed from the Boy Scout movement and I

put it to good use in Kenya," Baker says. "One day a group of young warriors reported to me that they had run out of ideas for good deeds. I had some seedlings to be planted so I gave each boy a box of fifty. 'One box planted is one good deed done,' I said. The idea caught on among other young men and in this way I got nine million seedlings planted in one year."

Today, with Baker spurring them on, the Men of the Trees organize huge tree-planting campaigns—an example was the campaign to commemorate the Coronation of George VI, which re-

sulted in millions of new trees all over the Commonwealth. But the organization's most important function is less tangible. Baker has shrewdly converted to his religion of earth healing so many prominent scientists, foresters, landowners, members of parliament and citizens of wealth and power that they can influence a government's forestry policy almost as readily as they can block a local council wanting to lop an old tree from a roadway.

Baker is surrounded by so many big names that he sometimes gets confused. "Isn't it wonderful! Now we've



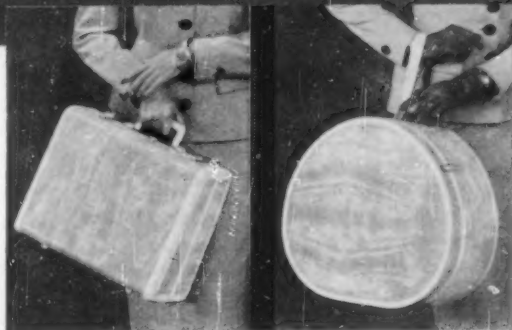
while Santa still sleeps...

wide awake folks are gift-buying at

# Samsonite's

PRE-CHRISTMAS JUBILEE

TRAIN CASE, \$22.50



PERSONAL O'NITE, \$22.50

HAT BOX, \$19.50

Small wonder women adore the famous Samsonite Train Case. Holds 52 travel needs; has waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry. Other grand gifts are the new Personal O'Nite and Hat Box, left. All have tight tongue-in-groove closures and come in six "better-than-leather" finishes that resist scuffing and wipe clean as new with a damp cloth. (Shown here in Rawhide Finish.) All are big values for small prices.

## Streamlite Samsonite

world's most popular luggage... because it's strongest and smartest

Samsonite of Canada, Ltd. 160 W. Lodge Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. • Makers of Samsonite Card Tables and Chairs

got Ike!" he said to a friend a few years ago, shortly after Lord Alexander, then governor-general of Canada, had become international chairman. "It's not Eisenhower, old boy, it's Alexander," the friend reminded him. "Oh yes, to be sure," said Baker, flourishing his hand vaguely.

Fired by the Colonial Office in 1928, Baker began seriously to promote the growth of the Men of the Trees in England. He greeted unemployment with his habitual optimism, "as a marvelous opportunity to study and travel."

For ten months he supported himself as a carpenter, helping to build Wembley Stadium until Sir John Chancellor, a Man of the Trees and High Commissioner for Palestine, asked him to start a branch of the organization there and advise on a forestry program.

When he returned to England he accepted an invitation to attend a forestry conference in Washington. This led to the beginning of Baker's subsidiary career as a writer and lecturer. On arrival in New York he was invited to lunch by a friend. "I

began talking about my life in Africa to a group of his friends," Baker recalls. "One was a publisher. That afternoon I found myself with a five-hundred-dollar advance in my pocket and a contract to deliver a book in a month. I hired three stenographers (they weren't so expensive in those days) and worked night and day. I delivered the manuscript, entitled Men of the Trees, and collected another five hundred dollars. I arrived in Washington just in time for my meeting."

Unshakably convinced that he "can save the world," Baker is a hard man

to resist. He even became a vegetarian when he decided that over-grazing was one of the reasons for the earth losing its green cover. Therefore, when he describes how he signed up President Hoover as a Man of the Trees, he is entirely believable. The interview was arranged by the British Embassy.

"The President was very cordial," Baker says. "His first words were 'What can I do for you, Baker?' I told him promptly that I wanted to study the forests of America and I needed help. He simply picked up the telephone, instructed the Forestry Department to provide transportation and hospitality and wished me a happy journey. Before I left I asked him to father Men of the Trees in America."

"Ask me later, Baker, when I'm out of office," he said.

"Out of office you're no use to me, sir," I replied, "I need you now." He joined."

Baker never wastes time at the bottom. When he finished his two-year survey of American forests—earning pocket money by lecturing—he worked out a forestry plan and took it to Franklin Roosevelt, then governor of New York. "Why me?" Roosevelt asked. Baker's version of the conversation follows:

"Because I have just spent two years talking to Americans all over this country and I am convinced you will be the next president. I am presenting you with a plan to give jobs to two hundred and fifty thousand unemployed."

"You couldn't make it three hundred thousand, could you?" Roosevelt laughed.

Roosevelt also joined Men of the Trees and, after he entered the White House, used Baker's forestry ideas in providing work for the Civilian Conservation Corps of the depression years.

Baker even claims to have made R. B. Bennett admit that he made a mistake. "In Canada," he recalls, "Prime Minister Bennett wouldn't even listen to me. I told him he ought to stop slashing down the Canadian forests to feed his match factories and that he should follow Roosevelt's example, but he wasn't interested. Later, in England, as Lord Bennett, he joined Men of the Trees."

"I never realized how wrong I was, Baker," he said to me one day. "If you really mean it," I replied, "go after Lord Wavell. We need him." He did recruit Wavell, too."

Baker's passion to reclaim the Sahara, which has engaged him almost exclusively since the end of World War II, seems to be bearing early fruit. The French government recently asked him to be adviser on reclamation and forestry projects in Algeria and Morocco, which lie on the northern boundaries of the Sahara. The Lebanon, with desert problems of its own, has agreed to participate in his plan.

When Baker is extolling his Sahara scheme no barrier seems too high to leap. "Geneva provided the answer," he said recently to a friend, his eyes alight with missionary zeal, his voice shaking with excitement. "The Geneva conference proved that the nations of the world want to co-operate. The trouble is they don't know where to begin. I say begin on the Sahara. Divert the money now spent on armaments to wage war on the desert and thus increase the supply of productive land. Let the standing armies of the world do the work!"

Baker makes this suggestion in all seriousness. What is more, at sixty-six, he expects to live to see the Sahara at least partly reclaimed. "It is the dream of my life," he says with a confident smile, "and my dreams have a way of always coming true." ★

For Her . . . for Him . . . and for the Children too . . .

There's nothing to equal a  
Dressing Gown of  
**'Viyella'**

"WASH AS WOOL . . . IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE"



● Father's in a humorous mood this morning . . . must be a celebration, with the family relaxing in 'Viyella' dressing gowns created by leading makers. Everyone loves wearing a 'Viyella' dressing gown . . . so light, so warm, so comfortable. 'Viyella' is washable and colourfast. Remember also that nothing makes a more perfect gift for any occasion. Select from 'Viyella' plain shades, checks, prints, or authentic tartans.



'Viyella' is entirely British Made  
... spun, woven and finished in  
Great Britain by William Hollins  
& Company Ltd. since 1784.

**'Viyella'** GARMENTS AND **'Viyella'** BY THE YARD ARE SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES, OR WRITE—  
**WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., 266 KING ST. W., TORONTO, ONTARIO**

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*



## A Few Words From the Man in the Middle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

to make a referee's task as arduous and thankless as any job in the big business of professional sports.

I remember one call I made in the spring of 1953 that cost Boston dearly and yet, paradoxically, forged a permanent bond of friendship between me and Lynn Patrick, who is now the Boston general manager and at the time was coaching the Bruins. It was an out-and-out mistake on my part.

The Bruins were playing the Stanley Cup final with Montreal and were trailing the Canadiens three games to one. The fifth game in Montreal was scoreless in the third period, and the Bruins had the puck in the Canadiens' zone. I saw Doug Harvey, the Montreal defenseman, grab a Bruin player for an infraction that should have been what we call a "slow whistle." That means that I should not blow my whistle to stop play and call the penalty until Boston lost the puck. My job was to keep pointing at Harvey—not stop play as long as Boston could score.

But, on impulse, the instant I spotted the infraction I blew the whistle. A split second later, and quite unrelated to my whistle, a Boston player scored. I had made a mistake but still I had no alternative except to disallow the goal, since the puck had gone into the net after the whistle had blown.

### If You're Wrong, Admit It

On my next trip past the Bruin bench an incensed Lynn Patrick gave it to me real bad. I couldn't blame him. As I was dropping the puck for a face-off, with him still eating me out, I turned and called to the bench:

"I know I made a mistake, Lynn," I shouted.

He stopped screaming in mid-sentence.

The game went into overtime and Elmer Lach scored a goal for the Canadiens that ended the series and gave them the Stanley Cup. If the Bruins had won the game on that disallowed goal in regulation time the teams would have gone back to Boston for a sixth game. Thus, the Bruins' management lost a sellout crowd. Afterward, I saw Lynn. "I was mad," he said, "but I couldn't say anything more when you admitted you'd made a mistake." He often brings that up, and I think there's a moral there that's the best advice I can give a young official. If you're wrong, admit it; you'll save yourself a heap of trouble.

A young referee is in for trouble in the National Hockey League. In the first place, the players don't respect the judgment of a young official and he simply must command their respect if he's to be successful. I know one official who has trouble every time he goes into a certain city—I don't want to name him because he's still in the league. The manager of the home club told me that he'd deliberately sent his team captain out onto the ice to curse this official, and had ordered his players to throw towels on the ice in front of the bench just to see how the referee would react. When he neglected to give the captain a misconduct penalty for his profanity that referee just made life miserable for himself in that city. He may have things under control now, but I doubt it. Hockey teams don't give up easily once they figure they've got a referee's number.

Even after I'd been in the league for

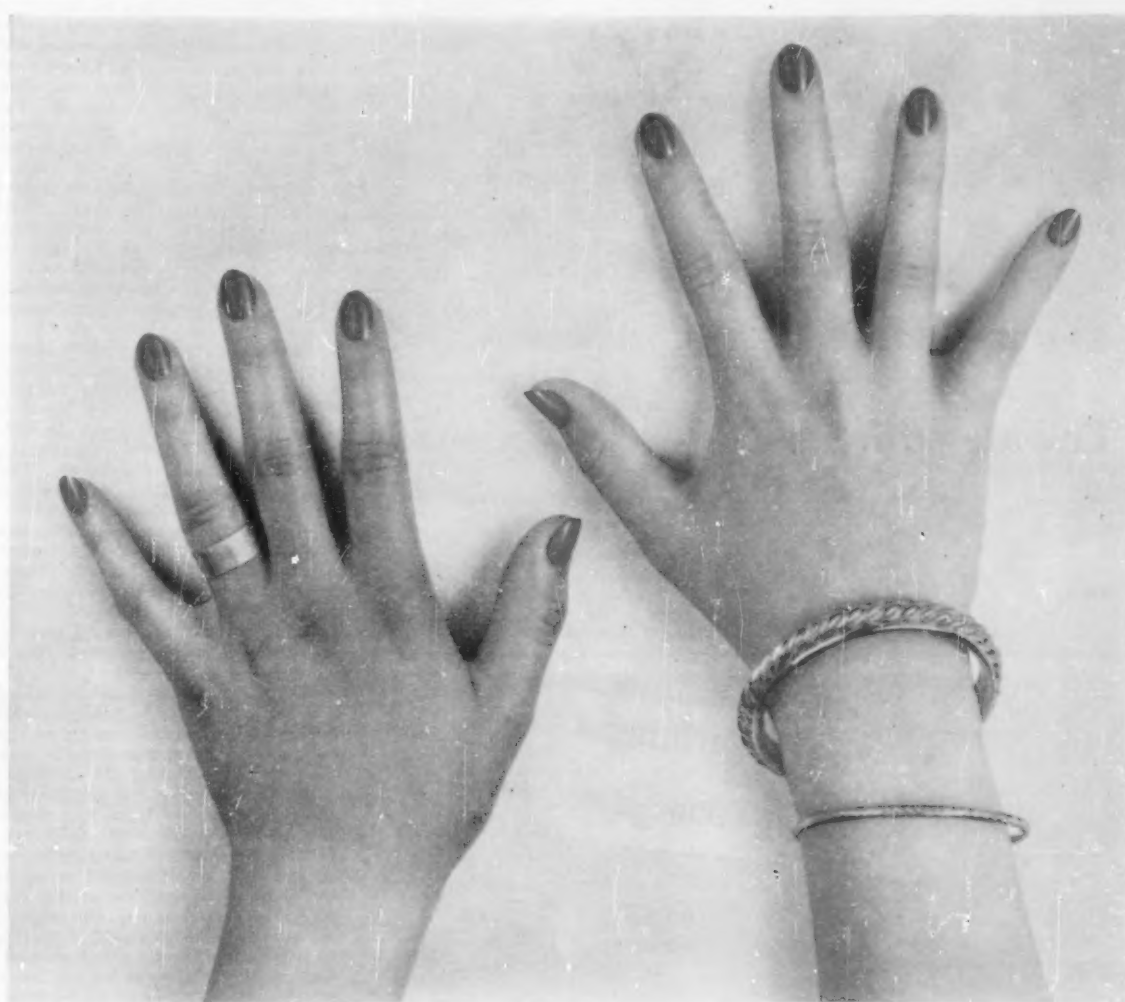
ten years there were a couple of players, Ted Kennedy of Toronto and Ted Lindsay of Detroit, who used to try me out for size every year. They'd curse like a couple of sailors after I made a call they didn't like, just to see what I was going to do about it. I always did the same thing: misconduct penalty and automatic fine of twenty-five dollars. The present Toronto coach, King Clancy, had a different philosophy in the years when he was an NHL referee. King used to say the players could call him anything they liked—once. The second time, bingo! But then King,

who was a great player before he became a referee, always had the respect of the players. I was never a major-league hockey player and I had to earn respect the hard way.

Of course, there are players whose respect you can never command. One guy I could never get close to was Bryan Hextall, who used to play with the Rangers. He was a cold implacable man in my book. He'd never look at me; I always had the feeling he didn't know I existed.

Another cold customer is Jimmy Thomson, the Toronto defenseman,

who can be a mean one. And yet one night he surprised me. The Leafs were playing in Chicago and when Thomson called me a name I thumbed him off. As he stepped out of the penalty box after he'd served his time I was standing against the boards. A fan reached down and walloped me across the head with something heavy. It knocked me down and as I got up groggily I looked around to see who'd slugged me. There was Thomson, pointing to the fan. I guess he figured that our feuds are our private property and nobody should butt in. I had the



Both hands of Mrs. Janice Mulcahey were soaked in detergents. Only her right hand was given Jergens Lotion care. The difference is remarkable! We believe this is the most important skin news in years.

## Found: A positive way to stop "Detergent Hands"

**A leading research laboratory proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.\***

Recently, 447 women spent many weeks looking for a way to stop "detergent hands."

Three times a day, they soaked both hands in detergents. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was applied to their right hands. Their left hands were not treated.

The results were astonishing. In 3 or 4 days, left hands were roughened, red, even cracked and bleeding. Right hands were smooth, unblemished, soft, and white!

Many other lotions were tested the same way. Not one proved as effective as Jergens Lotion. Not even 100% lanolin did better (no hand care has more than 15% lanolin).

The famous Jergens Lotion formula, perfected over fifty years, positively stops detergent damage. This means it's ideal for roughness, chapping, and all the hand problems a woman has to face. It's your guarantee of romantically lovely hands.

If you haven't tried Jergens Lotion lately, now is the time. You'll find it a heavier, creamier lotion, with a pleasing new fragrance. It's never sticky or greasy. And it's still only 15¢ to \$1.15.



(MADE IN CANADA)

\*From the report of a leading United States research laboratory.

**Jergens Lotion** positively stops "Detergent Hands"

**MEET AN OLD FRIEND . . .** The ripe, traditional ways of England, down the centuries, have produced a great ale to match. Bass is no mere thirst quencher but a naturally matured, full-bodied solace to be taken slowly in good company for contentment of mind and body.

**Bass**



The ale with an ancestry

BREWED AT

BURTON-ON-TRENT

SINCE

1777



Available at Liquor Control Board Stores across Canada

A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year

"This is where  
I come in"

**JOHNNIE  
WALKER**

Fine Old Scotch Whisky

BORN 1820—still going strong

DISTILLED, BLENDED AND  
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Available in various bottle sizes



JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

police throw the fan out of the rink. A week later I got a letter of apology from him. He said he'd just got worked up and was sorry.

A referee gets help from expected, as well as unexpected sources. I mean from his linesmen, and I'd like to throw in a special vote of thanks for George Hayes and Sammy Babcock, who worked with me. Linesmen, you know, do not have a referee's authority. Their principal function is to call offshots at the two bluelines. Hayes loves his work. He'd make a good referee, but he says he's far happier as a linesman. He's a big strong carefree guy who keeps players separated with brute strength when a fight breaks out. Babcock, on the other hand, is a talker; he cajoles them into cooling off. One night we were working Montreal and the Leafs were in town. I was getting a fearsome riding from the Toronto bench but I couldn't pinpoint the guy doing most of the shouting. Every time I'd turn around the bench would stop chirping. So when I got the chance I called quickly to Babcock.

"Sammy," I whispered hoarsely, "who's giving it to me off the Toronto bench?"

The next time there was a face-off there Babcock moved surreptitiously to one end of the bench while I bent to drop the puck. The voice piped up again, calling me a "homer," the worst thing they can call you, meaning that you're favoring the home team. Sam spotted him and as we skated away he called softly, "It's Danny Lewicki."

Inevitably there came another face-off. I looked sharply along the Toronto bench but there wasn't a peep. Then I turned my back to drop the puck. The voice started up and I wheeled.

"You, Lewicki," I shouted, pointing and giving him a fierce scowl, "you're outa here!"

Well, sir, he stopped talking in mid-chirp, his mouth hanging open, wondering how I'd nailed him directly on that long bench. He went across the ice to the penalty box looking like a mouse.

Other players complain openly—and constantly. Vic Lynn, who used to play with Toronto, and later with Boston, was a chronic beefer; calls were always bad, penalties were never deserved, the other team was getting away with murder and so on. One night in Toronto he hadn't scored a goal for something like twenty games and, sure enough, the minute he hit the ice he started nattering. I figured I'd stop it early.

"Listen, Lynn," I said, "why don't you stop running my job and start looking after your own. When's the last time you put a puck in the net?"

That night—I think they were playing Detroit—he scored two goals.

After the game he skated past me and growled, "Thanks for the coaching."

It's only through experience that a referee learns when a player has lost his head and when he's only pretending to have lost it. Some players genuinely have heart—players like Kennedy of Toronto and Milt Schmidt of Boston, to name two—and when they get involved in a fight you know you have to move quickly to break it up, because they're not putting on an act. You get to know other players who wouldn't fight their way out of a bargain basement. When you see them get into fights you know they're showboating—putting on an act for the crowd's benefit, aware that the officials will soon come to their rescue, breaking up the fight. A referee can quickly cool out that kind of troublemaker: when the fight starts, the referee just shouts to his linesmen, "If they want to go, let 'em go!" With no one to intervene, the showboats quickly back down.

At one time, this type of player, appearing on home ice, could excite the crowd and make the referee look bad by arguing when he got a penalty. He can't do that now. If a player argues a penalty there's an automatic misconduct penalty. From the referee's standpoint, that's the finest rule they ever put in the book. An official shouldn't go looking for trouble, of course. Once he has inflicted the penalty he should skate out of the way until the player goes to the penalty box; if he stands in the player's way he's inviting an argument. The rule isn't completely one-sided; a decision can be questioned by the team captain, and a coach can send the captain onto the ice to question a referee on his behalf. Sometimes this has its humorous aspects. Once in Montreal Milt Schmidt, the Boston captain, came storming off the Bruins' bench, waving his arms and heading straight for me. "I had to come, Bill," he said, "but I think you were perfectly right. By the way, how's your wife?"

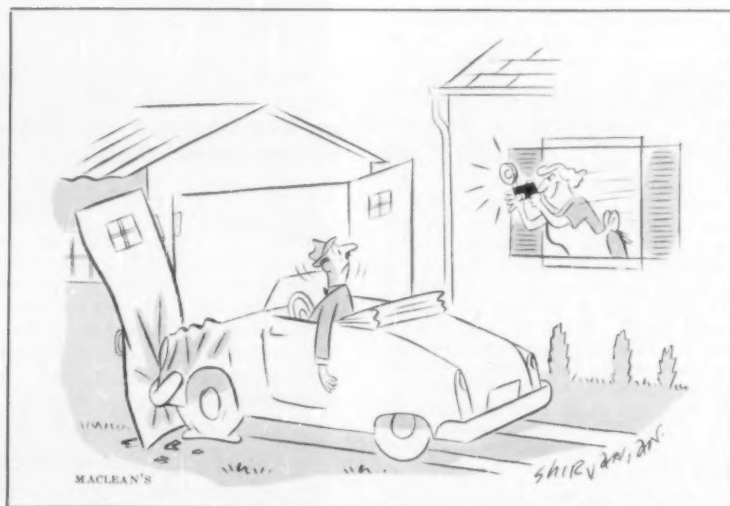
All the time he was talking, he was waving his arms and his jaw was working.

I stuck my finger under his nose and scowled back at him.

"She's just fine, Milt," I said. "How's yours?"

"Great," he said, skating away, shaking his head and looking dejected.

Until a few years ago it was considered perfectly ethical for a club manager, coach, or even the stickboy to invade the referees' room between periods or after a game. Sometimes the poor referee would have a spokesman from both teams to impress him with the belief he was lousing up the game. Once in Chicago Red Dutton, then coaching the old Americans, barged in







Put one of these under the tree this year -  
he'll have easy shaving for years to come



**No two ways about it**—any man who gets a Remington for Christmas *this* year will be clean-shaven all *next* year (and for years to come).

Most men are pretty touchy about shaving. They want results—not promises. And a man gets results with a Remington—clean, smooth shaves—fast, comfortable shaves.

The Remington is a *man-sized* electric razor. Feels good in the hand—feels good on the face. 6 Diamond-Honed heads glide smoothly, shave cleanly, even over the most tender skin.

Point to consider: Remington's Special Christmas 14 day Free Home Trial Offer. You can return the Remington you buy *anytime during the first 14 days after Christmas* and get your money back.

By the way, if you have an old electric shaver around, it's worth \$7.50 on a new Remington at most dealers.

Sum it all up this way—give your man a Remington Electric Shaver—both *your* face and *his* face will be glad you did.



See "What's My Line" Tuesday nights on your Canadian Television Station

A PRODUCT OF

**Remington Rand**

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

"Only \$37<sup>25</sup> buys the kit that makes  
all home jobs

**FUN!**



"You should see me sand down rough surfaces fast... and take off old paint for refinishing!"

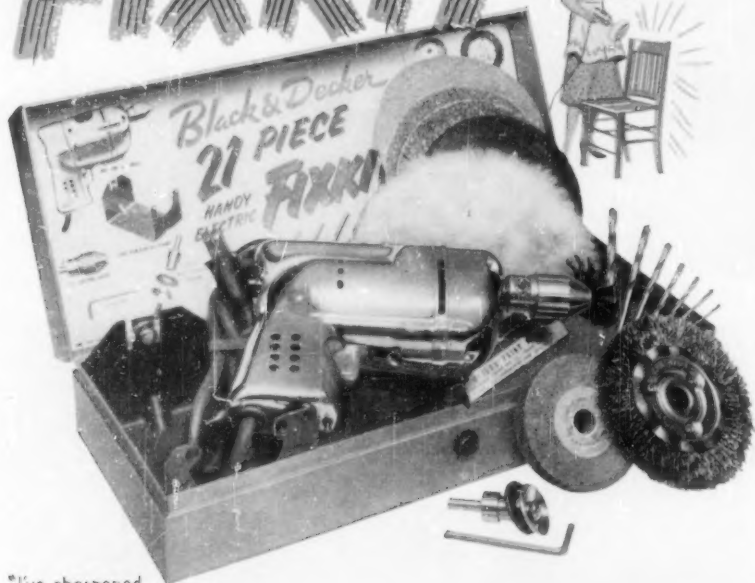


"It's a complete home workshop in a handy steel case. It drills and sands wood, metal, plastics..."

"It puts a glorious polish on all our furniture... and now Jack likes to polish our car himself!"

The New Black & Decker

**FIXKIT**



"I've sharpened all my hand tools with the grinding wheel and you ought to see the edge I've put on Jane's kitchen knives!"



"Nothing cleans metal like this wire wheel brush! It takes off rust or old paint fast!"



"You get 21 pieces in your new FIXKIT... including a bench stand and even a handy quick-mixer for paint!"



See the new Black & Decker FIXKIT at your dealer's now! For your nearest Black & Decker dealer, see the yellow pages of your local telephone directory... or write Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Ltd., Dept. C-125, 80-86 Fleet St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.

**Black & Decker**

World's largest maker of Portable Electric Tools

Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas

and asked me whether I happened to be carrying a tape measure. Apparently to his surprise, I said "Yes, I've got a tape."

"Then I want you to measure LoPresti's pads," Red snapped. "They're over-width." Sam LoPresti was the Chicago goaler. A league regulation says a goalkeeper's pad can be no more than ten inches wide.

So I measured LoPresti's pads and they were ten and a half inches. Dutton was jubilant.

"Now I'd like you to measure Rayner's pads," said coach Paul Thompson of Chicago, referring to the Americans' goaler, Chuck Rayner.

Rayner apparently had been warned by Dutton not to flatten out his pads by thumping them with the big goal stick until after the measuring took place. But habit is disarming, and Chuck had given his pads the usual nervous whacks with his hand and stick as he took his place in goal.

When I measured Rayner's pads they were eleven and a quarter inches across. Both Dutton and Thompson agreed to drop the whole thing.

#### Rules That Help the Referee

There have been far more serious incidents. Ten years before my time—in the late Twenties—in a game between the Rangers and the Americans in New York, the favored Rangers scored in overtime to beat the Amerks and cost the gamblers a hatful because some of them had backed the underdog. Odie Cleghorn was the referee in that game, which the Americans might have won in regulation time if he hadn't disallowed a goal. The New York police escorted Odie from the rink as Americans' supporters milled around his dressing room and, fearing there might be serious trouble, the police actually gave Cleghorn a gun, accompanied him to his hotel and warned him not to answer the door of his room.

Nothing that serious happened to me; in fact, ever since Clarence Campbell, a former referee, became president of the league ten years ago the NHL has accorded hockey officials excellent protection. It was Campbell who put in the rule that calls for a misconduct penalty if a player argues a penalty. It was Campbell who put in the rule that calls for an automatic five-hundred-dollar fine if any player, coach or club official enters the referees' room, and it was Campbell who made permanent three-man units of a referee and two linesmen. Until then the referee was the only official who traveled; linesmen were local appointees who worked only the home games of a given club. Nowadays, too, a club can be fined a thousand dollars by President Campbell if it doesn't provide adequate police protection for referees. All of these changes have taken a good deal of pressure off the referee.

I suppose nothing can be done to control the fans but then maybe nothing should; it's the fans who pay the freight. I wish, though, that they'd learn the rules before they start discussing our ancestry in loud clear tones. For example, it's illegal for a defending player to interfere with an attacking player who does not have possession of the puck. But that penalty, called interference, is rarely seen by the fans who watch only the puck carrier, and it never fails to bring down the boos—and programs, old rubbers and peanuts—when it's called against the home club. Once in Chicago when Max Bentley was with the Hawks I called a penalty against him after he'd grabbed his check by the sweater to prevent him from getting in position to take a pass. The call infuriated a fan sitting down near the ice, and launched him

into a tirade. I was fairly young at the time, and I lost my temper. I raced over to the boards and shouted at the fan that I'd meet him after the game in the referees' room (it was that long ago).

Sure enough, the fan showed up. He was just a little guy but he was ready to fight. I'm six-foot-two and I weigh about one-hundred, and although I was still sizzling I realized the fan was over-matched. I picked him up under the armpits and hung him by the back of his belt on a coat hook. He dangled there, helplessly waving his arms and legs. After a moment the two of us began to laugh.

For some reason, Chicago was always my toughest city to work. I guess it stemmed from a playoff game ten years or so ago. George Allen, playing defense for Chicago, thought Elmer Lach of the Canadiens was holding him, but instead of waiting for a stoppage in play to tell me about it as he should have done, he started hollering while play went right on. While he was skating over in front of me to argue, Lach scored.

You should have heard the racket! For twenty-five minutes the huge crowd hollered and ranted and littered the ice with everything from pennies and programs to a deck of cards and a two-foot carp! That was the series opener, which the Canadiens won; for the second game in Chicago, two nights later, rink attendants frisked every patron at the entrance turnstiles for missiles and refuse, and the management had ordered city garbage trucks to stand by to haul it away. There was something like ten truckloads of junk.

I've been asked if crowd demonstrations can sway a referee's judgment, and the answer is a reluctant yes. I hasten to point out, however, that the referee's reaction may not be what the fans suspect. Abuse might well get a

My watch is protected by  
**incabloc**  
.... is yours?"

Why? ... INCABLOC Shock Absorbers safeguard the vital moving parts of a watch against everyday shocks and jars... maintain its accuracy... extend its life... save you many dollars by keeping repairs to a minimum. Remember when you buy your favorite watch, be sure it has INCABLOC protection.

**incabloc**  
Product of  
THE UNIVERSAL ESCAPEMENT LTD.  
Le Chaux-de-Fonds, Switzerland  
15 W. 46th St., N.Y. 36, N.Y., U.S.A.



"Other players grab and hold Richard but what does he expect them to do—applaud?"

referee's back up so that he'll be eager to prove he can't be intimidated. I am convinced that the only impartial people in a rink are the referee and his two linesmen, and that a swing in judgment is rarely intentional. But I must confess that there are unconscious forces at work in the heat of a game. I don't believe I can honestly say that I was a good official in New York. The reason is that it's my home town and I knew that, regardless of how I called 'em, I could either be accused of favoring the Rangers or of bending over backwards not to.

I had been a player in New York, too—with the now disbanded Rovers of the defunct Eastern United States Hockey League—and I got my start there as an official. By American standards I was a pretty good centre-ice player, although I'm sure I'd never have made good in a comparable league in Canada. I played under three names in order to get in more hockey and circumvent a rule forbidding high school boys from playing for outside teams. I was Bill Chadwick at school, Bill Flanagan for the Floral Park Maroons, and Bill Donaghue for Fordham.

Through hockey I got my first job; I was a page in the New York Stock Exchange, for whose team I played hockey in the old Metropolitan League. We'd play the first game of Sunday afternoon doubleheaders in the Garden, and Eastern U. S. league teams played the second game. After three years I was invited to play for the Rovers, along with Sammy Babcock,

who later became my linesman in the NHL, and Stu Iglehart, one of America's greatest polo players. We were the all-American line sent out to check the other team's best scoring line. The Rovers had a pretty good club, too—Muzz Patrick, now general manager of the New York Rangers; Murray Armstrong, later a star with the Americans; Joe Krol from Winnipeg—not the football player—Johnny Inglis, Clarence Shillington, Eddie O'Keefe and others. Tom Lockhart, the eastern league president, came to my seat and told me that one of the linesmen, Ray Levia, hadn't shown up. He told me to put on a pair of skates and fill in. I wore a pair of herringbone pants and a sweatshirt and went to work. Lockhart told me to keep coming back. The following season he handed me a whistle and told me I was the referee.

After the first game he had only one criticism.

"For the love of Pete, Bill, do something with your hands," he said. "You can't go around with them in your pockets."

To do something with them, I inaugurated the present system of signaling penalties. I'd grab one wrist for a holding penalty, whack the side of my palm across my calf to indicate tripping, and push my hands straight out from the shoulders to indicate interference. I was appointed an NHL linesman for New York games in the 1939-40 season, and three years later I became a referee, the only American-born one in NHL history.

In my sixteen years I naturally built up personal opinions of players, although I always tried to keep an impersonal view of every game I ever worked—something over eight hundred NHL games involving almost a million miles of travel. Milt Schmidt, who is now the Boston coach, was the most inspiring player that I ever saw. There were nights when he had such bad legs—bruises, charley-horses and pulled muscles—that he could scarcely walk, and yet he went out there to play, taking his regular turn at centre from 1936, when he broke in with the Bruins, until 1955, when they appointed him coach, talking it up with the players, just grabbing that puck and going, and setting a tremendous example.

He kept the Bruins in the series during that Stanley Cup final of 1953 against Montreal when he shouldn't have been playing at all. In the first game he fell awkwardly, and the tip of his spine became impaled on the end of his skate. Through the next four games he constantly hemorrhaged but he refused to quit. There must be something about the tradition of hockey that makes men return to action five minutes after injuries that would sideline a ball player, say, for a couple of weeks.

Maurice Richard of the Canadiens is a fine player, too, although I think he complains far too much. Sure, he gets grabbed and held and abused by opposing players but that's the penalty for being a great athlete, and he's being well paid for being a great one. If the other teams didn't bear down on him, he'd fill their net. What are they supposed to do—stand around and applaud him? He gets no more abuse than he rates, and it's a credit to his ability that he gets it. If he wants to be a five-thousand-dollar-a-year hockey player, nobody'll ever bother him. And, incidentally, he gets the same protection from the referees as any

## HEIRLOOM Occasional Tables



Coffee Table No. 890



Corner Table No. 893



Step Table No. 892



End Table No. 891

Stunning in their simplicity, these tables blend perfectly with traditional or modern decor . . . in gleaming modern walnut finish . . . or antiqued cordovan mahogany.

Modestly priced for the average budget.

"Heirloom" Occasional Tables are available at leading furniture stores from coast to coast.



The CHESLEY CHAIR CO. LTD.  
CHESLEY, CANADA

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

Bright new Christmas Star!

Sparkling New

# EUREKA

Super Roto-Matic With Zip-Clip Swivel-Top

*Merrily it rolls along*

on its 4 rubber wheel ball-bearing

## Roto Dolly!

NO LIFT! NO CARRY! Rolls easily. Won't tip. Won't mar polished floors.



**FREE**  
for Christmas  
**\$1000 Roto-Dolly**  
Special Christmas offer! The sensational new \$10.00 Roto-Dolly will be given FREE with your new Eureka Super Roto-Matic. See your Eureka dealer today!

**RATED NO. 1 BEST BUY!**

ZIP-CLIP Swivel Top empties easily

ZIP it's open!  
QUICK it's emptied!  
ZIP it's closed!

Exclusive ATTACH-O-MATIC Clip-On Tools

always handy ready to use—no carrying or storage problem.

NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY of course!

**SUPER-POWERED**

—full ½ H.P. motor—super suction cleans better, cleans faster. Purr quiet.

*Special for Christmas!*

**\$99<sup>95</sup>**

with deluxe tools and Free \$10 Roto-Dolly!

Specially designed for Carpets and Big Rug Areas

Attachments Available including Power-Driven Floor Polisher

**NO DUST BAG TO EMPTY!**  
Introducing the New **EUREKA Super Automatic** with motor driven Dirt Disturbulator

—IT BEATS! —IT SWEEPS!  
—IT SUCTION CLEANS!

all in one automatic action. You merely guide the cleaner

Sold By Leading Appliance Dealers  
Onward Manufacturing Company, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario



other star, or any other player for that matter.

The other man on my all-star forward line, along with Schmidt and Richard, is Gordie Howe of Detroit—and since he and Richard both play right wing one of 'em will have to move over to left. Howe has a different psychological approach to the game than Richard, who somehow seems to feel sometimes that he's bigger than hockey. Howe takes all the harrying in stride—and, believe me, he's picked on just as much as Richard is.

Just for the record, the rest of the

all-stars in my sixteen years are Black Jack Stewart and Red Kelly, both of Detroit, for defense, and Bill Durnan of Montreal for goal, although for any one game, when the chips are down, Turk Broda of Toronto was the best pressure goaler I ever saw.

My toughest decision? Easy. That was the one I had to make last spring when I was offered the manager's job at the Pine Hollow Country Club near my home at Westbury, Long Island. It meant less money—I made as high as twelve thousand dollars a year between October, when the hockey season starts,

and April, when the Stanley Cup playoffs end—but in the long run I think there'll be more security for a man turned forty and for my wife Millie, my daughter Barbara, who is eleven, and son Billy, now seven. There's another consideration, one that dawned on me in Madison Square Garden that night last October when President Campbell made me a presentation. Instead of 11,685 people yelling at me all at once, the members of my golf club make their complaints one at a time.

Peace, it's wonderful! ★

## The Atom Is Their Bloodhound

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Ltd. was called in to settle a threatened lawsuit between a southwestern Ontario cement-manufacturing firm and a building contractor. The firm used four forty-foot-high settling tanks for producing and refining cement. The tanks, made of foot-thick concrete, were supposed to be reinforced with steel rods set six inches apart inside the concrete. After a relatively short period of use one tank developed a crack from top to bottom. The owners called back the contractor and accused him of skimping with the reinforcing rods. The contractor insisted that he hadn't and blamed the crack on abusive use of the tank. To prove otherwise the owners would have to stop production and knock the big tanks apart—a move far too costly to consider. They decided they would have to repair the cracked tank themselves and hope for the best. Then they heard about Isotope Products Limited and took their problem to them.

IPL men loaded one of their atomic radiation cameras with cobalt-60, one of the most powerful of radioactive materials. It was so powerful that a piece the size of an aspirin tablet was all they needed, yet even that particle had to be encased in a two-hundred-pound block of lead for safe handling. They applied strips of film to the exterior of each tank, suspended the camera inside at the centre, pulled off the lead shield and let the tiny fragment of cobalt-60 shoot its rays out in all directions, like tremendously powerful X-rays. The radiation pierced the concrete tank walls to the film outside. Wherever there was a steel rod within the concrete, fewer rays got through and the rod showed as a lighter line on the developed negative. The negatives revealed that the reinforcing rods were twelve to eighteen inches apart, instead of the required six inches. The tank owners showed the negatives to the contractor and told him he could either rebuild the tanks or be sued. He rebuilt the tanks.

Another IPL job was an atomic-age version of hunting the needle in the haystack. A brewing company had been plagued for weeks with a leak somewhere in the hundreds of feet of heating pipe that ran back and forth beneath the concrete floor of its big Toronto garage. To find the leak it looked as if the company would have to tear up fifteen thousand square feet of concrete floor six inches thick. But before they decided on ripping up the floor, they called up Dr. Don Brunton, president of Isotope Products Ltd.

IPL sealed a tablespoonful of ordinary washing soda in an aluminum capsule about the size of a man's thumb and sent it to Chalk River to be "cooked" in the atomic pile there. The atomic cooking transformed the sodium into radioactive sodium-24, although chemically it remained ordinary washing soda. With a host of radioactive materials to choose from, all with different characteristics that fit them for different types of jobs, Brunton selected sodium-24 because its radiation would readily penetrate six inches of concrete and because its radioactive life is short, so it couldn't leave dangerous radioactivity behind it for more than a matter of hours.

The capsule of radioactive washing soda was sent back to Toronto in a 630-pound lead shipping case and rushed by truck to the brewery garage before its radioactivity could seriously weaken. The IPL experts withdrew it

## The Spirit of Scotland

In Scotland, the first foot to cross the threshold of your home after midnight at Hogmanay—New Year's Eve—must belong to a dark man.

Some say he should be tall, and some that he should carry silver, representing wealth; coal, for warmth; food and drink. Opinion varies.



But Dewar's never varies.

All over the world, wherever you are whatever the time—at Christmas, on New Year's Eve, whenever you celebrate—Dewar's gives you the same delightful flavour and enjoyment.

We wish you *Compliments of the Season*.

**DEWAR'S**  
**"SPECIAL"**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**  
-it never varies

*Distilled,  
Blended and  
Bottled  
in Scotland*

AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

M57K



from its lead container using a clamp with a six-foot-long handle that permitted them to keep at a safe distance. Then the aluminum capsule was pierced with a six-foot pike pole and the "hot" washing soda was poured into the pipes of the heating system. The soda dissolved in the hot water flowing through the maze of pipes and when geiger counters showed that its radioactivity had reached all points of the heating system it was flushed out with clean water. Then IPL went back over the garage floor with geiger counters and quickly detected that radioactivity remained at one spot. Brunton said it must be there that a leak had permitted some of the radioactive soda to collect in the soil surrounding the pipe. He chalked a six-inch square on the concrete floor and told brewery engineers they would find the leak directly below. They did. Instead of tearing up fifteen thousand square feet of concrete, they tore up a quarter of one square foot.

The magic little packages like cobalt-60 and sodium-24 that are making atomic radiation a servant of private industry are what the scientists call "isotopes." Briefly, an isotope is a slightly different form of a chemical element not normally radioactive but rendered radioactive artificially in a nuclear reactor.

Atomic piles or reactors producing materials for atomic bombs can, as a side line, produce radioactive isotopes for industrial and medical use. In Canada, isotopes are made only by the government in its nuclear reactor at Chalk River. About eighty different types of isotope are produced there and they are sold for research, medical and industrial purposes throughout much of the world. Isotope Products Ltd. uses about a dozen different kinds.

#### Cooking With Atoms

Radioactivity has two principal forms—beta rays and gamma rays. The penetrating power of beta rays is limited; they are stopped, for example, by one-third of an inch of aluminum. Gamma rays are much more penetrating; the strongest of them will pass through one foot of steel or through ten feet of concrete. Every element, when rendered radioactive, produces its own characteristic radiation. Some isotopes have a radioactive life of thousands of years, others lose their radioactivity in a matter of hours. So there is an isotope fitted for every job.

When IPL requires an isotope, a small quantity of the element that will produce the radioactivity desired is placed in an aluminum container and sent to Chalk River. The isotope itself may vary from the size of an aspirin to that of a flashlight battery. The isotope-to-be is moved mechanically into the heart of the Chalk River reactor where IPL has its own reserved space rented on an annual basis. When the "cooking" is completed (it may require anything from a few days to a couple of months) the now radioactive isotope is withdrawn and dropped into a lead shipping case. All this, of course, has to be done mechanically because the isotopes cannot be approached safely by human operators until sealed in their protective lead cases.

IPL's biggest business is the design, production and sale of isotope instruments for various measuring and gauging purposes. The man who superintends the design and develop-

ment of the instruments is IPL vice-president Dr. Norman Zinken Alcock, a thirty-seven-year-old Vancouver-born scientist who made himself, in turn, an expert in electrical engineering, then radar, and now atomic energy. During World War II he worked for several years with radar scientists in Britain, and the first radars carried by heavy bombers were sets he helped design.

Alcock explains that measurement by atomic radiation is made possible by the fact that rays passing through a material are absorbed in direct proportion to its thickness. The thicker the material, the fewer the rays that get through. Because isotopes shoot out millions of rays per second, very minute variations in a material's thickness can be detected. Instruments using this principle have their widest application in controlling the thickness of products like paper, plastics, floor coverings, roofing and metal foils—all products that come off a mill in a steadily moving sheet.

The first instrument perfected for this job—and it is still IPL's biggest seller—is called a "betameter." In it a beta ray source is suspended above the moving sheet material and shielded so that its rays are beamed downward only. Beneath the material is a detector which counts the number of rays that get through to it, recording on a dial or graph variations in thickness as minute as one percent. With tissue papers one percent can be as little as one thirty-thousandth of an inch. In some betameter hook-ups an operator watches the dial and when a variation is recorded he adjusts the flow of raw materials manually to maintain proper thickness. In others the whole operation is automatic, the betameter itself controlling the flow.

Betameters cost five thousand to ten thousand dollars and IPL has built and sold more than a hundred of them in the last five years.

In pre-betameter days, weight and thickness of sheet materials were checked by haphazard and periodic sampling. Experienced papermen would pat the paper sheet coming off a machine or squeeze it between their fingers. Paper, roofing materials and other such products were often checked by cutting a strip off each roll and weighing it. Such sampling methods frequently covered no more than one part in ten thousand and a machine could be turning out a faulty underweight or overweight product for a long period before it was detected.

Indicative of the extent to which some industries rely on the instrument, production of automobile radiators came to a standstill for twenty-four hours this fall when a betameter at the Anaconda American Brass plant in New Toronto was damaged. Anaconda, the largest Canadian producer of brass coils for radiators, refused to work until technicians from Isotope Products Ltd. got the betameter functioning again.

The application of coatings, like wax or glue on paper, or asphalt on roofing, can be controlled with an isotope device that is actually two betameters hooked in tandem. One betameter measures thickness before coating, the other after, then they automatically subtract to indicate the coating thickness and correct any deviation of flow.

Atomic radiation can also measure a material's density as well as its thickness. Using gamma rays, the density gauge probes through the steel walls of

# HIDE THIS PAGE FROM DAD -



*the Christmas gift he really wants is right here!*

Yes, dad could really enjoy those long winter evenings at home—if he had a Beaver Power Tool to work on.

With a Beaver, he could make tables, chairs and hundreds of other useful things. Why, dad could save the family a lot of money—and get the biggest thrill of his life doing it!

You can see the complete line of strong, budget-priced Beaver Power Tools at almost any large hardware store in town. Your Beaver dealer can tell you which woodworking machine dad would like best. He can also tell you about the many accessories dad can use when he owns a Beaver. Things like moulding heads, dado cutters, sanding discs and drums, grinding wheels, mortising attachments and many others. These things make a man's eyes shine. And they make Beaver the most versatile line of power tools on the market!

*So see your Beaver dealer soon. Have him wrap up a lifetime of enjoyment for dad this Christmas!*

B5512

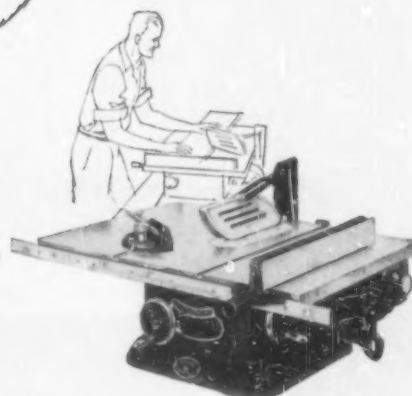
## BEAVER POWER TOOLS

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING CO. OF CANADA, LTD.

BEAVER POWER TOOL DIVISION

GUELPH

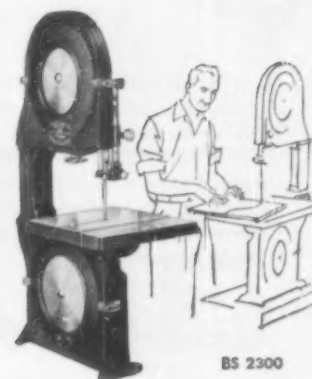
ONTARIO



CS 2200



JS 2100



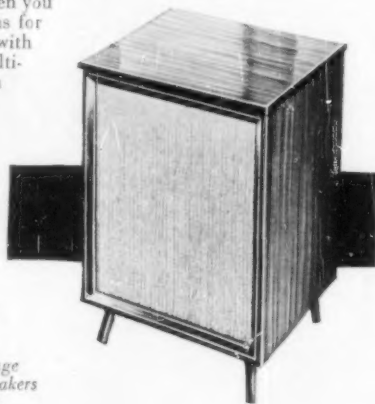
BS 2300

**Now even the thickness of tissue paper is measured by sensitive isotope rays**

## have you heard true hi-fidelity?

Hi-Fidelity is unmistakable when you hear it. Columbia Phonographs for 1956 provide music lovers with that thrill of recognizing the ultimate in sound. With Columbia you can hear all the instrumental notes and voice cadences that have previously been lost in sound reproduction. Your Columbia phonograph dealer invites you to thrill to true Hi-Fidelity! Eight models to choose from.

The "360" K in stunning console model 428—ultra high fidelity combined with graceful contemporary design. Extended range PM and Columbia Kilosphere speakers for super Hi-Fi reception. \$259.95



# COLUMBIA

## phonographs

Made and Sold in Canada by Addisons Limited



FOR CHRISTMAS—MATCHLESS VERSATILITY IN

## ANSCO SUPER MEMAR

no other 35 mm camera offers you all these quality features: F3.5 Anastigmat lens. Prontor SVS shutter, full range of speeds. Fully M-X-V synchronized for all lamps and strobe outfits at all settings. Built-in self timer; extra-bright coupled coincidence range finder in single window with view finder. Thumb lever film transport, a single motion transports film, counts exposure sets shutter and many other features only \$75.00. Cowhide case 9.35. Flash unit 8.95.

# ANSCO

OF CANADA LIMITED • TORONTO, CANADA

P.S. New Ansco All Weather Pan Film "SEES RED" for Brighter Black & White.

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## Workmen had to clear the pipeline to save the world from radioactive gophers

tanks or pipes to record the density of fluids inside, detecting changes of one tenth of one percent. In pipelines where different products such as gasoline, crude or fuel oil are following each other with nothing separating them, a density gauge outside the pipe signals the approach of a different product so that it can be diverted into its proper storage tank. The sensitive gamma rays even detect a density change as slight as that between regular and premium gasolines.

IPL recently installed a density gauge in the plant of a Wisconsin producer of foam rubber to control the mixing of air in the liquid latex. This more accurate control is now sharply cutting the firm's rubber requirements and saving tens of thousands of dollars a year. "Our product is better and more uniform, despite the fact we are now selling a lot more air in it," a company executive says. Alcock and his scientific team are now working on a similar instrument to control the mixing of air in ice cream. "Ice cream makers are allowed by law to mix in a certain proportion of air for lightness and smoothness," Alcock explains. "Since air is cheap, they want to use all the air the law allows." At present they have to check by weight, a slow and inaccurate method. Alcock is confident that cobalt-60—the same isotope that is being successfully used in cancer treatment—will soon be policing ice cream production. (It won't make the ice cream radioactive; only an atomic pile like the one at Chalk River, or an exploding bomb itself, can make other substances radioactive.)

Another major field of IPL work is radiography. Gamma rays affect film just as X-rays do, but the gammas penetrate much thicker material and still have punch enough left to leave a record on film. Dr. Peter J. Stewart, secretary of the company, is its radiography chief.

When gamma rays are shot through something like an iron casting or a welded joint, more rays get through wherever an internal flaw like a crack or air bubble offers less obstruction. These flaws are sharply outlined on film as black spots or lines.

IPL radiography crews have inspected the weld joints in hundreds of miles of oil pipelines from Texas to Alaska, moving along behind the welders and calling them back for rewelding whenever the gamma ray cameras detect faulty work. "A pipeline in which every joint has been checked by gamma radiography will safely carry a much higher pressure," Stewart explains.

On one job IPL radiographers walked six hundred and fifty miles across muskeg and bush of the Yukon and Alaska, checking welds on a new U. S. Army pipeline running from Skagway to Fairbanks. They used a darkroom mounted on a heavy-duty three-quarter-ton truck that struggled along emergency roads behind the camera crews for much of the distance. The atom scientists had kibitzing onlookers even here—bears and gophers. The bears kept their distance, but the gophers quickly learned that the pipes were excellent ready-made gopher holes. Workmen had to clear each pipe carefully before welding to prevent the IPL radiographers behind them from inadvertently creating a new race of radioactive gophers.

Another job took Stewart's cameras forty feet underwater at the big Port

Alfred docks of the Aluminum Company of Canada on the Saguenay River in Quebec. Alcan officials feared that steel piles holding up the three-million-dollar dock were becoming dangerously pitted and corroded by sulphite wastes from a paper mill. Considerable corrosion was visible at water level but divers could see nothing in the murky water below. Stewart designed an underwater cobalt-60 camera set to reveal corrosion pits down to ten one-thousandths of an inch in depth, and he began shooting pictures through the steel beams. There was no serious underwater corrosion.

Their next assignment was radiographing rice kernels to detect the presence of weevil larvae. Weevil infestation was worrying rice importers and IPL was asked to help by the Ontario Research Foundation.

Isotope Products Ltd. was born, at least as an idea, the moment the news teletype machines clicked out the news of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, Japan. At the time Don Brunton, now IPL president, was visiting the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York, in connection with wartime radar research he was doing for Canada's National Research Council. He happened to be watching the teletype machines at mid-town Radio City the instant the great news flashed through.

"I knew at once our radar project would never be needed," he recalls. "And I knew that atomic energy would now be opening up a vast new field of industrial engineering. It struck me suddenly, as I read the Hiroshima news, that atomic energy was the field to get into."

### On Their Way—But Where?

Brunton is a short heavy-set man who makes decisions quickly and speaks his mind bluntly. Once when he was doing postgraduate work in cosmic rays at the California Institute of Technology, he interrupted a lecture by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the famous physicist who headed the U. S. A-bomb project, and asked him to slow down because no one in the class was keeping up with him.

Brunton and Alcock had been classmates at Queen's University and at Cal. Tech. Then they went into radar research together. When Alcock, now IPL vice-president, returned from radar work overseas both of them switched to the atomic energy field with a vague understanding that sometime they would leave research and start applying atomics in the industrial engineering field. They got PhDs at McGill, did research at Chalk River for four years, then one night in 1950 at Brunton's home, Alcock said, "Well, hadn't we better get going?"

They were not very sure what atomic energy could do for industry but they had a firm faith that anything so versatile would find many uses. (Actually, they thought its main use would be in tracer work, an application which later proved to be of minor importance.)

They talked it over with Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, their boss at Chalk River. Mackenzie doubted if they would succeed but he was all for having them try. The National Research Council had planned for some time to survey private industry for possible atomic energy applications, and Mackenzie gave Brunton this assignment. For



three months Brunton toured the industries of eastern Canada ferreting out jobs the atom could do. He found that the potential market for atomic energy looked larger than even they had hoped for.

To round out their experience, Brunton and Alcock invited two other Chalk River scientists to join them—Peter Stewart, a chemical engineer, and Ron Maskell, an electronics technician. Between the four of them they raised twelve thousand dollars by cashing in pension funds, selling their cars and pooling savings. But they needed much more to set themselves up with a plant and equipment and they began looking for someone who would invest in their enterprise. The day they left Chalk River their two most promising financiers turned them down.

Gloomy and sceptical now, they rented a shabby concrete-block building on the eastern outskirts of Oakville, Ont., for sixty dollars a month. They expected to stay there two months while erecting a building of their own. They were in it two years.

"As businessmen, we had a lot to learn," Alcock says. "We made every mistake in the book."

Instead of concentrating on developing business to give them something against which to borrow for capital improvements, they immediately invested two thousand dollars in land on the northern outskirts of Oakville, a mile or so from the garage workshop, and five thousand dollars in building steel. Steel was scarce then; Alcock found where some was available, so they bought it. Known as "Alcock's five-thousand-dollar folly," it is still rusting away behind their present one-hundred-thousand-dollar one-story plant, because when they finally got around to building they learned that it was a type of steel they couldn't use.

With only five thousand dollars of their original stake left, they began remodeling the cold, abandoned garage they were renting. President, vice-president and secretary did practically all the work. They swabbed oil stains from the cement floor, made their own work benches, installed their own plumbing.

Meanwhile, money was running out fast. They rented a typewriter, because they couldn't afford to buy one, and began writing letters appealing for financial backing. Twice a day they haunted the Oakville post office, hoping the mail would bring them a surprise cheque from some sponsor.

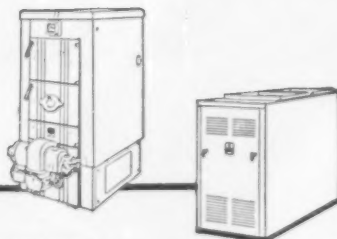
No cheque came. But one day they received a telephone call from a prominent Montreal engineer who thought he might raise some money from friends. "Would they come down and talk it over?" Brunton, Alcock and Stewart took the next train to Montreal. When they met the engineer—"the goose that was going to lay our golden egg"—he asked if they had a hotel reservation. They didn't. "I'll fix it up for you," he offered. He took them to the hotel and they found that he had reserved a thirty-dollar-a-day suite.

They settled down in their luxurious surroundings, thanked him for his great generosity and began explaining their company and its business prospects. At noon, still listening attentively, the engineer ordered an expensive dinner sent up to the suite. The Oakville trio thanked him again and began secretly complimenting themselves on having at last found someone interested who apparently had money to spend. The lavish spending went on for two days. When they checked out, Brunton said casually to the hotel cashier that he understood their engineer host had arranged to pay the bill. But the engineer, it turned out, had made no such arrangements. The bill was almost



Bringing coals from a neighbour's.

## Good Heating (the kind you want today) begins...



**CRANE LIMITED:**  
General Office: 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal  
7 Canadian Factories • 26 Canadian Branches

**ASSOCIATED COMPANIES:**  
Canadian Potteries Limited  
Port Hope Sanitary Manufacturing Company Limited  
Crane Steelware Limited  
Alliance Ware, Ltd.  
Warden King Limited

with a complete and up-to-date central heating system, such as you can count on Crane-quality equipment to provide.

Because of modern developments in heating equipment—many of them pioneered by Crane—you have the right to expect a heating system that gives continuing satisfaction. Be sure to consult your plumbing and heating contractor.

He'll check your requirements, advise you on the type of modern system best suited for your home. And he will provide and install the right Crane equipment—whether for hot water or warm air, for coal, coke, oil or gas—to give you the efficient, comfortable heat you want.

Most people prefer Crane... and

# CRANE

quality costs no more

# *It's The Talk*





# ...k of the Test Drivers!

## THE FABULOUS '56 PONTIAC IS THE LIVELIEST, SMOOTHEST THING ON WHEELS!



Ever try to impress a test driver? Believe us, it isn't easy!

So—we're tremendously proud to report that the '56 Pontiac has these experts cheering. They're excited about the stepped-up horsepower of the Strato-Six and Strato-

Flash V8 engines in the Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe and Laurentian series. And they're really buzzing about the 205 h.p. Strato-Streak V8 in the 860 and 870 series, and the fabulous 227 h.p. version teamed with brand-new, fluid-flow Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic in the Star Chiefs.

Yes, it's a fact! Altogether Pontiac for '56 offers you a choice of FIVE engines . . . a choice of THIRTEEN different power teams—each engineered to deliver superlative performance. And you don't need a test track to prove it.

Traffic will tell you. Here's "stop-and-go" response that matches the speed of your thoughts. A hill will help. High or low, it's left behind without a sign of effort. And passing definitely pins it down. Gun it and instant, buoyant power sweeps you smoothly past the loitering truck ahead.

A few miles of this and you're really convinced. For this is living as you've never lived on wheels before!

To be sure, there's more to charm you in this glamorous '56 Pontiac. The safety of big, authoritative brakes. The security of finer controls, sure-footed cornering, a super-steady new ride. New beauty and luxury that brilliantly mirror tomorrow.

But, above all, it's the fabulous "go" that gets you!

There'll be pride in your heart, a torrent at your toe-tip. And what more could anyone want?

# '56 Pontiac

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

one hundred and fifty dollars and the three of them had less than one hundred between them. They phoned several Montreal friends and scraped up fifty dollars so they could pay the bill and start for home. A week later their engineer friend wrote that he had regretfully found it impossible to interest any of his friends in the Oakville investment.

Three months had passed. Isotope Products Ltd. hadn't yet been able to either earn or borrow a cent. The original twelve thousand dollars was almost gone. They now had a staff—a

stenographer who had to work with coat and snowboots on to keep warm in the draughty uninsulated building.

"We were always scheming to maintain a false front for prospective customers," Alcock recalls. "When a prospect phoned and offered to come to Oakville to discuss a job personally, we always made excuses to keep him away and arranged to see him in his own office. Anyone seeing the shack we were working in would have lost confidence in us at once."

They had only one telephone, and when someone would ask for the "sales

department," whoever had picked up the phone would say, "I'll connect you." Then he would click the receiver and call over someone else to carry on the conversation in a different voice but still on the same phone.

Once a Montreal prospect telephoned and asked to have a salesman visit his Montreal plant. Brunton said he was sorry, but "the whole sales staff" was tied up with other appointments. "Would you have a man coming to Toronto anytime soon?" Brunton asked. "Probably one of our people could meet you for a short time there."

A Toronto meeting was arranged. Actually, IPL at that time couldn't afford to gamble train fare to Montreal and back.

Many prospects were developing but there was still no revenue coming in.

Then one day their phone rang. Peter Stewart answered it, and a voice asked, "Can you chase pigs?" Stewart knew that "chasing pigs" was an operation connected in some way with the oil pipeline business, not farming. Furthermore he had a vague recollection of having read that somewhere in the Middle East atomic radiation had been successfully used in a "pig chasing" operation. So he replied, "We certainly can."

It was the Interprovincial Pipe Line Company; they wanted a pig chased from Regina to the Manitoba-U. S. border south of Winnipeg, about three hundred miles; they wanted the job started next day, and how much would it cost? Whatever the job was, Stewart knew too well that IPL needed it. He bargained for more time but had to guarantee that they would start in two days. He promised to wire back in an hour, stating the cost.

The husband of their stenographer was an oilman. The stenographer called him immediately and asked, "What's a pig?" He explained that in oilmen's jargon a "pig" is the big scraper or wire brush forced periodically through pipelines to clean them inside. The pigs sometimes jammed at valves or elbows and when that happened it often took days to find them.

Stewart decided it would be a simple matter to attach a radioactive source on the pig, then follow its progress with a geiger counter. He wired Interprovincial: "Prepared to start in two days stop cost is hundred dollars per day."

#### Where Did the Beer Stop?

Stewart hired an assistant, Geoffrey Leighton, another Chalk River scientist, who has been with IPL ever since. Then he borrowed plane fare from the bank, had a capsule of cobalt-60 sent to Regina from Chalk River and within twenty-four hours he and Leighton were flying west. Three weeks later IPL had successfully completed its first job. Stewart returned triumphantly to Oakville with two thousand dollars. Isotope Products Ltd. had won at least a short reprieve from bankruptcy.

Meanwhile Brunton and Alcock were working night and day, developing a level gauge which could be run up the side of a tank to reveal the level of fluids inside. Actually, it was a type of density gauge that would flash a signal at the level where fluid stopped and air began. John Labatt Ltd., the London, Ont., brewing company, was interested in the gauge for checking the level of beer in storage tanks. For IPL much was at stake because Labatt's was the only large company remaining that was still considering IPL's request for financial assistance. It was vital that the level gauge make a good impression.

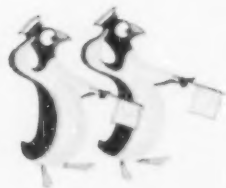
The gauge was tested for weeks in the ramshackle Oakville atomic laboratory. Slowly the bugs were eliminated and it was working perfectly. Proudly Alcock and Brunton carried their gadget to London for the crucial demonstration. Labatt's officials, from vice-presidents down, gathered in the refrigerated room where the beer storage tanks were located. Brunton, holding the long-handled level gauge, explained that it could be rolled up the outside of a tank and would automatically flash a light when it reached the level of fluid inside. He carried it to the closest tank, turned it on, and

## It's sparkling light...

## It's dry...



## It's CROWN & ANCHOR lager beer



For cheery refreshment, here's the lager that's light, bright and right!

Try Crown & Anchor Lager Beer. Enjoy its pleasant flavour... its fresh, clean taste. Chances are you'll say, "This DRY beer is MY beer".

a product of **MOLSON'S** Brewers since 1786





the light immediately began flashing erratically.

"It was the most embarrassing moment of my life," Brunton says. "It was pathetic. I almost wept. We coaxed and tinkered but that gauge wouldn't work at all."

They returned to Oakville, feeling certain that the level gauge fiasco had killed all chances of financial assistance from Labatt's. They re-tested the instrument in their own lab. It worked perfectly again. Finally they determined that the cold temperature of Labatt's storage room had prevented the electronic portion of the instrument from operating properly. It was a trivial defect, easy to correct, but they were too embarrassed to contact Labatt's again.

At this point Isotope Products Ltd. was practically finished. There were many other instruments they were sure could be developed, but it would need time and money and they barely had enough money now to pay the rent. They worked for another couple of weeks on early forms of what later became their betameter. During this period Alcock's wife discovered one Monday morning that someone had stolen the wringer from her washing machine. Alcock admitted sheepishly that he had had to borrow it for their betameter. Mrs. Alcock never got it back. The first betameter they later sold still had the wringer built into it.

Brunton advised Stewart and Maskell to learn if their old Chalk River jobs were still available. He said he and Alcock would wait one more month before throwing in the towel.

But before Stewart and Maskell were ready to leave, Brunton received a telephone call from a Labatt's executive. The Labatt's board of directors, then in session, had been discussing the Oakville company and the board had decided that it would like to interview IPL's bosses. Brunton hung up the phone and yelled. He, Alcock, Stewart and Maskell dashed around, got their suits cleaned and pressed, their hair cut, and next day the four of them were ushered nervously before the Labatt's board.

The chairman told them that Labatt's looked upon isotope instruments as a development that might become of great importance in the future. He said Labatt's was willing to encourage it now in its experimental period, and asked how much money they needed. Brunton asked for forty thousand dollars.

The chairman's brow wrinkled. He tapped the table with his fingers. Brunton's hopes slumped. He had asked for too much.

"Forty thousand," the chairman repeated. "You can't build a plant and equip it for that. Have you allowed for your own salaries for a year?" (Brunton shook his head.) "And depreciation, a sales staff . . . ?"

Brunton and his three partners realized suddenly that they were being bargained up, not down! An hour later they walked out with a guarantee of one hundred and ten thousand dollars under a deal that still left them in control of their company.

Isotope Products Ltd. was on its way. And one of the first expenditures under its unaccustomed solvency was a new wringer for Mrs. Alcock's washing machine. ★

## The Flowering of Joe Bloor's Bog

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

their fortunes ride as much with the subway crowd as with the Cadillac trade. "This isn't a snob section," says president G. Langtry Evans, who owns a music store. "Anybody can buy anything here, at any price."

Hence, while some establishments unabashedly ask \$2,000 for a dress,

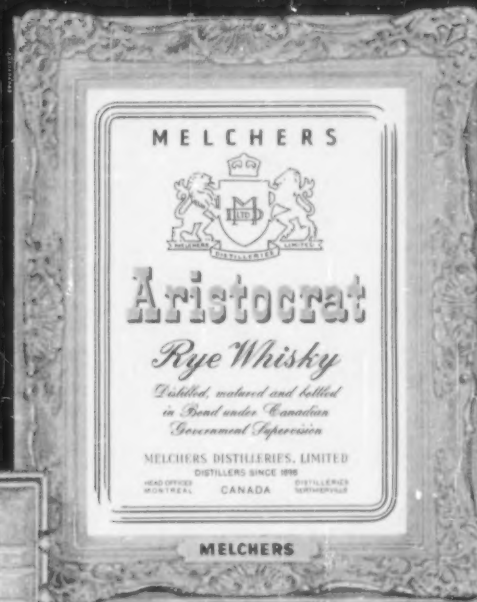
\$40,000 for a coat, \$10,000 for a suit of armor, \$65,000 for a picture and fifty cents for half a cup of coffee, there are others where the shopper can ferret out bargains in everything from sack suits to prayer beads and where the proprietors hawk their wares, literally, from high heaven—from airplanes, rigged with loudspeakers, buzzing the district.

This booming bazaar is rich in contrasts. Though Bloor and its extension, Danforth Ave., sweeps twelve miles across Toronto, The Mink Mile is only a short part of it. Starting at Jarvis St., amid a cluster of stately

insurance buildings, it runs west to Varsity Stadium where pro football players knock heads on autumn afternoons.

In between, it spills over into brief blocks of Yonge and Bay Streets and Avenue Road—three of the city's chief arteries—and such tiny byways as Petticoat Lane, Cumberland and Yorkville Streets, a locale that produced both Lionel Conacher, the athlete, and Norman J. (Red) Ryan, the noted criminal. It skirts the University of Toronto campus, the huge Royal Ontario Museum and the rickety little

*Masterpieces  
Both...*



THE 8 YEAR OLD REAL RYE

Aristocrat . . . full bodied, full flavoured Real Rye Whisky made principally from rye grain and with the mellowness that time alone can achieve.

MELCHERS GOLDEN LUXURY DRY GIN

Garrison Club . . . subtly different and "soft" to the taste. A combination of the distiller's art and the costliest ingredients.

Aristocrat Rye Whisky... Garrison Club Dry Gin...

...truly masterpieces of the distiller's art and both a tribute to your good taste and judgment.

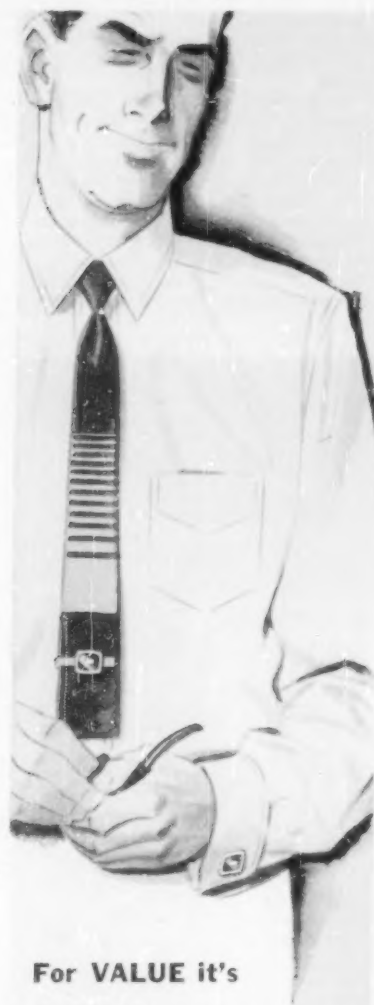
**MELCHERS**

Distillers of Fine Quality Liquors.

MELCHERS DISTILLERIES LIMITED, MONTREAL, P. Q.

### IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly. The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that we cannot guarantee the mailing of even a single issue beyond the period covered by your subscription. To avoid disappointment, your renewal order should be mailed to us promptly when you receive the "expiration" notice.



**For VALUE it's  
CLOVER CLUB  
by FORSYTH**

If you're looking for a shirt that looks well—and wears well—you'll find everything you want in Clover Club! The wearability of fine English broadcloth plus meticulous attention to details of style and workmanship, make the Forsyth Clover Club an outstanding value at \$5.95.

Highlight your Forsyth shirt with Forsyth ties and jewelry. You'll gain the added distinction of fashion-right accessories.

FORSYTH TIE \$2.00  
CUFF LINKS AND TIE BAR \$6.50

**NEW! EXCLUSIVE  
LINKUFF**

- Single cuff, styled for cuff links
- easier to link
- neater—trimmer
- ends cuff wrinkling
- easier to wash and iron



shack in which a pauper artist named Tom Thomson mixed his bold colors. It now includes the posh Park Plaza Hotel in whose rooftop bar ladies of the *beau monde* sip brandy Alexanders, and also the Babloom Hotel, two blocks removed, where draft beer costs a dime.

But The Mink Mile is best known for its splendid stores, especially its many salons of *haute couture*. In the district there are twenty fur shops—retailing everything from luxurious Russian sable coats to mink brassières—and some of them fill orders from far away. A few years back, for example, a woman in Cairo, Egypt, mailed a picture of an inexpensive fur piece to Stan Walker's, on Yonge just south of Bloor, and asked for a duplicate. Duly made, it was followed by fatter orders. In time came a request for a silver-blue mink coat, along with vital statistics (a classic 35-24½-35) and an explanation that this, like all previous orders, was for Farida, then wife of King Farouk.

To his knowledge furrier Jean Courtot, late of Paris and London, has never sheltered a queen from the cold, but he has had customers with regal tastes. Not long ago a wealthy Toronto woman ordered a coat to be made of the type of sable the Czars wore. Sadly, Courtot told her the precious pelts just weren't to be had. The lady insisted. "But, madame," he said, "to get such skins, I, myself, would have to go personally to Russia, and the cost..." "Fine," she replied. "I'll pay your way." Courtot declined graciously.

If Bloor's customers can be insistent, so can many of its merchants. A case in point is Jack Creed, who made Queen Elizabeth's twenty-thousand-dollar white ermine coat, a wedding gift from the IODE, and whose clientele includes Barbara Ann Scott, Lillian Gish, Mrs. Jascha Heifetz and a large section of Canada's social set. Creed, a proud craftsman, once spied a woman walking by his store in one of his coats. Calling her in, he summoned the coat's designer. "Look at what has gone out of here as a Creed coat!" he bawled. "Look at the cut of this sleeve..." The woman uttered a startled cry as Creed cut off her sleeve, threw it to the floor and stamped on it. "Look at the drape of this collar! And the match of this panel..." Bit by bit a six-thousand-dollar mink was ripped apart. "Make her a whole new coat," he ordered.

"But the customer was satisfied," the designer pleaded.

"Never mind the customer!" roared Creed. "It is I who must be satisfied."

This fierce pride of product is not Creed's alone. It is shared by, among others, Madame Cornelia Berceller. An operatic singer in Budapest before coming to Canada sixteen years ago, she has been a designer of dresses, suits, coats and hats ever since. ("Eet is not so strange, dolling. There must be a melody, a lilt, to good clothes, too.")

Cornelia's gowns, which start fittingly at three hundred dollars and are positively symphonic at two thousand, are not simply come by. To see Madame in her Bloor Street salon, a resplendence of gilded mirrors, satin drapes and crystal chandeliers, one must make an appointment. Even admitted to the huge sanctum where Cornelia labors, attired in slacks, sweater and pearls, the prospective client must first have a long chat with Madame about this and that. Cornelia's motto is: "Eeef I do not cleek weeth her, or don't like her, I cannot create for her." Cornelia says if a customer clicks, she hears out the lady's desires and ponders them in her bath. She then creates something on her drawing board that, translated into a lacy, laboriously embroidered ball dress, helps shore up her position as one of Canada's top couturiers.

Another ranking artisan is Tibor de Nagay, a tall dark Hungarian who works in a small Bloor Street shop that is identified by his personal coat of arms. A student of Dior and the late Jacques Fath, de Nagay has costumed, among others, singers Ethel Merman and Marguerite Piazza.

In addition to these relatively small houses, there are such large and eminent stores as Morgan's and Holt Renfrew, which retail the costly inventions of Dior, Maximilian, Hattie Carnegie and other panjandrums of fashion. Each fall, debts for the Artillery Ball, Toronto's big coming-out dance, emerge from their fitting rooms gowned and accessoried and everlastingly grateful to dear old dad. And for the forty-five-dollar-a-week stenographer, the district has a whole assortment of less pretentious places—called simply dress shoppes—where copies of Paris originals go at a fraction the price.

**Hats From the Soul**

Among the district's smaller shops is the French *boutique* of Cézanne, on Cumberland Street. One of half a dozen custom milliners in the district, Cézanne, alias Mrs. Louisiana Brocklebank, sees her duty to make women happy and does it with weird and wonderful headpieces priced from \$12.50 up to \$175—the latter made entirely of mink. Cézanne, who describes herself as "arty and screwballish," employs exceptional materials. "Into each hat," she declares, "goes some of my soul."

Besides soulful hats, Bloor Street has also "philosophical furniture." Modern in style, more Sartre than Socrates, it is designed and sold by Jacques Farber, a thirty-five-year-old Swiss architect who calls his gleaming glass and gold showplace, oddly, California Interiors. "My creations," says Farber, "have pure clean lines and they express this philosophy in the home for all to see. Neat furniture makes neat people."

At Farber's the most cogent of chesterfields costs \$2,500 while a block away, at Shelagh's, one may be had for \$100. A trove of endless variety in product and price, the Bloor district has diamond tiaras for \$100,000 at Birks, the jewelers, and earrings at Zeller's and Woolworth's for forty-nine cents. There are shops that deal exclusively in filmy lingerie, shops that sell exotic foods, rare books, do-it-

yourself Easter bonnet kits, \$1,200 vases that weigh 1,500 pounds, \$2 sneakers and \$45 Oxfords of ostrich leather. At the Holland Curiosity Shop there is a very old suit of ready-to-wear armor priced at \$10,000 and a Borneo head-hunter's sword with human skin attached. Here, also, is the home of Ashley and Crippen, Toronto's most expensive society photographers, where \$2,000 buys the most super-deluxe wedding job by dinner-jacketed cameramen.

Culturally, the Bloor district boasts two of the city's finest movie theatres, the Towne Cinema and the University; three art galleries, the Institute of International Affairs, the Volkoff School of the Dance, the publishing house of J. M. Dent and Sons and Dora Mavor Moore's New Play Society, which performs modern drama in an old coach house off Bloor. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra's Prom Concerts are held, strangely enough, in a hockey rink—Varsity Arena—on Bloor Street. Close by, but on the other end of the musical scale, is the House of Hambourg, a dim smoky cellar along the lines of a Paris bistro where spaghetti and meat balls is served up with hot jazz. It is presided over by Clement Hambourg, a classical musician with long white hair and a broader viewpoint than most.

Not far away are Mary Millichamp's restaurant, where society ladies drink tea in the garden; the York Club, one of Toronto's pukka gentlemen's clubs; and the Embassy night club, which once changed owners in a poker game. But the most unusual place of refreshment is the Concerto, an *avant-garde* café on Bloor Street where a retired British Army brigadier, Claude Dewhurst, serves light meals, "a whole host of comic little cocktail snacks," and thirteen different brews of coffee.

The Concerto is often overcrowded but Dewhurst, wanting seats to be at a premium, refuses to expand. "A place like this," he says, "must have snob appeal." It has been visited by such celebrities as Ed Sullivan and French mime Marcel Marceau and has a steady clientele of immigrants of every tongue, plus men with beards who are roughly identified as artists.

As varied as its present make-up is Bloor Street's past. Since Joseph Bloor's time it has alternately been a row of taverns, of fine mansions, of faded mansions and of ill-assorted stores. When it was widened, in 1929,





\$1,200  
ds, \$2  
ostrich  
y Shop  
dy-to-  
0 and  
l with  
lso, is  
n, To-  
hotog-  
most  
inner-

boasts  
eatres,  
ersity;  
of In-  
School  
use of  
Mavor  
h per-  
coach  
Sym-  
ts are  
ockey  
street.  
of the  
Ham-  
g the  
ghetti  
h hot  
ement  
with  
point

amp's  
drink  
o, one  
clubs;  
which  
game.  
resh-  
garde  
stired  
Dew-  
whole  
cks,"  
ee.  
dwded  
at a  
place  
snob  
such  
ench  
as a  
very  
o are

up is  
seph  
en a  
a, of  
rted  
929,



Gracious Way to say "Merry Christmas"

# Give a Ronson

A Ronson is one gift that's sure of a happy sincere welcome on Christmas morning. Its very name says "quality" and reflects your own good taste and thoughtfulness. And there are so many beautiful, practical Ronsons to choose from—that picking one to suit everyone on your list is no trouble at all. They start as low as \$4.50 too—make it easy to keep your budget intact. Instead of tramping 'round the stores this December, just take your Christmas list to your nearest Ronson counter. Here are just a few of the handsome models waiting for you:

**RONSON**

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTERS AND ELECTRIC SHAVERS



**THE ESSEX**  
Svelte and streamlined, it features Ronson's exclusive swivel base. From \$8.95.\*



**THE CAPRI**  
Featuring the new closed-in silhouette and exclusive swivel base. From \$8.95.\*



**THE VIKING**  
Ronson's famous gas lighter with a jet flame for pipes, regular flame for cigarettes. \$10.95.\*



**THE TRIUMPH**  
Modern taper-shape design, exclusive swivel base fueling. Priced from \$6.95.\*



**THE ADONIS**  
Extra slim—shown here in feminine floral design. \$11.95.\* Other finishes from \$8.95.\*



**THE TEMPO**  
The sweeping, modern look in table lighters. Sparkling chromium or with tortoise or black enamel trim. \$9.95.\*



**THE TROPICANA**  
Unusual ceramic ash tray and lighter set in shades of tropical foliage. Beautifully gift packaged. \$16.50.\*



**THE DECOR**  
Table lighter in jeweler's bronze and lucite with fabric that can be changed to match any decor. \$14.50.\*



**THE QUEEN ANNE**  
A table lighter of traditional beauty in gleaming silver plate. \$11.00.\*



**THE TROPHY**  
Conversation piece table or desk lighter with colourful scenes under lucite. \$14.50.\*

\*Suggested retail price

## BRIG O' DOON



The bridge of Bobbie Burns' poem "Tam O' Shanter" still serves old Alloway town where the poet spent his boyhood, hard by Prestwick of international airport fame. Tam's inn, the cottages of Burns, and the spot where he and "Highland Mary" pledged their love are maintained as shrines to Scotland's minstrel.

# Grant's

## SCOTCH WHISKY

Grant's Scotch Whisky is the International Label of the house of Grant's, a worthy partner of our Best Procurable, for generations a most respected name in Canada.



TIME WILL TELL

This Christmas, be a **"FOUR STAR PARCEL POSTER"** AND ENSURE SAFE, SPEEDY DELIVERY!

**1 WRAP 'EM RIGHT!**  
in strong paper!

**2 TIE 'EM RIGHT!**  
with strong cord!

**3 ADDRESS 'EM RIGHT!**  
clearly, completely, without abbreviations, with return address outside and in!

**4 MAIL 'EM EARLY!**  
using correct postage... if in doubt have parcel weighed!

50-PO-9

CANADA POST OFFICE



local merchants flatly predicted that it would be the street of Toronto. But a depression and a war intervened. Not until the mid-Forties did small specialty shops begin to move in, attracted by its central location and lower-than-downtown rents. Then, five years ago, Morgan's of Montreal spent more than a million dollars to open its first Toronto store on the street. Its manager, L. A. Carmichael, attributes much of Bloor's subsequent development to the high-toning effect of Morgan's. Creed's, which has been on Bloor much longer and now occupies three-hundred-thousand-dollar quarters, also takes credit. "Where Creed's is," Jack Creed has said, "the street will be."

### Big News From a Rented Plane

Another factor was that, in 1951, the local merchants started waving flags. This began when Stan Walker Jr., Farouk's furrier, approached the Yonge-Bloor-Bay members with the radical thought that while no one of them could hope to compete with downtown—dominated by the twin giants of Canadian merchandising, Eaton's and Simpson's—collectively they could. The time was right, for Toronto's new subway, then being built, had downtown in a muddy mess.

Walker's first idea was to keep Bloor district shops open on Friday nights. Only about half of the merchants agreed. With a rented airplane flying over the district shouting the great news, the first Friday night "open house" was a huge success and soon the other reluctant merchants were cashing in on it.

To draw attention, they staged treasure hunts, paid pipers to play along Bloor and held Christmas parties for the kids of busy shoppers. They engaged a public relations man, Paul Morton, who stole the Easter Parade from the Sunnyside Boardwalk two years ago and brought it to Bloor Street. Now, at Easter, a hundred models stroll the street in borrowed

finery—some wearing hats enhanced by live chicks—and Bloor Street has one hundred thousand fashion-conscious souls gazing into its windows.

Whatever the reasons for Bloor's boom, the results are impressive. In the last five years haberdasher Frank Stollery has gleefully watched his annual turnover leap forty percent, to seven hundred thousand dollars a year. In that time, the district as a whole has doubled its earnings. Property values have zoomed. Bloor Street land that sold for little more than a thousand dollars in 1950, now fetches many times that sum. Recently the Toronto Transit Commission needed ten feet of Bloor Street for a streetcar loop. The owner asked—and got—sixty thousand dollars for it.

The Bloor district's future seems assured. Canada's first subway, running north and south under Yonge, has made it easier for tens of thousands of additional shoppers to reach Bloor. Soon it's to be followed by a second subway, going east and west, and the two will cross at Bloor, marking the spot with an underground X. Smart new stores are opening almost daily and their windows glisten with temptation. "In a few years," predicts bookseller Roy Britnell, "Fifth Avenue will be pleased to call itself the Bloor Street of the United States."

To most outsiders this may sound like typical Toronto talk. But to some of Bloor's more ardent parishioners the comparison isn't at all farfetched. Three years ago the brothers Steve and Don Barootes opened a restaurant on Bloor, near the bustling intersection of Yonge, and named it the Fifth Avenue. After that, though impressed with the splendor of the street's new stores, Steve kept searching for some sign that their restaurant was well named. Several weeks ago he saw it: a handsome blonde walked in, framed in fur and leading a clipped French poodle. The poodle was wearing a matching mink collar, with rhinestone buckle.

"Hey, Don!" he phoned his brother who was at home. "Fifth Avenue just arrived!" ★



## What's the Future for Bread?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

"torpedo" sandwiches, and there's mixed-grain loaf, potato loaf, low-calorie loaf, salt-free bread for special diets, cracked-wheat bread and cheese bread and roman meal and pumpernickel. Then there are a dozen "health breads," including one with a list of contents that reads like an agricultural inventory: it contains white, whole-wheat, rye and barley flours, caramel and molasses, sesame seeds, yeast, salt, honey, malt, oatmeal, soybean meal, and dehydrated carrot, spinach, kelp, lettuce, pumpkin, cabbage, celery and parsley.

But above all there is white bread, at once the mainstay and the bugbear of the Canadian baking industry. Mainstay because more Canadians buy it, by far, than all other types of bread; bugbear because it is the target for almost all the criticisms leveled against modern bread and its flavor, digestibility and nutrition value. As early as the turn of the century, milling techniques which continued to "improve" bread while people began to eat less of it had achieved superfine, pure white flour so low in nutrition that even the National Council of the Baking Industry in Canada would claim for its white bread no more than that it was "an economical calorie food." White flour is created by using chiefly the starchy body of the wheat grain, known as the endosperm, and sifting out most of the wheat's "skins" and germ which contain the greater part of the vitamins and iron. The extent to which eaters of plain white bread are robbed of wheat's nutritive values has been cited by Lord Horder, late physician to the Royal Family, who made a crucial wartime report on bread values to the British Ministry of Food:

"Wheat milled into white flour loses four fifths of its thiamine, more than half its riboflavin, four fifths of its niacin and two thirds of its iron. It also loses protein, ash, fibre and half a dozen other elements believed to be of some undefined nutritional value. The only thing that is added to flour by denaturing is carbohydrate . . . starch."

Canadian bakers maintain they have no personal preference for white bread, but the majority of their customers insist on it. They point to that fact as one of the many illogicalities they face as bread producers. In the last quarter century scarcely a single authoritative voice has been raised in praise of white bread, while sound nutritionists and food faddists alike have made the name "whole wheat" practically synonymous with "good nutrition." The result, according to G. Cecil Morrison, an Ottawa baker, is that "people talk whole-wheat bread but reach for the white." Another baker complains: "Every time we put on a campaign for whole-wheat bread, our sales go up—sales of white bread, that is."

Bakers recall, too, the "Canada Approved" bread debacle which resulted from Canadians' insistence on white bread—very white bread. Early in the war the Canadian government, backed by the nation's nutritionists, decided to do something to improve the food value of white bread as a hedge against likely rationing and shortages of other foods. The simplest solution would, of course, have been for people to eat whole-wheat bread. But long experience had shown that the majority simply would not. So the nutritionists borrowed and modified the formula already adopted successfully by beleaguered Britain,

where the people were eating with a minimum of grumbling a grey bread made of flour in which eighty to eighty-five percent of the whole grain was retained (instead of seventy percent for ordinary white flour). For Canadians the "austerity" flour was a mere five to eight percent more "whole" than white flour, but the added nutrition resulted in a flecked appearance and—as the bakers had pessimistically predicted—Canadians did not like it. After the first fanfare of introduction, little was heard of "Canada Approved."

Over-all bread sales boomed during

the war though. With unprecedented employment for men and women in war plants, wives packed lunches for themselves, for husbands and for children in school; that and other "handy" uses for bread by busy people shot sales of baker's bread from a 1939 low of less than ninety pounds per person to a 1945-1946 level of 111 pounds. After 1946, though, sales started to sag sharply; with the death of "Canada Approved" bread the nutritionists were again crying havoc. And, in 1947, customers made a few unpleasant—if unscientific—comments on bread.

That was the year the Canadian baking industry assigned crews of survey takers to knock on hundreds of doors across the country and ask housewives what they thought of its products.

To the hopeful query "What do you like best about baker's bread?" one in four answered simply: "Nothing." An equal number either said they didn't use baker's bread, or that they bought it because it "saved time." Only one woman in each dozen admitted liking the taste of bought bread. When another question invited specific com-

# Wish them a Merry Christmas... with **Moirs** Chocolates

Say "Merry Christmas" in a very special way

... with soft creamy caramels, liquid cherries, nut meats, nougatines crispy and chewy pieces.

Say "Merry Christmas" with Moirs Chocolates, decked in gay Christmas wrappings.

Canadians make the finest chocolates in the world.

Buy Canadian—Keep Canadians employed.



*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*



Kasba—\$7.95

## Win his Heart with a Bluestone Shirt!

Here's a gal who knows how to get her man! If the man you love loves comfort, watch his face light up when you give him a Bluestone shirt cut for ease and action. There's such a wonderful choice of style and color in fine textured washable fabrics. Bluestone Shirts stand up to hard wear and look wonderful any time, any place.

Wherever you go, you'll see well-dressed men wearing Bluestone shirts and ties.

For the name  
of your nearest  
dealer write:



THE BLUESTONE CO., 525 BONSECOURS ST., MONTREAL



### OBTAIN YOUR CLOTHING WITHOUT DISBURSEMENT

Make Money easily, showing our illustrated, sampled catalogs, 1,000 garments needed by men, women, children. Generous commissions, bonuses, gifts, free publicity in your own name. Responsible firm having thousands of satisfied representatives throughout Canada. Available territories limited. Write immediately to

DU JOUR LINGERIE INC.  
4235-9 Iberville St., MONTREAL, P.Q.

*When coughing  
keeps you awake!*

Don't toss and turn. Take the  
original green cough syrup.

**WAMPOLE'S**

## CREO-TERPIN

Soothes irritation in the throat  
instantly—gives prompt, safe,  
lasting relief from obstinate  
coughs of colds.

Works from within to loosen  
phlegm—gets at areas not  
reached by ordinary cough  
syrups.

TRY IT... PROVE ITS EFFECTIVENESS

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

plaints, nearly three of every five housewives obliged: "Indigestible... full of air... poor food value... tasteless... quick to become stale... expensive... burned... under-baked... too hard... too salty... too artificial."

As if to show they meant what they said, the customers proceeded to buy less bread. In 1948 bread sales were a pound and a half per capita less than 1947; in 1949 the reduction was three and a half pounds over the year before, and in 1950 and 1951 the reduction was a whopping six pounds per person. The industry was badly in need of help.

In 1952 nutritionists, the baking industry and federal government representatives got together and decided to introduce white-flour enrichment into Canada. This was a legacy of union with Newfoundland. Eight years before, Newfoundland had started the experiment of restoring to white flour approximately the amount of thiamine, riboflavin, niacin and iron removed by "modern" milling methods. This island's doctors and teams of visiting experts from Canada and the United States were so impressed by the resulting improvement in the health of Newfoundlanders that the island government made enrichment compulsory—and insisted that the retention of the law for Newfoundland be part of the terms of union.

Beginning in February 1953, enrichment became permissive in the rest of Canada. Some dissenting voices objected to the term "enrichment" on the grounds that it was rather like saying that a person who had been robbed and subsequently received partial restitution was thereby "enriched." Nevertheless, it was a forward step, and many a business and political leader made speeches pointing to February 1, 1953 ("enrichment day"), as a new era in Canadian nutrition. The National Council of the Baking Industry issued a glossy brochure which proclaimed that "enrichment may prove to be the factor which will halt the declining per-capita consumption of bread." Today approximately ninety percent of all Canadian white bread is made of enriched flour.

The resulting publicity campaign on enrichment, along with diversification, attractive packaging and more aggressive selling, has halted the decline at least temporarily. But the industry is disappointed in the effect of enriched bread on sales. It knows it has not even begun to put bread back into what it considers its rightful place. But the industry also knows that it has not—yet—suffered financially from the spectacular dive in Canadian per-capita bread consumption of the first half of this century.

This seeming contradiction arises from the fact that while people were eating less and less bread from 1900 onward, they were buying more of what they did eat from bakers, and making less and less at home. Fifty-five years ago when Canadians ate 300 pounds of bread each per year, only 25 pounds was baker's bread. By 1924 the bakers' share was 78 pounds per person, by last year it was 105 pounds, and commercial baking had grown into the nation's twelfth largest industry, with sales of close to \$200,000,000 for bread alone, and upward of \$300,000,000 a year when allied bakery products were included.

### Can You Eat Twice as Much?

Another peculiar fact is that the per-capita reduction in bread consumption is not the result of any considerable number of people ceasing to eat bread. Almost everybody in Canada eats bread every day—but less bread. The fact that almost all Canadians remain persistent bread eaters is borne out by two surveys, one by a soup company and the other by the Department of National Health and Welfare. The soup-company survey, enquiring into Canadian food habits at breakfast, lunch and dinner, found that 93 percent of Canadian families ate bread at breakfast, 82 percent at lunch and 72 percent at dinner. This combination of percentages made it virtually certain that almost every Canadian ate bread at least once a day. The supposition was supported by the Canadian government survey, which asked people



"You don't have to come down here to make your payments, by the way — just turn around and hand the money to whoever's walking close behind you."



encountered at random what foods they had eaten in the previous twenty-four hours. Bread had been eaten by ninety-seven percent.

Who, then, loses by the sag in per-capita Canadian bread consumption? The wheat farmer loses less than might be supposed. Only a fraction of Canada's wheat production is potentially involved. The 105 pounds of bread Canadians now eat annually requires less than one tenth of our wheat crop, which has averaged half a billion bushels in recent years.

With this year's crop, plus last year's carryover, Canada has 981,000,000 bushels of wheat to dispose of. Even if every Canadian doubled his appetite for bread overnight, he could still make only a small, if welcome, dent in the country's wheat stocks.

In any case, wheat is a minority ingredient of the products of Canadian bakeries, certainly as far as costs are concerned. In 1953, the latest year for which full figures are available, bakers paid out \$129,000,000 for their ingredients. Of this less than half—\$58,000,000—went for flour and flour mixes. The rest went into wrappers, cartons and cellophane, and food stuffs like fats, yeast and eggs.

It is the bakers who are potentially the long-run losers in this picture of diminishing demand. The National Council of the Baking Industry made this clear three years ago in a statement to its members: "The baker must try to get a larger share of the consumer's dollar. His chief competitor is not another baker, but the processor and distributor of other foods."

"Other foods" are, indeed, a large part of the bakers' trouble. But there are others. Miss Corinne Terice, director of nutrition for the Bakery Foods Foundation of Canada, lists the following as the chief "unfriendly-to-bread" influences: competition of other foods; widespread dieting to lose weight; population movement from outdoor (high bread-eating) farm life to urban indoor (low bread-eating) life and other changes in the Canadian way of life.

Compared with the five years from 1935 to 1939, here is what happened to Canadian eating habits by 1943: per-capita flour consumption was down twenty-one percent; but green vegetables, milk, cheese, meat, poultry, fish, frozen fruit juices and canned citrus juice were all substantially up—the last named by two thousand percent.

"If you want to see bread's biggest competitor," comments Miss Terice, "look in any woman's shopping basket. It's full of fresh, canned and frozen foods from all over the world—foods that only a few years ago were luxuries or just not available. Bread has simply had to move over, make room for the newcomers, and take its rightful place in the Canadian diet."

As for the "environmental factor" in reduced bread eating, it suggests that the reason is much the same as the cause of the decline of red flannel underwear—efficiently heated homes, vehicles, offices and factories have reduced the need for calorie-stoking on anything like the scale required by pot-bellied stoves and straw-floored streetcars.

The effect of reducing diets on bread consumption is taken so seriously by the baking industry that last year the International Master Bakers Association's convention in Holland issued a plea to the world's doctors not to banish bread summarily from reducing diets. In Canada an estimated one person in five has dieted, is dieting, will diet or should diet, and the bakers' representatives try to influence doctors prescribing diets to say "cut down on

bread" rather than "cut out bread."

"One circumstance that brightens the bakers' picture is the fact that among loaf bread's comparatively new competitors is a seemingly endless variety of rolls and buns, doughnuts, fruit buns, muffins and assorted items the trade knows as "sweet goods." To an amazing extent, Ontario outconsumes the rest of Canada in bakery goods. Ontario, with roughly one third the population of Canada, eats only slightly more than her share of loaf bread—forty percent. But the Ontario minority eats seventy percent of

Canada's daily production of rolls and buns, sixty percent of the "sweet goods" and a full half of the doughnuts.

Other regional bread-eating habits follow the industry's pattern of unpredictability. For example, Quebec province with its strong French influence is generally thought by the rest of Canada to favor exotic breads. The opposite is true. Quebec residents eat more straight white bread per capita than all other Canadians, less of the fancy breads. The largest bakery in Montreal, supplying seventy percent of the city's loaf-bread consumption,

bakes nothing but white bread around the clock. On the opposite side of the continent, British Columbians eat more whole-wheat bread than other Canadians; the Maritimes remain the stronghold of home baking with a high of sixty percent in Newfoundland. The difference in bread taste between B. C. and Quebec carries on probably the oldest food controversy in history. It is true that the ancients had good cause to dislike whole-wheat bread; mummies found in Egypt sometimes had teeth worn down to the gums by the early whole-grain bread, due both to the

## Water reveals whisky's true flavour

Put Seagram's "83" to the water test. For water (plain or sparkling) is your most reliable guide to the whole truth about any whisky. Water adds nothing, detracts nothing, but reveals a whisky's true natural flavour and bouquet.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Distillers  Since 1857

# Seagram's

## "83"

Canadian Whisky



"Here, Joe... clean all the mirrors with Windex Spray."

Everybody knows Windex Spray is the "fun" way to do a big job. SWISH—spray it on. WHISH—wipe it off! Your mirrors, windows—any glass surface sparkles. And Windex Spray finishes the job—it leaves no waxy, dust-collecting film—no streaks!

Best yet, Windex Spray is so thrifty—the 6-oz. size costs so little, the big 20-oz. refill gives you even more for your money. See for yourself—at any grocery, drug or hardware store.



So quick, easy, thrifty, it outsells all other glass cleaners combined!



"Who forgot to put Drano in all the drains while I was on vacation?"

Better 'fess up—the evidence is plain as the flood in your sink. Of course, Drano's churning, boiling action will dissolve the muck in minutes—but why wait 'til after the mess? Make one day a week Drano Day—in every drain.

Remember, Drano's the surest way to wipe out dangerous sewer germs, too. All for about a penny a drain!

Won't harm septic tanks—makes 'em work even better. Get Drano now at any grocery, drug or hardware store.



There's nothing like Drano... to keep drains free-running and sanitary.

Give **MACLEAN'S** this Christmas

**3 gifts only \$5**

Use the coupon on page 127

coarseness of the crushed grain and to the presence of grains of sandstone, rubbed off by the grinding of the upper and nether millstones.

Ancient Greece continued the preference for white bread. One early writer, Antiphanes, referred to "these fair-complexioned wheaten loaves," and the poet Eubulus became probably the first man to write a commercial for a special type of bread, with his jingle:

'Tis hard to ride by Cyprian loaves,  
Like lodestones they draw men in droves.

Throughout most of England's history bread was a social as well as an economic commodity. From 1267 to 1820 the Assize of Bread, a price, quality and distribution control board, held sway. One of its early decisions was that first-grade wheaten loaves were for the tables of royalty, the nobility and the clergy; loaves of part white flour and part whole grain were to be eaten by the great middle class, while third-grade bread, with all the bran in, was "appointed for servants, slaves and the inferior type of people to feed upon." This bran bread, incidentally, cost half a cent for a loaf of thirteen ounces during the sixteenth century.

One reason why Europeans of the middle and mass classes ate whole-grain bread was neither social nor economic. It was simply that they had to get a large proportion of their daily nourishment—in the case of poorer people as much as half—from bread. And whole-grain bread alone packed the necessary concentration of vitamins, calories and minerals.

They did not, of course, know that they possessed good eating habits when they ate black bread. They simply ate what they could afford—and providence was on their side.

Ironically, it was the final generation of these European black-bread eaters who gave a tremendous and, in the opinion of many, an unfortunate stimulus to the consumption of white bread: When they emigrated in large numbers to North America a generation or two ago they found that the relative prosperity and food plenty of this continent made it no longer necessary for them to eat nourishing black bread. More, the luxurious white bread of the European rich was now in their price range. The newcomers became confirmed and copious eaters of white bread.

On the other hand (still another quirk of the bread business), the influx of European settlers after World War

II is credited with bringing to Canada—and particularly to Ontario, where the majority have settled—a new market as well as bakers with the know-how to produce an exotic assortment of bread. But the difference between the old settlers and the new is this: the bread eaten in Europe had greatly increased in quality and lightness in the intervening years, and post-war arrivals brought a taste for their own bread, rather than their predecessors' eagerness to forget theirs.

A typical newcomer was Felix Kapri, who arrived in Toronto from Sweden six years ago and opened a small bakery on Queen Street. He baked big loaves of fine-grained, compact bread known as Estonian rye. It was new to most of the potential customers who passed his little bakery, and at first sales were slow; Kapri needed to put only fifty loaves, each weighing two and a quarter pounds, into his oven to satisfy the demand. But one native Canadian after another tried the Esto bread, liked it, and became a steady customer; also, the north European colony of Toronto steadily increased. Today Kapri bakes two thousand loaves a day, has established a delivery system, and has opened an uptown branch.

#### Hand-Made Rye Is Best

Rye bread has steadily been increasing in popularity in Canada, particularly in the larger centres, and now some fifteen million pounds of rye flour are made into loaves. Leader is the pungent crusty German-Jewish variety in various shades, with or without caraway seeds. Indicative of the rise of rye is the story of Silverstein's Bakery in downtown Toronto which since the war has increased its staff of bakers from four to twenty-five. True rye bread is still made entirely by hand. Many of the large, highly mechanized bakeries sell rye bread, but they first buy it from the smaller specialists.

"We've tried," an official of a large bakery admitted, "but it just isn't the same thing when it comes out of the automatic machinery."

Above and below such medium-sized baking companies as Kapri's and Silverstein's are great extremes of size. There are only six establishments in Canada employing more than five hundred persons, but there are fourteen hundred with fewer than five on the payroll. Ontario is the site of five of the six biggest plants, and Quebec has the remaining one. Strangely enough, the biggest and smallest groups of





Canada  
p, where  
a new  
with the  
c assort-  
ence be-  
new is  
ope had  
d light-  
nd post-  
or their  
redec-

Felix  
to from  
ened a  
e baked  
compact  
It was  
tomers  
and at  
ded to  
eighing  
into his  
but one  
r tried  
came a  
north  
teadily  
es two  
blished  
ned an

increas-  
par-  
d now  
e flour  
is the  
ariety  
without  
e rise  
stein's  
which  
aff of  
True  
y by  
ighly  
read,  
smaller

large  
t the  
f the

sized  
and  
size,  
ts in  
five  
rteen  
the  
ve of  
r has  
ugh,  
s of

bakeries employ collectively the same number of persons—some 3,500 each according to the last available figures. In the middle, employing more than five and fewer than five hundred employees, are some twelve hundred medium-sized bakeries, which give employment to more than 26,000 persons. Total bakery employment in Canada is 33,000.

Incidentally, the pattern of bread-baking in Canada—the trend away from the home oven to the mass-production factory—cannot be accurately termed "modern." For the baking of bread started not in a home, but in a "factory." That is believed to have first occurred some six thousand years ago in Egypt, at which time bread passed its first of two great milestones: the discovery, probably accidental, that the addition of a leaven to bread dough improved the texture and taste of the baked loaf beyond all recognition. For about ten thousand years after man had first baked bread, his loaf was a flat solid cake of grain, more or less finely crushed, with water, salt and perhaps fat added.

Then, dating from some six thousand years ago, Egyptologists unearthed tomb pictures which depicted, for the first time, what appeared to be raised loaves. The same mural showed bread dough being kneaded in the same community chamber in which beer was being brewed—in fact, in the same type of trough. The archaeologists speculated that somebody had hit on the idea of using beer troughs for kneading bread—purely as a convenience—speculated, too, on the reaction of the Egyptian bakers and their masters to the emergence from the oven of the first loaf of bread that unwittingly had the dregs of brewers' yeast kneaded into it and had baked high and crusty and first wafted to man that tantalizing sweet-sour aroma of fresh-baked leavened bread...

Many substances in addition to beer dregs and modern yeast have been used for leavening bread; indeed, any harmless substance that will ferment and produce gas to permeate and lighten the stiffness of dough is potentially a suitable leaven. The Greeks used the lees of wine, and one leaven gave the name to Canadians who pioneered the Yukon and Northwest Territories in search of gold—sour-doughs. These men contrived to bake bread in the wilderness by keeping a small piece of dough from each successive baking—dough that became sour as it rode in the gold-seeker's haversack, and which, mixed with water, became the leaven for a new batch of bread.

Less important, perhaps, than the discovery of leaven but nevertheless worthy to rank as the second epochal event in bread's career occurred almost exactly two hundred years ago when John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, hungry but too preoccupied with his gambling to interrupt his game, ordered a servant to place a slice of meat between two slices of bread and thus invented the sandwich. It seems incredible that so right and fitting a use for bread should wait so long for discovery, but no other claimant has come forward and so Lord Sandwich remains one of gastronomy's great benefactors.

What has happened to the sandwich since its originator's first crude version would, of course, fill a book. It has filled several, in fact. To say nothing of the sandwich's descendants—the hot dog and hamburger. Which accounts for the silver lining one bakery official espied in the otherwise rather gloomy future of bread: "As long as people have imagination and stomachs, they'll keep on eating bread." ★

## Where People Count...

SOMETIMES it's hard to choose between one good product and another. Especially if it's a roof.

Good industrial roofs often look alike. They're made of similar materials and they're applied in much the same way. But as with every product, there's a *best* roof—one that sets the standard for the rest.

That roof is Barrett. And more than anything, it's best because of the people who make it.

The men and women who work at Barrett are interested in their jobs and in the service they can give. They work at Barrett because they like what they are doing.

This human factor makes a difference in the finished product. It's why we say people count. It's why more and more Canadians are deciding that Barrett is a good company to do business with.



The Local Employment Picture brightened at Lachute, Quebec, last fall, with the opening of the new J. C. Wilson Limited paper-box factory. Here, on the 36,000 square-foot Barrett roof, Mill Manager, R. M. Cairns (right) discusses roof specifications with Dick Dutton, Barrett Sales Representative. Dick joined Barrett after the war, worked in the manufacturing department for several years before going "on the road". His technical knowledge now makes him one of the people who count in Barrett's industrial roofing work.



Saving Money on shipping is another important factor when you have a big industrial job to do. Barrett people like Traffic Clerk, Gerry Brabant, make a study of freight costs, work out fastest and least expensive ways to route materials to Barrett customers.



Another Link in the chain of service from Barrett to you is a man named Bill Nicholson. Bill is a group leader in the Shipping Department, in sixteen years with the company has checked out shipments for thousands of Barrett jobs.



"Between the World and the Weather Since 1854"

**THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED**

Offices in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver

Reg'd Trade Mark

## Is This Your Heart's Worst Enemy?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

fat penetrate the artery's inner lining, thin as the membrane of the mouth. Gradually the fat accumulates, narrowing the bore and roughening it so that the slowed-down blood clings and clots more easily.

These lesions may block the arteries to any organ in the body. They are the hidden cause of much senility, kidney disease, high blood pressure and the stoppage of blood to the brain which we call a stroke. But atherosclerosis wreaks its greatest havoc in the arteries of the heart.

The heart is a light, hollow, tough and tireless muscle that can take an amazing amount of strain without slackening a moment in its job of pumping five quarts of blood around the body. Beating more than 100,000 times a day, it drives the blood down

great arteries that branch like tree trunks and branch again, growing smaller till the blood reaches the tiniest twigs, the capillaries, so narrow that the red corpuscles must squeeze through one at a time before beginning their long trip through the veins.

Of all the body tissues fed through this intricate supply line—62,000 miles long, two and a half times around the world—none needs the blood food more vitally than the heart. If the flow of blood to any part of the heart fails for a moment the laboring cells cry out for rest. These are the pains that President

Eisenhower thought was indigestion. In one of the arteries that bring blood to his heart, called coronaries because they curve above the heart like a crown, a yellowish bulge of fat and fibre had slowed the blood to a trickle. Later it clotted. The pain became suffocating. A patch of heart cells, cut off completely from nourishment, were dying. At this point the president's artery disease had become heart disease.

These two disorders, so closely linked, cause much confusion in terms. Often, when doctors speak of the causes of heart disease, they are talking about the things that bring on a heart attack—emotional upset, shock or fatigue. But the angina pains that sometimes warn of the danger are actually the first symptoms of atherosclerosis. So when scientists speak of the causes of heart disease, they are usually referring to the things that cause artery disease, which is really the underlying condition.

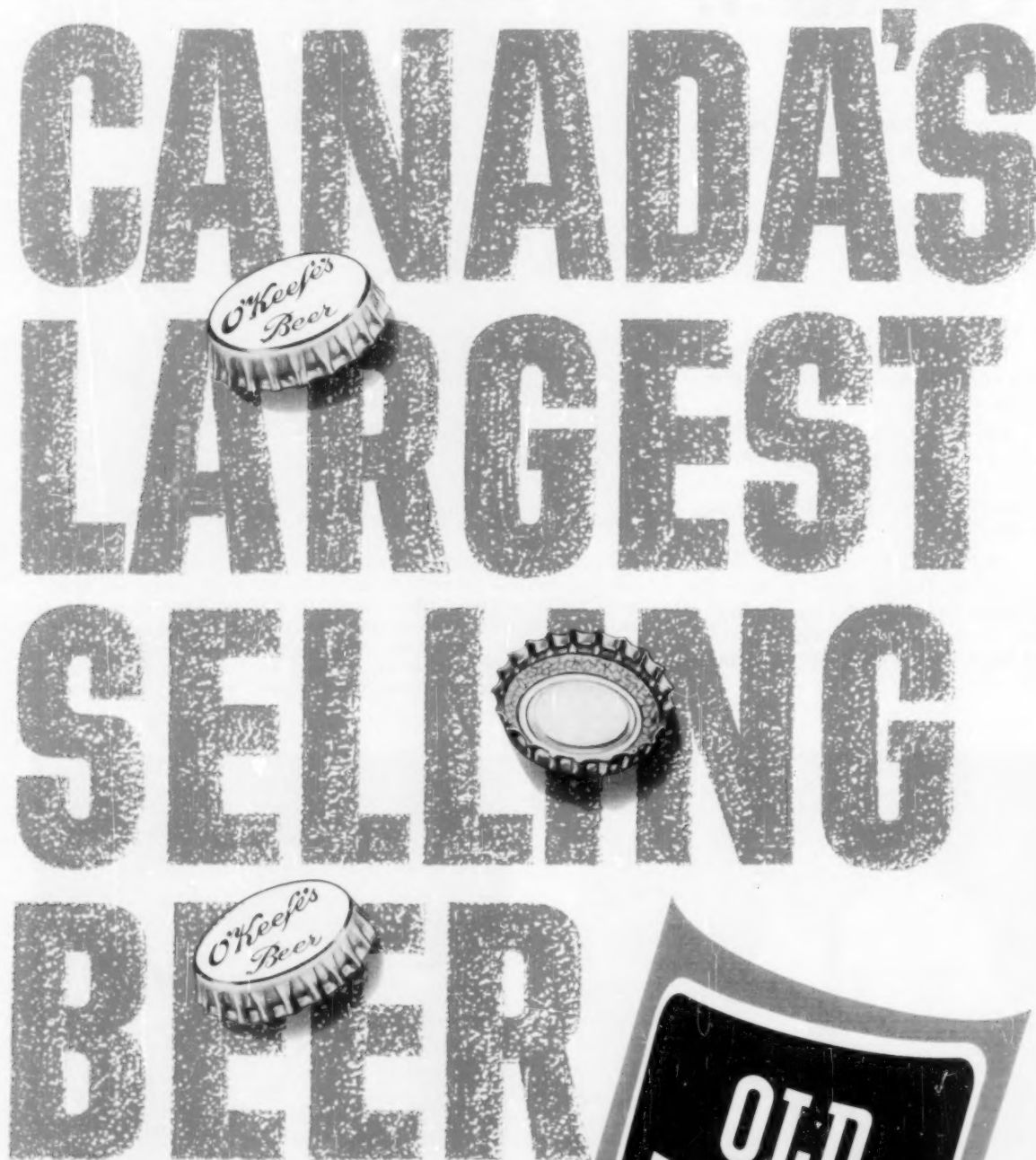
"Everyone over twenty has some atherosclerosis," says Dr. Lyman Duff, dean of medicine at McGill University and an outstanding Canadian researcher. "We can halt it to some extent. But we can't reverse it. We even have difficulty diagnosing it in the coronaries—until it has gone so far that it causes a heart attack or angina."

This difficulty frustrates both physicians and researchers. They can take X-ray pictures of most arteries in the body, but coronaries cannot be seen in X-rays because they are similar in substance to the heart. They can see the disease in the tiny arteries that cross the back of the eyeball by looking into the round hole in the centre of the eye through the magnifying lens of an ophthalmoscope. If fat has misshapen these arteries, or if it is bad in the legs, where a skilful doctor can feel it, the chances are it is also bad in the coronaries. The reverse, unfortunately, isn't true. "It's queer," says Duff. "You'd think the fat in the arteries would deposit at the same rate all over the body, but it may be very moderate in all the other arteries and be extreme in the coronaries. We won't know why until we know the cause."

Many doctors would say that our stepped-up pace of life is to blame, that Eisenhower simply paid the price of being president. And there is some evidence that stress will hasten a heart attack in persons with fat-clogged arteries. There are, for example, recent reports from Helsinki of six heart patients in hospital who died of excitement brought on by the scheduled visit of their doctor. And a fifty-year-old Montreal streetcar driver keeled over dead in October during a heated exchange with two women passengers who wouldn't move back in the car.

But when stress is broached as a cause of atherosclerosis, some research men shrug and say that proof is lacking. The eminent British pathologist, W. Melville Arnott, calls the stress theory of atherosclerosis "absurd." It "implies that the laboring classes . . . and the great majority of the . . . inhabitants of the Orient live some sort of idyllic existence . . . securely insulated from the fierce competitive, intellectual, and emotional burdens which grind the life out of those unfortunates whose lot it is to think, direct, and govern . . . All available evidence is to the contrary."

However, he says, "The ready acceptance of this 'stress-and-strain' concept is understandable. . . . It places . . . heart disease in the position of being the unjust reward of virtue. How much nicer it is when stricken with coronary thrombosis (closure) to be told that it is all due to hard work, laudable ambition and selfless devotion to duty than to be told it is due to gluttony . . ."



say  
**OK**  
for  
*O'Keefe's*



2045



Some insurance companies say that the large number of attacks are due to changes in listing the causes of death, to improved diagnosis, and most of all, to the fact we're living longer. But hospital and coroners' records examined by the British researcher, J. N. Morris, indicate that the absolute increase in heart disease since the turn of the century is at least twofold.

Even our vaunted long life span is illusory for middle-aged adults. For example, the old-age figures show that an average baby born in this country can expect to live to a riper age than an average baby born in Italy. They do not show that when Italian men reach fifty they have an even chance of living as long as Canadians, and that, from then on, their chances of surviving get better, until, at seventy, they have roughly twice the life expectancy of a North American.

The premise that our ageing population explains the rising toll from heart disease presupposes that degenerating arteries are as inevitable a part of ageing as wrinkles. This opinion does not explain why, in three hundred autopsies by U. S. doctors on soldiers killed in Korea, atherosclerosis was much more advanced in young Americans than in Orientals the same age. Or why heart disease in Ontario, for years our richest province, is two and a third times as common as in Newfoundland, our poorest.

The beginning of the cholesterol or blood-fat theory of heart disease occurred a hundred years ago when a German pathologist, Rudolf Virchow, was slicing open a hardened artery to study it under a microscope. He saw a patch of fibrous tissue, dead cells, lumps of soft fat, and glittering scaly layers of a pearly white substance, a crystalline fat called cholesterol. Cholesterol, a common but little-known body fat that all our tissues seem to need, made up more than half the lesion.

In Russia, some fifty-five years later, Dr. N. H. Anitschkow dissolved cholesterol in seed oil and fed it to rabbits. In a few weeks the fatal lesions appeared in their arteries and Anitschkow was sure that cholesterol produced the same thing in humans.

Other Russian scientists took issue with Anitschkow and cholesterol became a fighting word among pathologists all over the world. This long dispute was kindled afresh in the 1930s by

a New York doctor, Irvine Page, now the president of the American Heart Association. Analyzing the fats in artery lesions, Page noticed that they had a chemical make-up like that of the fats in the blood. And the more cholesterol he force-fed into the blood of his rabbits, the more showed up in their arteries.

Page and others also noted that most heart patients had a higher-than-average blood cholesterol. And those who didn't live through an attack had higher levels than those who did. A large percentage of fat men had high

blood cholesterol and overweight persons were prone to heart disease. Disorders such as diabetes, gout and nephrosis (a kidney ailment) pushed up the cholesterol in the blood, and it had long been remarked that when patients survived these illnesses it was very frequently to die of a blocked coronary artery.

And then some researchers felt that heredity had a weird metabolic effect. People whose parents both had heart disease had high blood cholesterol, and they frequently suffered their first angina pains in their teens. When one

parent had heart trouble, the blood cholesterol was often above normal.

This held out hope that atherosclerosis could be detected by the level of cholesterol in the blood, a simple test any doctor can make. But, often enough to kill this hope, there were people with heart disease whose blood cholesterol was not above normal. Statistically, working with averages, blood cholesterol levels had significance. Individually, it was not a reliable test. It was even hard to judge what a "normal" level was in a given individual.

The only certified 8-year-old Canadian Whisky on the market

*Canadian*  
**Schenley O.F.C.**  
CANADIAN WHISKY

AGED 8 YEARS

A distiller's age declaration, stating the time the whisky has been stored in small wood casks... and only such an age declaration... is your guarantee of the true age of a whisky. The numbered, signed certificate on the back of every bottle of Canadian Schenley O.F.C. is just such an age declaration... authentic proof that O.F.C. has been properly aged in small oak casks for 8 full years.

*Certificate of Age*

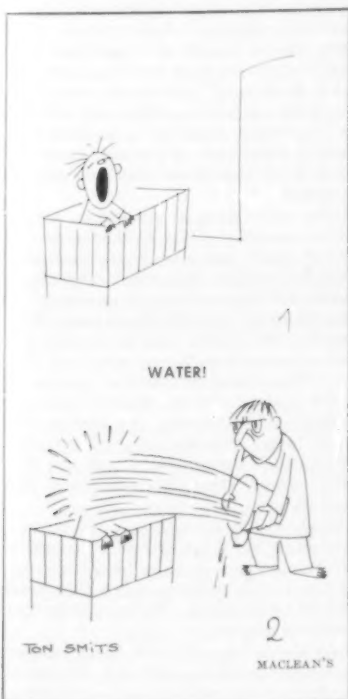
THIS FINE CANADIAN WHISKY HAS BEEN IN SMALL CHARRED WHITE OAK CASKS SINCE AUG. 1947  
THIS WHISKY WAS KEPT IN THESE OAK CASKS IN CLIMATE-CONTROLLED AGEING ROOMS UNTIL BOTTLING IN AUG. 1955

BOTTLE NO. 00001

*W. J. Maclean* PRESIDENT *W. J. Maclean* MASTER DISTILLER

**THE MEANING OF AGE**

AGE IS THE GREATEST SINGLE FACTOR IN DETERMINING THE QUALITY OF A WHISKY. WHISKY CAN ONLY AGE PROPERLY IN OAK CASKS UNDER CORRECT MATURING CONDITIONS. WHISKY DOES NOT AGE IN BOTTLES. THE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD SEAL ON THE SHOULDER OF THIS BOTTLE IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF RECEIVING A GENUINE EIGHT-YEAR-OLD WHISKY.



The evidence was confusing and contradictory. And most baffling of all were the early experiments with humans. When the researchers fed cholesterol-rich foods to humans with or without heart disease, the cholesterol in the blood didn't rise. It didn't drop when they cut the food cholesterol. Later, they found that the human liver manufactures so much cholesterol that the relatively small amount in a normal diet seems to have no effect on the blood level, which the liver normally regulates.

Some doctors cited this as proof that

diet had no effect on blood cholesterol and thus on artery disease. The experiment with rabbits, they said, proved nothing about human beings. They scoffed at colleagues who went on low-cholesterol diets or put their heart patients on one. Their main point was that doctors, on such inconsistent evidence, had no right to ask people to give up foods abundant in cholesterol. For these are the great protective foods—butter, cream, cheese, poultry, eggs, liver and all other organ meats—the most nourishing staples of our diet.

Then, in the late Forties, a young

doctor named John Gofman, head of a research team at the University of California, wondered if perhaps the answer to the riddle was that only some, not all, of the blood cholesterol was guilty of abetting heart disease. Gofman was also a chemist, co-discoverer of a new element, Uranium 233. By spinning the blood in a whirligig called an ultracentrifuge, he separated its molecules as we separate milk and cream. He discovered that cholesterol was carried in the blood, along with other globules of fat, on stringy molecules known as lipo-

proteins. Gofman called them "giant molecules."

Rabbits with the most damaged arteries, Gofman found, had the most giant molecules in their blood. He later took blood samples from 1,500 Californians. After fatty meals he observed an acute rise in the level of such molecules. In normal people they soon broke down but in people with atherosclerosis the blood stayed cloudy for a long time.

Many such experiments led Gofman to declare flatly: "We can identify people early in life, before any symptoms, and give them a quantitative rating as to their chances of surviving one year, five years, ten years or twenty years with respect to coronary disease. Further, I would publicly challenge any doubter to find scientific flaws in the evidence that leads to these predictions."

Nevertheless, Gofman has his doubters. They agree that his tests, together with total cholesterol, have a high predictive value among groups, but they feel that this claim to be able to diagnose individuals is too sweeping. By now most researchers share his conviction that atherosclerosis is caused by faulty fat metabolism. In the same way that diabetics have lost the power to use sugar, many people cannot handle fats.

Meanwhile, another scientist was approaching the same opinion by another route. Dr. Ancel Keys, of the University of Minnesota, head of the laboratory of physiological hygiene, felt that "in human diets there must be something which influences the blood but that this is not cholesterol though it is often associated with it."

Experimenting with humans in 1951, Keys raised their blood cholesterol, which could not be raised by cholesterol-rich foods alone, by foods containing cholesterol plus other fats. He was certain that his "something" was "plain fat, the total of all the fats and oils, visible and invisible, in the diet."

If diet was the cause, heart disease could be prevented. But the theory needed testing over many years, and there wasn't time for such long-range studies. Keys looked for answers in what he calls "experiments of nature."

One such set of experiments had come out of World War II. Whole populations had been forced to cut down on fats. In Britain the cut had been small, about fourteen percent. Studying Britain's death rates from coronary disease, Keys noted from 1941 on "a small but significant decline." At the end of the war, with diet back to normal, the death rate from heart disease resumed its upward climb. If emotional stress or overwork had been primary factors it should certainly have been the other way around, he reasoned.

The same pattern showed in figures from Germany. The Netherlands was the same. It was even more marked in Sweden, where fats had also been rationed. Before the Germans marched into Norway in 1940, the average Norwegian had 3,470 calories a day and thirty-seven percent of his food was fat. The Germans cut his calories to 2,850 and his fat to twenty percent. Within a few weeks the death rate from heart disease dropped sharply. With equal abruptness it rose again in 1945 when the Germans quit the country.

Such crude correlations, of course, proved little. Keys had no information on changes in weight or blood, no way of judging if anything other than food had had any effect. He sought further evidence abroad.

In the spring of 1952, Keys studied forty-eight middle-aged men employed in the factories of Slough, near London.

## ENTIRELY NEW and SENSATIONAL Never Before An Appliance Like This



**Here is what happens with uncontrolled heat**  
Eggs are seared around the edges, leathery on the bottom, blistered and tough with uncooked white around the yolks.

**You get eggs like this every time in the Sunbeam set at 300°**

**You get the perfect**  
*Controlled Heat*  
**for more delicious food by simply setting this dial**

### Marvelous New WATER-SEALED ELEMENT



You can immerse the entire pan in water for quick, easy washing

Now, with the new Sunbeam Automatic Frypan you can fry and cook at the correct controlled heat every time. The Sunbeam's highly accurate thermostatic control maintains the perfect heat for wonderful cooking and frying results without constant watching. The Fryguide, right in the handle, gives correct temperature. No guesswork. The shortening is always at just the right temperature, resulting in less grease absorption into the food. Plugs into any outlet. The new square shape permits you to cook 20% more in the same area than you can in a round pan. High dome covers of either aluminum or heat-resistant glass are available for fried chicken, roasts, etc. See your Sunbeam dealer.

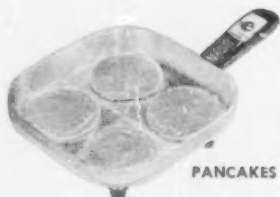
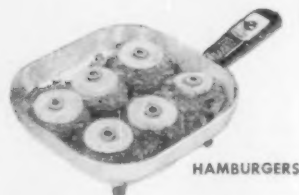
★ SEE SUNBEAM APPLIANCES DEMONSTRATED ON TELEVISION.  
SEE THE JACKIE RAE SHOW EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, Toronto 18

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*

## Sunbeam CONTROLLED HEAT Automatic FRYPAN

Everything You Cook  
will be more delicious  
because of  
*Controlled Heat*





He compared them with several hundred men of similar age from Minnesota. The Englishmen ate thirty-five percent of their food as fat, the Americans forty-two percent. And the Englishmen's blood cholesterol levels were lower by ten percent than the Minnesota men's, a difference that also tallied with the lower English death rate.

Later that year, in Madrid, Keys studied two groups of Spaniards. One group was poor, the other made up of rich professional men whose diet was high in fats. Keys couldn't get accurate figures for heart disease, although many doctors told him it was common among the wealthy and rare among the poor. He found that at fifty years of age upper-class Spaniards averaged thirty percent more cholesterol in their blood than the poor men.

Neither of these surveys was very satisfying. Last year, accompanied by a whole battery of experts, including the famous heart specialist, Paul Dudley White, who attended Eisenhower, Keys set sail for Naples. He picked four groups of healthy men: steelworkers, firemen, clerks, and some wealthy volunteers from the Naples Rotary Club. He measured their height, weight, fat folds and food, took blood samples, blood pressures and electrocardiograms. An expert insurance actuary, Ernest H. Klepetar, checked the accuracy of Italian statistics, while White and his fellow specialists, in a sweeping survey, found no evidence that Italian doctors diagnosed heart disease any differently than they did.

For breakfast, the working men ate a plain bread roll with coffee. For lunch they had bread, *pasta* (spaghetti or macaroni), local vegetables, fruit and a little cheese. They ate very little sugar or potatoes, and no butter. Meat, fish, cheese, milk and eggs were luxuries. The fat content of their diet was only twenty percent, yet they weren't undernourished.

#### The Lunch Was Full of Fat

The findings showed the young men were not much different from their North American counterparts. Their blood cholesterol rose with age until they were thirty-four. "Thereafter," Keys reports, "in sharp contrast with the Minnesotans, the Italians showed no further age trend," so that by fifty they had seventeen to twenty-four percent less blood cholesterol than the Americans. And, says Keys, for Americans in their fifties, who eat twice as much fat as an average Italian, "our death rate from arteriosclerotic heart disease is . . . almost four times that of Italy."

The prosperous Naples businessmen presented a different picture. "Attendance at their luncheons," says Keys, "was like being back home except that the banter and speeches were in Italian. There were big servings of fat meat, rich gravies, butter with the bread, ice cream, and pastry full of shortening. These men had blood cholesterol levels similar to Americans."

Two professors at the University of Bologna then suggested that Keys might clinch his point by taking his team to Bologna. In Bologna, they said, bread is baked with olive oil and lard. In Naples the bread contains no shortening. In Bologna, the *pasta* is apt to be *fettuccine*, *tagliatelle*, or *tortellini*—all made with eggs and fats and served with much oil and rich sauce. In Naples the *pasta* is made without fat and served with only a dash of oil and sauce. Keys selected a group of Bologna policemen. Their blood cholesterol at fifty was twenty-one

percent higher than that of the working men of Naples, about the same as that of the wealthy Neapolitans.

These studies seemed to throw unexpected light on the problem of overweight. Recent insurance figures have shown that overweight people have more heart disease than people of normal weight, who, in turn, have more than the lightweights. Keys found that the English workers at Slough were thinner than North Americans and had less heart disease. The Naples working men, however, were fatter than North Americans and had the least of the lot.

"Clearly," says Keys, "obesity is not the controlling factor." He thinks that the high death rate among overweight people is not so much because they are carrying extra body weight as because they are probably eating too many high-fat foods. All doctors, though, warn that once heart disease has developed, overweight—not the muscular overweight of athletes, but overfat—puts an added and dangerous burden on the heart.

Surveys like Keys' are now being made by doctors in nine countries. So far, their data agree. A study last

year of autopsies made on the adult Bantus of South Africa shows that these natives seldom have artery disease. Their blood contains little cholesterol and their food contains little fat, only ten percent.

The case against fat has other witnesses. Recent British experiments have indicated that our blood clots more readily after a high-fat meal. And at Harvard University, Frederick J. Stare has produced atherosclerosis for the first time in a monkey, the most manlike animal, "purely by dietary means—a diet high in cholesterol and

## We think of your baby's first foods as our special responsibility!



Heinz takes quality seriously at all times, but when it comes to your baby's first foods Heinz always sets the most rigid standards. Baby Foods are more than a business, they are a trust as far as we at Heinz are concerned. And so we buy the finest ingredients, process them meticulously under the watchful

eyes of our Quality Control supervisors, combine them in scientific proportions to give baby the best in nourishment, and only then are they ready for the famous Heinz label.

When your doctor tells you that your baby is ready for solid food you can turn with confidence to Heinz—the finest Baby Food it is possible to buy.

### HEINZ Baby Foods

CEREALS • MEATS • TEETHING BISCUITS  
STRAINED AND JUNIOR FOODS



Watch "I Love Lucy" on TV, Wednesdays, 8.30 p.m.

37



Always make martinis with

"EXTRA DRY"

MARTINI

VERMOUTH

A PRODUCT OF  
MARTINI & ROSSI

For matchless martinis, always use Martini "Extra Dry" Vermouth.

Use "Sweet" Martini & Rossi Vermouth for marvellous manhattans.

And for a delightful new taste sensation, try Martini & Rossi "on the rocks" . . . sweet—dry—or half-and-half . . . with twist of lemon peel. By the way—it's great, straight.

Now imported in the new 35 oz. bottle from

MARTINI & ROSSI, TORINO, ITALY

L. PAUL CHARTRAND • OFFICE GÉNÉRAL DES GRANDES MARQUES • MONTREAL, P.Q.

fat and poor in protein" (the italics are his).

Some scientists think that lack of certain proteins in our food may weaken the artery wall and allow the fat to enter more easily. Or that certain proteins may help disperse the fat; a newly discovered vitamin in the B group, called choline, present in lean meat, liver and eggs, has this power. Or lack of proteins may weaken the glands whose job is to make the hormones which help control the fat in the blood.

There are many indications that the level of fat in the blood, including cholesterol, is regulated by hormones. When the thyroid gland is sluggish the fat is a long time breaking down. And small doses of a hormone-like substance named heparin clear the blood and also relieve heart pains.

Relief has also been obtained for three out of four heart patients by slowing down the adrenal glands with Roentgen rays. And, conversely, adrenalin injected into heart patients brings on angina pains. Adrenalin is a hormone that our adrenal glands secrete when we overexercise, get too cold or have an emotional upset—added evidence that stress, though perhaps not a first cause of heart disease, may often be the last.

Sex is another ambiguous piece of the puzzle. Men are twenty times more liable than women to die of a heart attack—until the menopause, when this sex difference disappears. Dr. Louis Katz, of Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, has halted atherosclerosis by injecting male patients with female hormones.

All these discoveries and theories offer some hope of eventual control, perhaps the kind we have now with diabetes, perhaps even a cure that will dissolve the fat already coating our

arteries. But today we can only try to stop the disease from developing. Out of all the findings in Europe, out of all the research, only one theory of practical import emerges: when we eat too much fat consistently it may eventually clog our blood, end up in our arteries, block them and cripple our heart.

How can we reduce the fat and cholesterol in our blood?

Beginning in 1951 and for the next four years, Keys made seven experiments on 104 men. He kept their calories, proteins and activity the same, and juggled their fats and carbohydrates. When the fat in their food was cut from forty to twenty-four percent, their blood cholesterol dropped sixteen percent. He reduced their fat to eighteen percent. Blood cholesterol fell twenty-four percent. And when all but four percent of the fat was taken out of their diet, the men lost forty-six percent of their blood cholesterol.

Also, he found, the blood cholesterol level went down when the total calorie intake was less than the body needed for fuel. It rose when the calorie intake was more than was needed. When the weight leveled off again, so did the blood cholesterol. So the process of gaining or losing weight, not the state of overweight, is important, he has concluded.

Is there reason to stop eating foods rich in cholesterol—mineral-rich, vitamin-loaded, body-building protein foods such as cheese, milk and liver?

Keys thinks not. Here is an experiment he made with a group of people: he cut from their diet all egg yolks and butter, and made up the calories in vegetable oils and animal fats. He was cutting their cholesterol intake nearly in half, yet it made no significant change in their blood cholesterol. Then he added a couple of egg yolks—the

## Christmas Suggestions by

# SILEX

for Distinctive Gifts sure to be appreciated...



Coffee service at its finest—  
**NEW SILEX STARLIGHT CARAFE AND CANDLEWARMER**  
—in copper and wrought iron—with the wide mouth for stirring, tea making, ice cubes, 8- and 12-cup sizes, in distinctive gift boxes.  
Suggested retail prices:  
8-cup—\$8.75  
12-cup—\$9.95

Also 2-cup sizes, packed two or four to the set with individual candlewarmers—in distinctive gift boxes. \$7.45-\$13.50

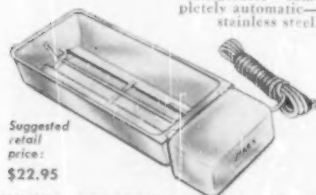
To provide fresh, flavourful Fruit Juice in seconds!



The SILEX  
**ELECTRIC JUICER**  
(approved by "Sunkist")  
Suggested retail price:  
\$19.50  
Also De Luxe Model:  
\$27.50

### SILEX FREEZE-O-TRAY

For that "home-made" ice cream. Also for frozen desserts—with no stirring, no heating, no ice! Fits any modern refrigerator—completely automatic—stainless steel.



Suggested retail price:  
\$22.95

Busy kitchen helper that saves time morning to night—

**SILEX Handyhot BLENDETTE**  
Blends—Beats—Mixes—Purees—Whips  
(Now available in pink, turquoise, yellow, white)  
Suggested retail price:  
\$19.95



They save coffee as they brew the best! World-famous  
**SILEX GLASS COFFEE-MAKERS**  
4-, 8-, and 12-cup sizes—choice of designs—kitchen range and electric models.  
From \$4.25 (suggested retail price)



Handy SILEX Electric Stoves, from \$4.95

**COFFEE TASTES BETTER WHEN MADE AND SERVED IN GLASS**  
—of heat resistant glass—aluminum basket and pump—bright chrome neckband—cup markings on bowl.  
Suggested retail prices: 8-cup model—\$7.95  
4-cup model—\$5.45

For an appreciated gift—or for your own use—you're sure it's RIGHT when it's SILEX, the famous name that stands for dependable, lasting service. You'll find the latest SILEX appliances conveniently available in hardware, electrical and department stores everywhere.



### OTHER FINE SILEX SUGGESTIONS:



Heating Pad



Door Chimes



Corn Popper



Portable Washer



Automatic Defroster



Steam Iron



Whipper



Ice Cream Freezer



Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas



richest source of cholesterol—and cut down on butter, margarine, salad and cooking oils, shortening in bread and pastry, and all kinds of fat meat. He made up these calories with cottage cheese, sugar and potatoes. He had increased the food cholesterol yet the blood cholesterol fell. He concluded that the regulation of our blood cholesterol can safely be entrusted to our liver—as long as we aren't eating too many fats with our cheese, milk, eggs, liver and poultry.

**How much is too much?**  
This is a ticklish question. The amount of fat one person can handle with ease may be far too much for someone else. This is one reason why doctors talk so cautiously about diet. But there is no scarcity of facts and opinions.

There are three main classes of food: carbohydrate (sugar and starch), protein and fat. Since the turn of the century, while eating about the same amount of protein, we have been steadily substituting fats for carbohydrates. In 1935, for example, the average Canadian was getting thirty-four percent of his calories from fats. Today, it is close to thirty-eight percent and headed upward—along with atherosclerosis. Dr. L. B. Pett, the Canadian government's chief nutritionist, thinks we should roll this figure back to about twenty-four percent.

#### How to Fry Your Food

Food experts sort fats, roughly, into two groups: "visible" and "invisible." Invisible fat is the fat in such protein foods as eggs and oysters, and milk products like cocoa and ice cream. It is packed between the cells of most meats and many kinds of fish. But also, we know now, many of these foods contain fat-dispersing vitamin choline, and this may be nature's way of safeguarding these important foods. In any case, in Dr. Pett's opinion, "The amount of fat in these foods isn't dangerous. The real problem is 'visible' fat—butter, margarine, lard, all the kinds of shortening used in baking and cooking."

We are using more and more butter and margarine. We fry potatoes, doughnuts, pancakes, fritters, chicken and fish in a manner that soaks up fat. Over the years Dr. Pett's division has noticed a steady increase in the amount of shortening commercial companies call for in their recipes. Even the trend toward cake mixes boosts our fat consumption.

What can we do about it?

"Use more skim milk," Pett advises. If you deep-fry foods properly you use a lot less fat. You don't have to cut off everything you like. We've found that we can produce just as good a baked product with half the fats that are usually recommended in the recipes. If people are aroused to the thought that the villain of the piece is simply too much fat, they can play it safe without much sacrifice."

But will we? The insurance actuary who accompanied Keys in Italy, Ernest Klepetar, is skeptical. "Past epidemics, such as tuberculosis," he says, "were fought by uncovering and bringing to the attention of the public poverty and slums... It will be difficult to persuade the more successful exponents of our way of life that the best thing they can do to live longer is to lower their standard of living." ★

#### IS YOUR SUBSCRIPTION DUE?

Subscribers receiving notice of the approaching expiration of their subscriptions are reminded of the necessity of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

more than the total for the first six months, were undergoing security examination in Germany.

Of course Canadian policemen have no facilities of their own for getting information in foreign countries. They depend entirely on what they get from local police agencies, and in Germany

these are peculiarly numerous. Enquiries about each prospective immigrant are sent out to about seven different agencies—U. S. intelligence, British intelligence and a variety of federal and state German police forces—and the immigrant's file is then at a standstill until answers have come in from all of them.

RCMP spokesmen say this is no more than mere prudence. They are responsible for recommending each immigrant to the Immigration Department as a good security risk. They are also responsible for keeping tabs on

subversive organizations in Canada, and they know how much can be done by even a small number of Communists if they work as a team—for example, in operating a Communist section of the foreign-language press in Canada. The Mounties will not, and earnestly believe they should not, pass any individual until they have taken full advantage of every source of information they can find.

Immigration officials have no quarrel with this in principle, but in practice they think it's absurd. The trouble is that the same degree of care is not and

Canada's favourite has  
a bright new emblem!



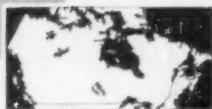
modern label  
for today  
seeing it  
on the  
bottles  
is your assured symbol of  
the constant full-bodied  
quality...with the true flavour  
of malt & the tang of hops...  
that makes Molson's Export  
Canada's largest-selling ale

*The ale your great-grandfather drank*





**Long  
Distance  
costs  
less  
than  
you  
think\*  
... use  
it  
often**



\*For instance, do you know it costs only \$3.05 to phone from Montreal to Vancouver? Most people think it costs twice that amount. Use long distance often. It's quick, private and inexpensive. In fact... *It's the next best thing to being there!*

**Look at these typical low rates**

Regina to Toronto...\$2.20  
Halifax to Winnipeg...\$2.50  
Saint John to Edmonton \$3.00  
Vancouver to Saskatoon \$1.75

Above rates in effect from 6 p.m. to 4:30 a.m.  
station to station daily and all day Sunday.

**Trans-Canada Telephone**  
-----**SYSTEM**-----  
**NATION WIDE Telecommunication SERVICE**



cannot be applied in all countries. In France, in The Netherlands, in Italy there is only one police force with which the Mounties can check, and in these countries there is no large backlog of security cases. France and The Netherlands were allies, of course, but Italy wasn't—Italy was a Fascist enemy country, has a large and powerful Communist Party, and is incidentally the homeland of Lucky Luciano and the late Al Capone. Canada has only two RCMP security officers in Italy; in August the cases they had on hand included 2,750 persons, and 12,026 people had come here from Italy in the first half of 1955. In Germany there were seven times as many Mounties, counting the headquarters staff at Karlsruhe; they passed only 8,112 immigrants and had a security backlog of 9,000.

To the immigration men, this proves the RCMP is going to vast trouble and expense to stop up one hole in a sieve.

Actually these comparisons are not quite fair because Germany does present special problems. Germany is not only an ex-enemy but a divided country, half of which is controlled by a present enemy. Many applicants for entry into Canada are refugees from East Germany, whose recent record cannot be checked at all. Even at best, security clearance would probably take longer in Germany than in other countries. But it would obviously not take so long if the Mounties were content with one or two sources of information instead of exhausting all seven in every case.

Immigration people also complain that the Mounties' rules for exclusion are too rigidly applied. Theoretically, of course, the Mounties do not exclude anybody—they merely advise the Immigration Department, which takes the responsibility. In practice, no immigration officer actually on the spot can overrule or ignore an RCMP recommendation. To have a man admitted whom the RCMP have not recommended, someone has to be able to carry the case up to cabinet level.

A few weeks ago, for instance, RCMP security officers refused to pass a highly skilled German worker who was urgently wanted for a particular job in a Canadian plant. The Canadian employer happened to be a friend of C. D. Howe, minister of defense production, and Howe took up the case with Immigration.

It turned out that the German applicant had been a member of the Nazi Party before Hitler came to power in 1933. This stamps a man as a "voluntary" Nazi, and normally is enough to keep him out. In this case, though, there was nothing else against the man—he had served through the war in the ordinary German Army, not the SS, and when he became a voluntary Nazi he was only nineteen years old. The report was sent back to the RCMP with an enquiry whether this really was all they had against him, and if it is he will probably get his visa. But not many immigrants have friends who are friends of C. D. Howe.

Immigration's side of the argument got a boost a few months ago when a senior official of the Treasury Board, whose job it is to check on government expenditures, made a routine inspection tour of Canadian missions abroad. He took careful note of security procedure at Canadian immigration offices, and he was not impressed. As a result of his observations the Civil Service Commission has sent overseas one of its experts on organization and methods, to see whether administrative routines can be accelerated and the backlog cut down that way.

Nobody really expects, though, that a mere reform of office routine will

make much difference. The root of the difficulty is a policy question—whether the security of Canada really requires this exhaustive canvass of every source of information, or whether a partial check should be deemed sufficient in the interest of speed, convenience and compassion. This can only be settled between the minister of justice, Stuart Garson, and his old friend and fellow Manitoban Jack Pickersgill, minister of citizenship and immigration.

TWO ISSUES AGO this column had an item about the by-election in Temiscouata, Quebec, which was won for the Liberals by Jean-Paul St. Laurent, younger son of the prime minister. It quoted Conservatives as saying "the most effective of all Liberal tactics were the large parties—teas, cocktail parties, picnics—at which the prime minister himself would drop in unobtrusively and go about chatting and shaking hands."

Jean-Paul St. Laurent would like it known that he himself did not use these tactics at all. He was careful, he says,

**CATCHALL**

A fruit bowl is a dandy spot,  
Not for plum or apricot,

But earrings, paper clips and pills,  
Buttons, cuff links, unpaid bills,

Letters that are unreplied to,  
Things we couldn't glue but tried to—

Only people not astute  
Use a fruit bowl just for fruit!

THOMAS USK

to run his own campaign in Temiscouata with no intervention by his father; he wanted to win the seat on his own, not merely as the prime minister's son, and he is convinced that he did just that. As for parties, "we had one tea party, no cocktail parties and no picnics."

On re-enquiry, Temiscouata Conservatives still insist that a big factor in the Liberal victory was the prime minister's appearance at social gatherings which he doesn't ordinarily attend. The St. Laurent summer home at St. Patrice is in Temiscouata County, but normally the PM leads a rather secluded life there. Last summer he accepted invitations from local politicians, and the local Conservatives made resentful note of names, dates and places. They say he had a terrific impact, especially in old Conservative circles which had supported the Liberal maverick, Jean-François Pouliot, but could not be relied upon to support a new Liberal MP. They complained at the time to their own party headquarters that this intervention violated the spirit of the tradition against major party leaders taking part in by-election campaigns.

However, Conservatives admit that the parties they have in mind took place before Jean-Paul St. Laurent won the Liberal nomination. Guest of honor was the new senator, Jean-François Pouliot, who had been Temiscouata's MP for nearly thirty years; Jean-Paul St. Laurent wasn't even invited. ★





## Princess Margaret

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

does not mean that such action may never be invoked.

Now we come to that other estate of the realm—the Houses of Parliament. Here at Westminster we have the Strong Hand of Precedent, and do not imagine that its grip is easy to break.

In the year 1772 in the reign of George III the House of Commons and the House of Lords passed a bill enacting that "no descendant of the body of His Late Majesty King George II, male or female, shall be capable of contracting matrimony without the consent of His Majesty, his heirs and successors."

There is a lot more of it, but the meaning is made stark clear by what I have quoted. However, there is a touch of humor in all these things—even in a tragic royal romance. Thus, as a member of parliament and a writer who openly supported the proposed marriage of Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend, I could be made to pay forfeit under a law passed way back in the reign of Richard II by having my lands, tenements and goods forfeited to the state. Also I could be brought before Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth and made to answer for my crimes. Nor do I object to that. If we are to be governed by a law passed in the reign of George III I do not see why we should snub the edict of Richard II merely because he is further back.

Such is the power of the dead hand of history that if Margaret and Townsend had married—and nothing could have prevented them from so doing—the privy council would have met with the approval of parliament and solemnly declared that neither the princess nor her heirs and successors could ever mount the throne of England.

Thus, against this background of pomp and circumstance moved two helpless young people who were tenderly and deeply in love. Townsend had come from Brussels to London to bring matters to a head and to end the pitiless persecution of publicity that has haunted them both for months unending. No longer would the issue be left to the camera, the printing press and the clacking tongues of gossip.

One does not need much imagination to realize the strain and sorrow to the Royal Family during all this. The devotion of the Queen Mother to her daughters and their devotion to her is as real as life itself. Yet twice in less than a quarter of a century the Queen Mother and her daughters were involved in a crisis involving the succession to the throne. Nor can we leave out the Duke of Edinburgh, who as the man of the house has a powerful voice in the affairs of state involving the throne. I know nothing more about the Duke's attitude than any other contemporary observer, but there seems little doubt that his influence was strongly against the marriage. We may be sure that the three women wept as they saw the unfolding of the royal romance, for in great tragedy there is always the quality of tears. Meanwhile the British press was having a journalistic carnival. There is an old saying that there is nothing so stale as yesterday's news, but in this pitiful story of the unhappy princess and her airman lover there was a mounting appetite that grew with what it fed upon.

For days and nights on end the unhappy pair were hunted like stags. The harsh merciless light of publicity kept its glare upon their every movement. Even when they thought they were

alone the long-range camera caught them in its trap.

Just as in the abdication crisis that august publication, *The Times*, held its thunder for a time and just as in the abdication crisis it eventually came down heavily on the side of parliament and the church. Full of self-righteousness, *The Times* opened fire on the popular press. It declared: "The odious whipping up of these honest and warmhearted feelings and their vulgar exploitation for motives of gain have already dishonored part of the British press in the eyes of the world

and deserve only contempt." Having thus sanctified itself and put the popular press in its place, *The Times* then declared, "It is part of the sacrifice the Royal Family make to the ideal they represent that they must live their private lives largely in public."

Then it cautiously approached the real subject—the proposed marriage of a princess who is third in succession to the throne with a man whose wife left him.

In solemn argument and with many apparent qualifications *The Times* then declared, in effect, that the princess

would be untrue to herself and the monarchy if she did not abandon the proposed marriage. Not since Charles Dickens invented Seth Pecksniff has there been anything more impressive than the mighty platitude with which *The Times* ended its editorial: "Happiness in the full sense is a spiritual state and its most precious element may be the sense of duty done." The candles that lit Margaret's hopes were going out one by one.

And then, like one of Shakespeare's historic tragedies, there came the painful scene at the unveiling at Carlton



Irish Setter Champion Ace Flyer of Aragon, owned by Gertrude W. Drew, Toronto.

# Judged Best...ounce for ounce!

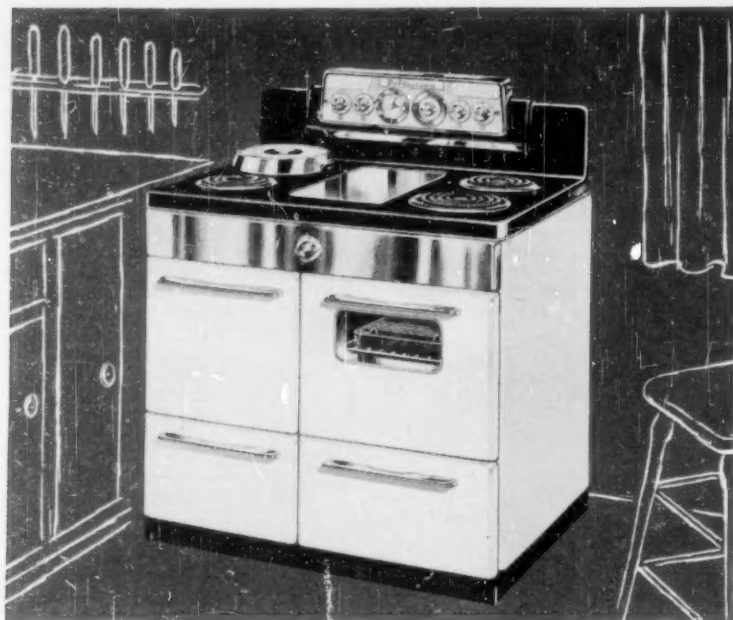
There is no finer tribute to any dog than the judges' award, "Best in Show." Men who have judged the clean, mellow taste of Lord Calvert Canadian Whisky agree that, ounce for ounce, there is no finer whisky anywhere than Lord Calvert.



## LORD CALVERT

### Canadian Whisky

CALVERT DISTILLERS LIMITED, AMHERSTBURG, ONT.



**This handsome** Perfection "Tuxedo Top" automatic electric range features the "Center-Griddle" for quick meals and snacks . . . Perfection "High Power" surface units for fast heat . . . easiest-to-use automatic controls . . . huge "Flavoramic" oven with "Tele-View" window . . . and many other wanted features. Perfection Industries, Inc., (formerly Perfection Stove Company) Box 175, Postal Station "Q", Toronto 7, Ontario.

YOUR HOME DESERVES

**Perfection**  
67 YEARS OF FINE PRODUCTS

WHEN IN THE MARITIMES ASK FOR

**Moosehead**

PALE ALE

**Alpine**

LAGER BEER



MACLEAN'S

House Terrace of the statue in memory of King George VI, who came to the throne because the crown was too heavy for his brother Edward to bear.

It was a cruel cold rainy morning for the unveiling—almost as cruel and cold as the day that our young queen was crowned. And for once the London crowd decided to accept the dictate of the weather. Where there would have been thousands in the Mall there were only a few hundred. The wailing pipes of the band of the Black Watch seemed grimly appropriate to the occasion.

When the royal party arrived from Buckingham Palace it was inevitable that, as they came up the stone steps to the terrace, Princess Margaret had to walk alone. She looked so slight, so lonely, so helplessly caught in the fell clutch of circumstance. The Queen Mother had her family about her. The Queen herself was escorted by her husband the Duke. But Margaret walked alone. Our minds should have been on the memory of that good king who lived and died for the people, but we could not obliterate from our minds or hearts the picture of the lonely princess standing in the cold cold rain.

So it went on—the news story that never became stale. Nor was it a story confined to the British family of nations. In France and America the royal romance filled acres of space every day. It was a romantic tragedy that had gripped the world.

One evening at the House of Commons we were drearily debating the supplementary autumn budget when a whisper went around the benches: "The marriage is off." From that moment no one cared a hoot what the MP on his feet was saying.

It is impossible in a narrative such as this to be impersonal. This girl, this princess, this third in line of succession to the throne, is one of the family that lived in the big house at the end of the street when Hitler was trying to bring London to its knees. I watched her at the coronation of her father in Westminster Abbey. She and Elizabeth sat on two chairs in the chancel and because Margaret was so tiny her feet could not reach the floor.

So she did the next best thing by swinging them. Twice Elizabeth put a restraining hand upon her, but with a twinkle in her eye Margaret swung them an inch or two as a childish protest. As she grew in years it was apparent she was determined to be a modern in a modern world. Her love of dancing, her enjoyment of night clubs, her friendship with the younger smart set . . . she seemed to rejoice in the fact that fate had made her the younger sister who, unless the fates were out of hand, would never be called upon to wear the crown.

As she grew older her name was coupled with two or three socialites, but nothing came of it. Unknown to the outside world she had fallen in love with an ex-RAF pilot who was an equerry to her father. That was just five years ago. Townsend was one of the legendary figures of the war. As a pilot he had bravery, judgment and the qualities of leadership. He inspired others and his name is still honored by many younger pilots who were encouraged and even inspired by his example. I know nothing about his wife except that she left him and married again. There is little to be gained by asking if there was blame on both sides. On the other hand, there is some substance in the criticism that Townsend should have asked to be sent abroad when he saw that Margaret was falling in love with him. But since when has the human heart been guided by cold reason? It might be better if it were so, but emotion is a state with no frontiers.

So events moved to their inexorable climax and there came the second abdication in less than a quarter of a century. King Edward gave up the throne for the woman he loved. Margaret, his niece, gave up the man she loved rather than injure the dignity of monarchy.

Now comes the aftermath and it would be a great misjudgment of events to imagine that the story is ended. Rightly or wrongly, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Church of England must face a deep feeling that there is far more compassion in the

**The House forgot its work as a whisper spread the news: "The marriage is off"**



teachings of Christ than there is in the discipline of the church. I know that what I am about to write will anger many devout people, but I hope they will concede to me a sincerity as great as their own. Already in Britain we are hearing an echo of that old saying, "I cannot call sublime in God that which I would call inhuman in man."

Margaret has always been a devout member of the Anglican Church. Unknown to the public she often attended early service on the special weekday festivals. Therefore, when as a last resort she went a few weeks ago to consult the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was not in a spirit of rebellion but as a practicing daughter of the church. But as a woman who can think for herself she must have wondered at the strange clerical law that a marriage is binding in the eyes of God and the church even when one of the assenting parties has contracted out.

With complete sincerity and responsibility I put this question to you: how can a wife honor, love and obey a husband who has left her for another woman? Physically and even territorially she cannot carry out her side of the compact. Marriage is a contract solemnized by the church between two people. Surely, by every law of reason and humanity, one person alone cannot sustain such a bond.

Yet, if I may repeat the point, we had the humiliating spectacle of Sir Anthony Eden marrying in a registry office because his first wife left him. And I know how earnestly and honorably he tried to avoid that break. Now as Prime Minister of Great Britain he has the loyalty and love of a woman who is devoted to him and therefore he will better serve the state. Who would benefit if he had come to the premiership without the solace and companionship of a wife? By what logic of the mind and the spirit is there this punishment of the innocent? Yet such is the decree of the church against which there is no appeal. Do you wonder that people are saying that there is more compassion in the teachings of Christ than in the canons of the church?

#### More Politician than Priest?

From a worldly standpoint there were undoubted objections to the proposed marriage of Princess Margaret and Group Captain Townsend. He has two sons and an ex-wife. The ex-wife may achieve comparative anonymity because her name has been changed, but the sons would always bear the name of their father.

Yet it would be foolish to imagine that the impact of the palace romance is ended. At the beginning of this article I described the mystery of the waves that beat against a cliff. Today the waves of public resentment are beating against the church. It may not happen at once, but almost certainly there will be a move for the disestablishment of the Church of England. Again and again we have seen Anglican clergymen rise to be bishops and periodically one of their number becomes the Archbishop of Canterbury. In almost every case, and perhaps it is both understandable and inevitable, the archbishop achieves a dual personality. He becomes part priest and part politician—and very often the politician develops into the bigger part.

His sermons seem to be aimed at the conduct of public affairs rather than to the spiritual condition of the nation. His powers of discipline extend to a wide area and even include pronouncements on such subjects as the color problem in South Africa. In fact, only a few months ago there was something

that could be described as a clerical brawl between Canon Collins of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Even in Scotland, where there was special sympathy for the Queen Mother because she is a daughter of that land, the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Edinburgh declared, "If this marriage takes place Princess Margaret is perfectly well aware that it will be contrary to the law of Christ and His church."

Rightly or wrongly, there is a growing resentment against the impingement of the clerical upon the legal and

the political spheres. Since divorce is legal, it must stand to reason that the law and the church are in opposite camps. In such a struggle it is inevitable that public opinion will play a part and in these islands there must be an overwhelming feeling that Princess Margaret has been sacrificed to the interests of church discipline. To that must be added the resentment caused by the automatic refusal of the church to sanctify the marriage of Anthony Eden. It may be said that we who think this way are undermining the foundations of morality and therefore

the future of the Christian state. But is it wrong to speak against the punishment of the innocent? Must a woman go through life childless and husbandless because she was deserted by her husband? Who gains by her sacrifice? Whose spirit is uplifted by her loneliness?

I ask forgiveness, or at any rate understanding, from those who take the clerical view. If my feelings were merely my own they would be unimportant, but you may not quite understand as we do, the unhappy life to which Princess Margaret is now con-

## When you choose your next car...



## Use the I.A.C. MERIT PLAN

Choosing the right Time Purchase Plan is every bit as important as choosing the right car — both should be chosen for good service . . . for built-in advantages . . . for reputation and record of performance . . . for the value and peace of mind that comes with a safe, good buy.

When you finance your car on the IAC Merit Plan you're sure that your investment is fully protected, for you and your family, through special services and considerations.

The Merit Plan gives you built-in advantages — especially designed for your convenience.

When you use The Merit Plan you do business with a company which has already served a generation of Canadian families — families which have enjoyed the better things of life by using the Merit Plan again and again.

And, when you finance on The Merit Plan you get the peace of mind of doing business with a safe, sound, solid Canadian partner . . . a company who pioneered its field, and who today sponsors Canada's most used Time Purchase Plan — The Merit Plan.

See your MERIT PLAN dealer before you buy.

#### The benefits of MERIT PLAN buying

- You buy 'out-of-income'—without disturbing savings—pay as you earn. Your purchase stands on its own financial feet—you save your other sources of credit for emergencies and opportunities.
- Emergency Cash Travel Service.
- Family Protection on most purchases, at no extra costs through Life Insurance—you can't pass on your debt to your family.
- Low-cost Automobile Insurance in monthly instalments.
- On-the-spot Claims Adjustment—wherever you are in Canada.
- Valuable Credit References.

AND . . . you enjoy your car while you pay for it . . . comfortably . . . on the sound sensible terms you select.

Phone your I.A.C. office for the location of your nearest Merit Plan dealer.

**INDUSTRIAL ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION LIMITED**

Sponsors of Canada's Most Used Time Purchase Plan



This is the Scotch! Soft,  
gentle, golden-hued . . .  
light. Have you tried it?

Since 1746

**WHITE HORSE**  
of course!

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland  
Available in various bottle sizes

W-514M



demned. If in public she is lively, the chattering tongues will say that she is a woman without a heart. If she does not smile, they will say that she lacks spirit. If she is seen twice in public with the same male escort, the tabloids will start another romance debauch. Where can she go? What can she do? There is one thing worse than lack of sympathy, and that is too much sympathy.

It is known that there are some women who love only once. I have a haunting feeling that it may be true of Princess Margaret.

This sensitive girl faces a bleak and barren life. And which among us is

ennobled by such a spectacle. History has few stories so wistful, so poignant. Yet even as I write those cruel words I balance against them this one undoubted truth: she chose the path of sacrifice. Regardless of our conflicting points of view we can and must pay tribute to her for the selflessness and sense of dedication which inspired that sacrifice. Those poignant lines come back to me: "Out of sorrow have the worlds been built and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain."

I wish I could feel that the loneliness and the tears of this woman, this royal princess, were necessary for the good of humanity. ★

## CANADIAN ECDOTE



### The Murderer Who Hid in His Own Grave

IN THE late summer of 1884 Luke Phipps was awaiting execution in the Essex County Jail at Sandwich, Ont., for the murder of his wife. He gazed gloomily from his cell window, overlooking a potter's field. Two men were digging a grave for the pauper who would be buried there next day. Luke's sad features didn't mirror the joy in his heart; a visiting friend had slipped a hacksaw to him and he planned to escape that night. He did, with dawn approaching.

Once in the open, Luke dashed ahead till he fell into a chasm—exactly six feet deep. The fall knocked him cold and when he came to the sun was high and he realized he had tumbled into the pit dug for the pauper. Guards were searching the surrounding district but no one thought to look into the grave.

Around noon, however, Luke heard the approach of a hearse,

a muttering of voices and knew what it signified—the pauper's burial!

Terror seized him. Should he stay there and risk being buried alive or should he surrender to the noose? At the last minute a relative appeared to claim the pauper's body. A pause, the hearse turned to creak off, the murmuring voices diminished in the distance and Luke breathed again.

He escaped that night but was picked up a few weeks later in Illinois and brought back to Canada by John Wilson Murray, a detective to whom he told his story. There had been no pauper's burial in Sandwich since his escape, so when Luke was hanged there in November, 1884, he was buried in the same chasm that had shielded him.

"The only man I ever knew," Murray said later, "who literally warmed his own grave."

—THOMAS P. KELLEY

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.



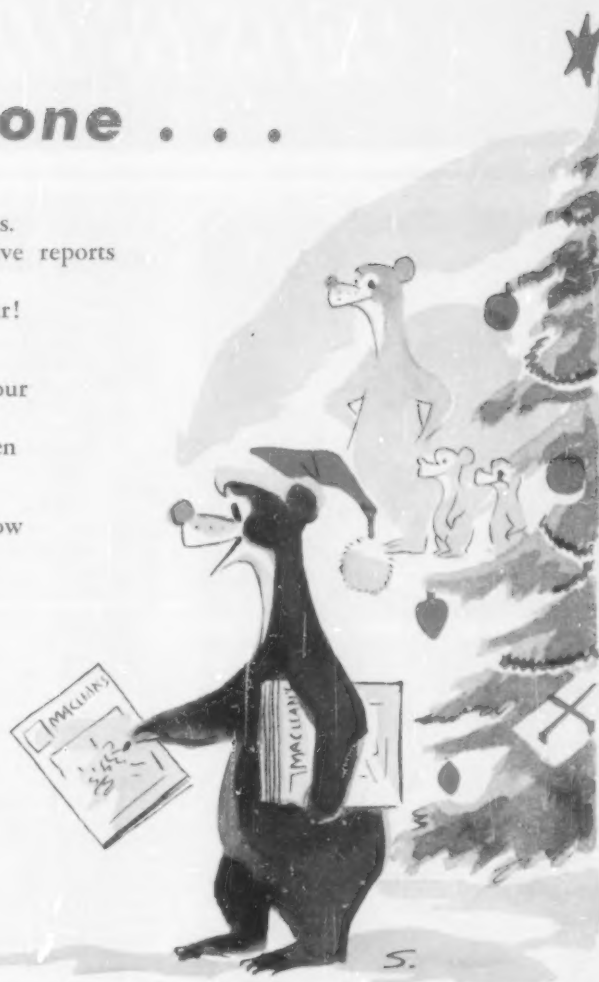
# MACLEAN'S

*the ideal gift for everyone . . .*

Maclean's is the perfect answer to all your Christmas gift problems. The award-winning short stories, interesting features and exclusive reports will keep all your friends entertained for hours — and this new fresh gift is delivered to them every other week for a whole year!

Not only that, Maclean's is so easy to give. All you have to do is to fill in the coupons below with the names and addresses of your friends and relatives. We take over from there and look after all the troublesome details of wrapping and mailing — and we even send special gift cards (from Jasper, of course).

You can save money too, by giving Maclean's — one gift costs as low as \$1.65. But best of all, you don't have to pay now, unless you wish. We'll gladly bill you after the New Year. So follow Jasper's example and save yourself time, trouble and money. You can't go wrong when you give Maclean's — it's Canada's most welcome Christmas gift.



## 3 gifts only \$5

*additional gifts above three only \$1.65 each*

### 2 gifts \$4

### 1 gift \$3

These rates good only in Canada. For gifts to places outside Canada, please add \$1.50 for each subscription. Sorry, no more than 10 gifts from one donor at these special gift rates.

### Order now — pay later

There's no need to send payment with your order, unless you wish. We'll gladly bill you after the New Year to help you to spread your expenses.

### Jasper Gift Cards

Let Jasper announce your gift. A specially designed card by Simpkins featuring Jasper goes with every gift you send your friends this Christmas.

### Special Group Offer

When you order three or more gifts of MACLEAN'S you may also order the popular magazines listed below at these special gift rates.

**Chatelaine** ..... **\$1.00**

**Canadian Homes and Gardens** ..... **\$1.65**

**Mayfair** ..... **\$1.65**

These rates good only in Canada. You may include your own new or renewal subscription but you may not order more than 10 gifts of any one magazine at special gift rates shown above.

**Special Gift Rates Available Until December 24**

## MACLEAN'S 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Canada

Please send one-year gift subscriptions of  
MACLEAN'S to:

### YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....

☐ Mail gift cards signed as indicated OR ☐ Send cards to me for personal mailing.  
☐ I enclose \$..... in payment OR ☐ Please bill me after January 1

AD-DEC 10

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign card from .....

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign card from .....

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign card from .....

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign card from .....

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign card from .....

☐ new ☐ renewal  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... Prov. ....  
Sign card from .....

# Gifts of Distinction

## FOR WOMEN



### LANVIN PRESENTS PERFUMES FROM PARIS

In perfumes, nothing could be more thoughtful than the Lanvin gift box containing the Traveller Golden Flacon of Eau de Lanvin and the exquisite Lanvinette purse-size Golden Flacon of perfume. And to make it the perfect gift for *everyone*, the gift box comes in a choice of their two world-famous fragrances . . . *Arpège* at \$6.00 and *My Sin* at \$5.25.



Are you looking for something above the ordinary for a special lady? Here it is . . . "Wear Ever" Mayfair Gift Set to bring sparkling glamour to her kitchen. Two, four and five piece sets with a choice of beautiful non-tarnish Coppertone or lustrous Alumitone covers.

Available at leading Hardware and Department Stores, and prices range down to less than \$12.00 a set.

**ALUMINUM GOODS LTD.**  
158 Sterling Road, Toronto



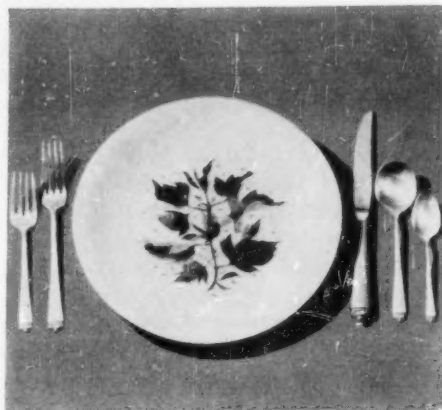
### SPODE CHRISTMAS TREE PLATES

hand painted in full color with bright crimson band on the edge. Many families have established the happy tradition of having Spode Christmas Tree Plates for each person, to be used only during the holiday season. Nieces and nephews like the idea too.



# CHANEL

Good perfume must be distinctive, original. Some perfumes enjoy a brief fashion, then sink into oblivion. Chanel No. 5 is the acknowledged aristocrat . . . now and always the first choice, the favourite gift, of a discriminating clientele. Perfumes, \$6.00 to \$35.00. Colognes, \$3.50 to \$10.00.



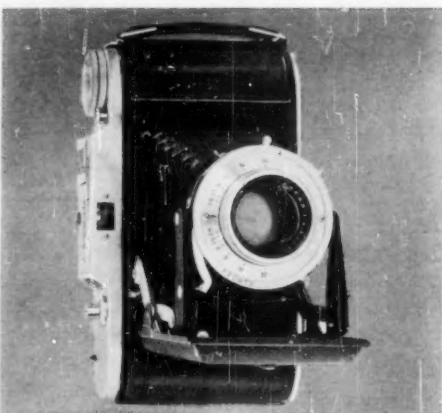
### CHINA FOR CHRISTMAS

A treasured and useful gift. Especially when your choice is Wedgwood . . . the world's most wanted fine English bone china. One of many new patterns is WAKEFIELD . . . a vibrant splash of russet and bronze-toned leaves against a snow-white background. Crafted in today's most popular coupe shape. Only \$10.00 for a 5-piece place setting.



### TWEED BATH DUET by Lenthéric

3-ounce Bouquet and Talcum — \$2.50; Cute as a button — CHRISTMAS TWEED CREAM SACHET PERFUME TREE . . . \$2.00.



### VOIGTLANDER BESSA

The ideal family camera — a great gift for any adult. Capture more detail, get finer effects with the easy-to-operate Bessa. Large negative size (2 1/4 x 3 1/4) gives eight exposures, quickly adjusts to shoot 16 exposures at half size. The Bessa is the budget priced camera with many fine camera features: variety of lenses and shutters, double exposure lock, self timer, focusing aids. Priced from \$44.00.



### GOOD TO GIVE— GOOD TO GET!

Keep Christmas always — with the Morphy-Richards ALL-WAYS Iron! Steam AND Dry Iron—Right AND Left-hand use — reversible cord — ever - cool, two - way handle — ONE dial for BOTH Steam and Dry Ironing. Automatic Heat-Control — automatic Steam Control — automatic Pilot Light. USES ORDINARY TAP WATER. The nicest gift — a MORPHY-RICHARDS Steam Iron.



# Gifts of Distinction

## FOR MEN



### SPARKLET REFILLABLE SYPHONS

the perfect gift for host or hostess. The Streamline SPARKLET in chrome with enamel bands, chrome-plated drip tray . . . 23.50. The Standard SPARKLET in gleaming, wire-covered glass . . . 12.95. Box of ten SPARKLET Bulbs, each gives a quart of soda, 1.25. Sold in Drug, Jewellery and Department stores.



### PACKARD "IMPERIAL" GIFT KIT

An ultra modern electric shaver for cooler, cleaner, closer shaving action. With luxury presentation case, soothing pre-shave and after-shave lotion. 1 year written guarantee. 14 day FREE home trial. Sold at better jewellers everywhere.



### CIRCLE BAR Jolly Gift Idea

Every member of the family will be happy to receive a gift of Circle Bar hosiery. A bright array of patterns and colours in all the most wanted styles . . . stretch sox and nylons . . . lanolin treated nylons for beauty and longer wear . . . Sanforlan shrink resistant sox for perfect fit. All from The Circle Bar Knitting Company Limited, Kincardine, Ont.



### VOIGTLANDER VITESSA

The perfect camera for men who take photography seriously — the world famous 35 mm. Voigtlander Vitessa. Adapted for action-sequence pictures, everything is controlled by two plungers, placed just where the fingers want them! One pressure of first control advances film, sets shutter, and counts frames. Second control takes picture. Features include famous Voigtlander Color-Skopar f3.5 lens and Synchro-Compur MX shutter, \$99.50.



### For An Active Man . . . A MIDO Self-Winding Watch

Truly one of the world's finest watches, the Mido superautomatic with POWERWIND makes a fine gift. Make this Christmas really special — with a Mido. Every Mido features the most advanced self-winding movement — POWERWIND, and the world's first unbreakable mainspring. Waterproof, shock-resistant and anti-magnetic. Give a Mido — the gift of time. At better jewellers from \$90.00.



### REMINGTON 60 DELUXE

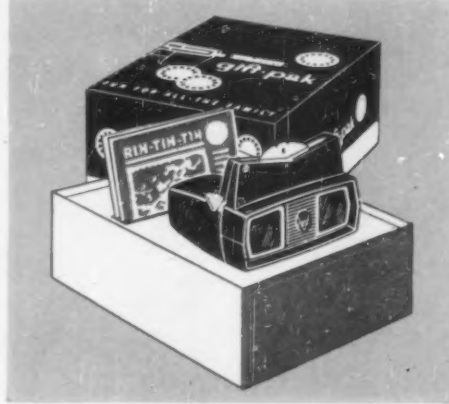
You can be absolutely sure when you give the Remington Electric Shaver. 14 days Free Home Trial — your man must agree the Remington is terrific, or your money back. \$31.95 less generous trade-in allowance for any old electric shaver . . . and he'll be glad you traded it in.

## FOR GIRLS AND BOYS



### NEW VIEW-MASTER PICTURE STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS

Give the gift that's forever fascinating — thrilling new View-Master picture stories in three dimensions and sparkling color. Bright new 3 reel (\$1.50) packets feature Snow White, Tarzan, Cinderella, Rudolph, Rin-Tin-Tin, Buffalo Bill Jr., Cartoon Favorites, plus new U.S. and new Canadian scenic adventures. Also over 400 fascinating single reel subjects at .50c each.



### ALL-NEW VIEW-MASTER GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

Keep children entranced for hours with these colorful all new View-Master Christmas Gifts; the big, beautiful Gift Pak with Viewer and two 3-reel picture stories at \$5.95; the new, streamlined View-Master Viewer and matching light attachment at \$2.95 each; and the bright-colored Junior Projector at \$16.95. New 3-reel picture packets are \$1.50 each. Over 400 single reel subjects, .50c each.



## Mr. Lemon Hart says

You've often heard the remark that rum is a sailor's drink. So it is. The Navy knows a thing or two. So did your Georgian ancestors, who rated rum as the best of spirits at home and abroad, at sea and ashore. Take a tip from the sailors and your ancestors. Try modern smooth-drinking delicious Lemon Hart with cola or ginger ale.

Britain's  
Finest  
Imported

**LEMON  
HART  
RUM**

Have a **GOOD RUM** for your money

## Christmas Gifts from HUDNUT



### TRAVEL IN LUXURY

Creamy white rawhide makes this smart Richard Hudnut train cosmetic case. Lined with DuBarry beauty and make-up musts, mirror in lid. Lots of room for overnight gear... \$8.50



### PRETTY GO-ROUND

Get enough DuBarry Carousels to go round to every lady on your list. Four essentials of loveliness — Cleansing and Skin Creams, Foundation Lotion, Skin Freshener — all pertly, prettily packaged. \$6.50

## Bruce Hutchison Rediscovered Newfoundland

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"worked all of his life and not a penny to show for it, and his fadder before him, and his fadder, too. And dat's the truth of it. 'Tis always so wid fish."

He spoke of fish as if the word itself explained the whole history of its people, and so it does—the cod swarm that brought men here in the beginning and still holds them on this barren shore against climate, misfortune and the magnet of the Canadian mainland.

I asked him if things had not changed for the better since Newfoundland joined Canada.

"Ah well," said he, "de pensions fer me kids and me mudder, dat's good all right but 'tis de price of fish, you see, dat spoils it all."

Why did he keep on fishing when he could get a good job on the mainland? The question seemed to take him by surprise and he gave me a suspicious look with his hard blue eyes. No one, I dare say, had ever asked him about Canada before.

"Sir," he answered, after reflection, "I'll tell you wot it is: we lives a good life and 'tis de only work we know—a good life indeed when a man's his own boss and no one to tell him come or go, and de fish ready to de net and de price fair."

His voice took on a tone of craftsman's pride: "Dawn to dark we pulls de traps and a woman workin' on de stages, makin' fish, fer every man afloat. Man and woman, we've bin happy here a long, long toime."

I looked through the door of the twine loft at the place where men and women of this breed have been happy for a long, long time.

The flat-topped houses of Bauline had been fastened like the nest of some monstrous sea bird to the base of a naked cliff. No discernible street, only a rough track wriggled between them and nothing moved on the cramped sea shelf but a few sheep and two lean cows.

A little church and, close by, a newly painted school told their story of this people's struggle for religion and learning. A shaft of cut stone held the names of twenty-five men who died in two world wars—twenty-five men from the fifty-two families of Bauline. Beyond this scant acre of man's possession stretched six thousand miles of coastline, the solitary island and the misty sea.

Such a scene—the stark headland by a tumbling cataract, the huddle of houses, the boats on the rocky beach, the solid May ice floe and the six men in the twine loft waiting dumbly for the wind to change—could be found nowhere else in Canada. Then I remembered that this was not Canada, except by legal contract and marriage of convenience. In every other sense Bauline and all Newfoundland remained foreign soil and their people strangers.

The captain, perhaps guessing my thoughts, climbed up on the pile of nets and took from the rafters a rusty weapon eight feet long. It was not likely, he said, that I had ever seen in Canada the mate of this sealing gun used by his grandfather. No one bothered with guns these days. It was easier, and saved ammunition, to walk out on the shifting ice and club the seal pups with a boat hook. Yesterday he had killed five, a mile from land. Their pelts wouldn't bring much, but every dollar helped when you couldn't

launch a boat or spread a net to fish. Few Canadians, I admitted, had ever seen a gun like that and, pressing the point, I asked him what he thought about Canada. The question stirred something deep in all these men. The stout net maker grunted again, the eyes of the Chinese idol glinted knowingly and the needle of the youngster paused in mid-air.

"Well," the captain said at last, like a man announcing a weighty judgment, "dey tell me 'tis a very rich country. Yes, an' it might be a very good country, and good folk, fer all of dat."

Had he ever seen it? No, he had never seen it and he didn't expect to. Canada was far away and a man heard little from over there.

What did he think of Newfoundland's union with Canada? Well, for all he knew, Confederation might be a good thing, too, and provided a lot of money, he'd been told. But with the invariable courtesy that marks his race he let me understand that he felt little interest in Canada.

Why should he? In all its four centuries of separate life Newfoundland has had little contact with Canada and, until a few years ago, found little welcome among Canadians.

Its business was concentrated in Britain, the United States, the Mediterranean, the Caribbean and South America. Its mind was concentrated on its own island, that oddly shaped door knocker hanging from the eastern wall of the continent.

### Salt Cod is Losing Out

When Newfoundland knocked on Canada's door for admission sixty years ago it was rebuffed and, as it thought, insulted. Therefore, its loyalty beyond its own coast extended only to Britain and its final entry into Confederation was barely accomplished by a combination of accident, two men's genius and some pretty fancy back-room politics. "Come here at your peril, Canadian wolf," is the best-remembered line in Newfoundland's homemade balladry. It tells a long and tragic tale.

The skipper in the twine loft, being a Newfoundlander and one of nature's gentlemen, did not remind me of those facts and in any case had little time to brood on them. He and every man like him on the island is grappling with an economic revolution that threatens the life of an inshore fishery unlike any other in the world—and soon must grapple with another, more complex revolution of the mind scarcely glimpsed so far.

The machine age is outdated the trap; draggers are dredging the distant sea floor with power scoops; the drying flakes, which used to cure the entire hand-made catch in the sun, are being rapidly replaced by factories, and salt cod by processed fish sticks to suit the modern housewife.

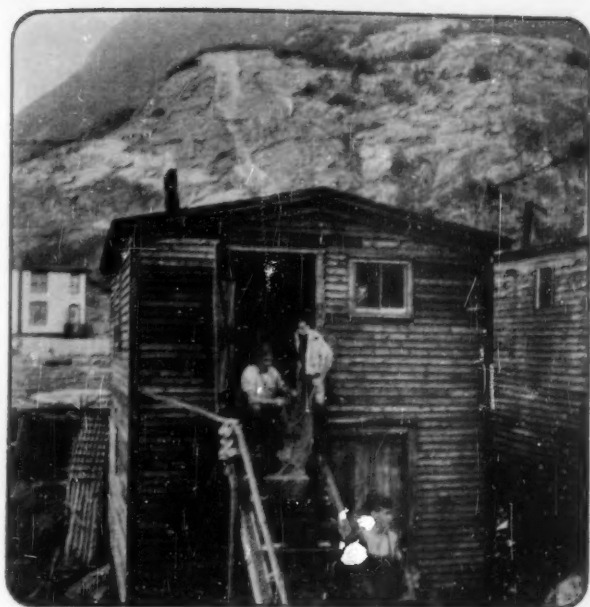
Of some twenty-three thousand men who salted cod ten years ago only ten thousand are left today. On the beach of Bauline the skipper showed me the last two boats left in this port which once supported fifty.

These men had everything they needed, except fair prices, and asked only a few hundred dollars of income a year. They seemed unaware that their living standard, as reckoned by economists, was about a third of the Canadian average. What economist could reckon the true standard of their life? It is to be reckoned only in contentment, memories, adventures, laughter, and the lonely freedom of the sea.

The mechanical and economic process now changing the face of the world has been telescoped in Newfoundland so rapidly, with a muscular push from

Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas





"THE HUDDLE OF HOUSES CALLED BAULINE"

"Such a scene could be found nowhere else in Canada . . . And it wasn't Canada, except by legal contract. Bauline remained foreign soil, its people strangers."

the provincial government, that the men of Bauline cannot grasp its meaning, much less the political, social and spiritual revolution launched by union with Canada. If I wanted to know about politics and suchlike, the skipper said, I had better talk to Joey, the only Newfoundlander who had got his mind around these things (and he by no means completely).

As it happened, Joey—for no one calls Premier Joseph Smallwood by any other name—was standing that day on a hill outside his capital of St. John's, leaning against the bitter wind and entertaining a vision. The black Homburg hat, rammed down on his ears, the invariable bow tie, the bespectacled face and sparrow's figure might not look prophetic, but this little man was gripped by almost apocalyptic revelation.

He recognized us on the road, flung out his arm and pointed to the interior of his island. There, in those barrens, in an endless sweep of moor, rock and stunted trees, wealth beyond calculation awaited the touch of man. And he proposed to provide that touch. Sheep, he shouted above the gale, sheep were the answer, and he would populate the interior with sheep as he had already populated his own farm.

Sheep, therefore, have become the latest inspiration of an extraordinary creature who is part politician, part prophet and already an established figure in Canadian history. Sheep will provide the next installment of his economic revolution but not the last. Whether he is the man to guide the larger revolution of the mind inherent in Confederation remains to be seen.

Preoccupied with his current pur-



"NOT MANY WHO SALTED COD ARE LEFT"

"Every man is grappling with an economic revolution . . . that threatens the life of fisheries. Drying flakes to cure cod are replaced by processing to suit housewives."

Experience  
handed down through  
4 generations  
has produced the  
finest piano in  
HEINTZMAN  
history



Richmond Model

Beauty of tone and responsive touch have made the Heintzman one of the truly great pianos of the world. With grand piano in vertical form construction, and the patented Agraffe Bridge the Heintzman of today is the finest piano Heintzman has ever built.

See your nearest dealer or write for folder "Facts Concerning Heintzman".

HEINTZMAN & CO.  
195 YONGE STREET • TORONTO



Golliwog—'Golly'

for short—is a

friendly little doll that for close on 100 years has been beloved of British children. This delightful little figure became the trade-mark of Robertson's in 1910 and ever since then has been a World-famous symbol of their preserves and your assurance that you have selected the best.

**Robertson's**  
**Silver Shred**  
**Marmalade**

By Appointment to  
Her Majesty the Queen  
Marmalade Manufacturers  
James Robertson & Sons  
(P.M.) Limited

Other preserves of the same high distinction: Golden Shred Marmalade, Ginger Marmalade, Scotch Marmalade, Blackcurrant Jam, Redcurrant Jelly, Wild Bramble Jelly  
MADE AND PACKED IN SCOTLAND



IT'S WORTH ASKING FOR



By Appointment  
to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II  
Scotch Whisky Distillers  
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith.

'QUALITY TELLS'

Available  
in various  
bottle sizes

...and now,  
the final touch!

The meal is over. There is but one final touch, the mark of a perfect host. Guests retire while he pours for each a glass of rich, full-bodied Paarl Imported Port. Yes, Paarl, product of the sun-drenched valleys of South Africa, a name revered the world over for quality and flavour... adds that final touch of distinction after dinner. Always serve Paarl Imported Port.

For every occasion, luncheon, cocktails, or dinner—formal or informal—always insist on Paarl Imported Brandy, Port or Sherry. Paarl wines and brandies are among the finest in the world, yet they are delightfully inexpensive.

**PAARL**  
SOUTH AFRICAN  
WINES AND BRANDIES

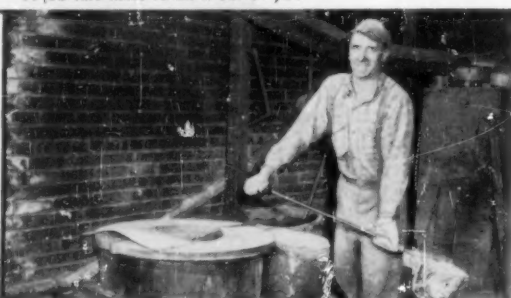


A  
MAN'S  
ale



"A job like mine takes it out of you"

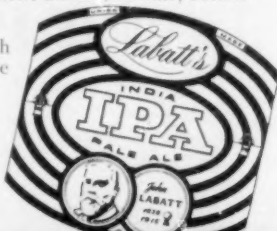
with  
BODY  
in it



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," says Albert Chilcott, Toronto, Ontario

No matter where you work, what you do, there comes a time when you crave an ale with real body and flavour to it. An ale exactly like IPA. IPA is Albert Chilcott's ale... a man-size ale to take care of the man-size thirst you can expect in a foundry. IPA may be your ale, too. You should try it—soon.

Find out about IPA... the ale that satisfies the man in you! Try IPA next time at your favourite hotel or tavern, or at home.



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO  
**LABATT'S**



"A CITY OF FOG, FISH AND MEMORIES"

"With tiers of wooden houses packed cheek by jowl St. John's still has a dingy Victorian look... but it has the beauty of toil and adventure... a timeless beauty."

suit, Joey advised me to see for myself what was happening at the grass roots. He dashed off alone in his mud-spattered Cadillac (with a shovel in the trunk against emergencies) and I soon found myself in Petty Harbor, an outport south of St. John's, whose elders were assembled to consider the ruin of their village.

The parliament of Petty Harbor appeared to consist of three men, in gum boots, overalls and tattered cloth caps, standing on the beach and blinking gloomily at the ice, the broken stages, the ragged cluster of houses, and the prospects of a barren year.

These men were not hostile—no Newfoundlander is hostile—but they were shy, and skeptical of an obvious stranger from Canada. At first they answered my questions in glum monosyllables and in an accent so queer that I could hardly translate it. Having sized me up as harmless, they evidently relished the chance of leisurely conversation.

The leader of this triumvirate—a massive fellow who had distended his moon face with a formidable wad of tobacco—called it a bad year, the worst he remembered, but then it had always been a hard life hereabouts.

"I t'inks," he said, "'tis de hardest work dere is, haulin' traps, but 'tis no matter if dere's fish and proper prices. Last year de fish was good."

He shifted his tobacco thoughtfully, groping for an adequate description of the catch, and eventually hit on an unlikely word. "De fish," he said, "was numerous, very numerous. But de price dis year no good a-tall." After a long moment of cogitation he stated a basic fact of Newfoundland's life: "Ah, if we only had land to farm!"

Around this sterile inlet of stone, though it would excite any artist, there was hardly land enough to nourish half a dozen cows, or even to hold the cod flakes.

A wizened little man, his eyes blurred by thick glasses, intervened to tell me that a hundred and fifty boats used to fish out of Petty Harbor, and now only thirty-six. "She's goin' under," he said, and peered hopelessly

at the stages on their rotting, lime-green piles.

The third man said nothing. He was incapable of speech, a flimsy, be-whiskered scarecrow, who suddenly shook with a wrenching ague as if he would fall to pieces.

I repeated the question I had asked at Bauline—why did they stay with the unprofitable shore fishery? The leader's answer was prompt and decisive: "Too old."

"Too old"—and all the upheaval, the misery and yet the fair hope of the revolution were compressed in those two words. "Too old"—and the moon-faced man searched my eyes for a glint of understanding, the little man behind the spectacles muttered to himself and the ancient mariner was shaken bodily by some unseen hand. "Too old"—what more was there to say?

That point established, the parliament of Petty Harbor fell into dismal silence. As we stood there in the cutting cold, our communications severed, a fourth man joined us and quickly established himself as leader of the opposition.

He was a tall, rugged man of bulging frame, his face lined but unconquered by toil and adversity.

"Confederation?" said he. "Why, 'twas de bloodiest fool thing we ever did. And Joey spendin' millions on his new industries and not one of 'em any good. Oh, they'll all go broke, you'll see, and when de Americans finish spendin' money on de airfields Newf'n-land'll be finished, too." He laughed bitterly and added for my benefit: "Then Canada can take care of us."

If I wanted to see the true state of things, he said, I should drive down the bay to Maddox Cove, his birthplace. A zigzag path between an avalanche of pink boulders led me to the Cove and the only human being in sight.

He was such a man as Rembrandt would have painted and Shakespeare might have taken as a model for Falstaff—a squat, barrel-shaped man, his swollen face as purple as old Burgundy—and his job was to fix the track called a road.

What had happened to Maddox Cove? The wine-faced road man re-





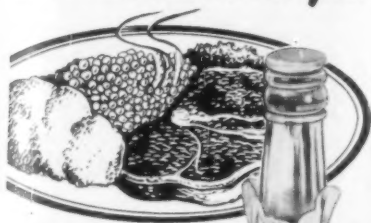
## Come to Québec for your winter fun

Here in La Province de Québec you will find ideal ski conditions. Slopes for beginners and experts, well-marked trails, numerous ski-tows. And you will be welcomed with old-fashioned French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable, modern inns and hotels.

Write to-day for your free copy of "SKI IN QUEBEC", address: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza New York 20, N.Y.



**MAKES STEAKS**  
*a connoisseurs delight!*



Steaks, chops, roasts, etc., taste so much better seasoned with Lea & Perrins. So take a tip from famous restaurants: keep a bottle on the table... and use it in your cooking too!



plied in brief, every word emerging as a separate, hoarse agony. "All gone," he said. Joey was a great man and Confederation a good thing but no one could salvage Maddox Cove.

His face turned a deeper purple as he thought of it; he uttered a final verdict: "Nobody's happy any more, no-where." And dragging the words from a bottomless despair, he pronounced his sentence on life: "Let 'em drop de bomb. 'Twon't make any difference."

The restaurant a few miles down the shore at Bay Bulls serves excellent food and has been equipped with civilization's masterpiece, a juke box. Since his freight schooner was fast in the harbor ice, a bronzed skipper was hoisting too many beers and plugging the juke box with nickels. We could never have met before but he instantly recognized me as an old friend, reminded me of a riotous party we had enjoyed together last winter in Placentia but promised, with a solemn wink, to keep that affair dark.

He was having a bit of fun, he confessed, but when the ice went out and his ship could move, there'd be no more drinking and no liquor on board. I believed him. The sea and the mastery of it were legible in that man's salt-cured face.

He started the juke box playing a lively air and, for my benefit, danced a Newfoundland jig until he slumped down, winded. The new-fangled music, he gasped, wasn't like the good old native tunes.

So they have danced here, in the face of weather and calamity, these four centuries.

### It's Cheaper to Build a Boat

On the beach nearby a plump youngster, Irish by accent, face and impudent blue eyes, was tinkering with his boat and singing to himself.

"Why sure," said he, in an opulent brogue, "you'll hear 'em complainin' at Petty Harbor. Always they complain at Petty Harbor. But mark you, sir, I've bin about in my time, all 'round the world in ships, and there's nothing as good as right here. Leave me alone to fish, me and five brothers, and that's all I ask. Ah, it's grand thing fer a man."

He remembered that I was from Canada and quickly added that Confederation was grand and Canadians were grand, too. "A lovely people, a very lovely people."

Not far off, on Witless Bay, a lad hardly out of his teens was building his first boat—an unconscious testament to the future. It could be built for \$150, he said, when you cut the keel and ribs out of the forest, and it would soon pay for itself in these good times. Move to town? Not he, when Witless Bay was full of cod and he was his own boss, with his own boat. In him the eighteenth successive generation of Newfoundland fisherman was putting out to sea.

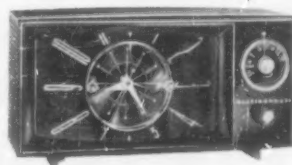
At Tors Cove three aged characters huddled for warmth over a beach fire. The salmon swarmed out there under the ice, worth seventy cents a pound at this season, a fortune to these men, and already they had lost half the brief season's catch. "Still and all," said the oldest of the three, "it'll be a good year, you'll see." Why, a man might make a hundred dollars in a few days when the salmon were running. So they waited by their fire, staring at the ice but never doubting the sea's un-failing crop.

Outside Portugal Cove three small boys of ruddy complexion were walking three miles home from school. They climbed eagerly into our car, speechless with excitement at this chance of a ride, but under close questioning informed us that they had learned the words of



## WESTINGHOUSE RADIOS. *the gift of year-round listening pleasure*

Here is a delightful, lasting gift... in a range of prices for every Christmas budget... and just right for bedroom, kitchen, den — anywhere in the house. Westinghouse for '56 brings fresh new designs... new colours... Full Range Sound. This Christmas, give a Westinghouse table radio — for the happiest thank you! Your choice of these four — and many more!



**Time Master. Model 5T120.**

Lulls you to sleep — turns itself off — wakes you to music — all automatically! This superior 5-tube radio brings in your favourite stations strong and clear. Fine Telechron Clock — with easy-to-read face — assures years of quiet, accurate time.



**Radasonic. Model 6T116.**

A striking beauty with twin 5-inch concert speakers. Full 6-tube chassis provides outstanding sensitivity and selectivity for long-distance reception. Acoustic design cabinet on removable swivel base. In select imported walnut or mahogany.



**Rinaldo. Model 5T118.**

You'll say "Si Si" when you see — and hear this popular new 5-tube model — engineered for superior tone, power and performance. Gleaming styrene cabinet is compact, up-to-the-minute in styling. Bright, clear dial numerals — large clear lucite knob for accurate, easy tuning.



**Sonoramic. Model 5T119.**

Not one — but two dynamic twin speakers for new vibrant tonal richness. Five tube chassis radiates Full Range Sound evenly throughout the room. Polystyrene cabinet with matching control knobs and contrasting gold accents. In lustrous Ivory, Walnut, Forest Green, Sahara Sand.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

**YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S**

**Westinghouse**

ENJOY TELEVISION'S FINEST HOUR "STUDIO ONE" MONDAY NIGHTS 10 P.M.

*Give a Gift of Distinction this Christmas*



Kwakiutl  
Indian  
mask

**because  
you admire  
old  
crafts...**

THIS HISTORIC  
SCOTCH IS FOR YOU,  
because it too is a product of  
an old, old craft—direct from  
Speyside, heart of Scotland's  
whisky country. We first im-  
ported this rare old Scotch in  
1701 exclusively for our com-  
pany officers and we shared  
it with no one for more than  
a century. Now you can enjoy  
it too—Best Procurable Scotch  
—the culmination of centuries  
of whisky-making.

55 BP - 24

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670  
**HUDSON'S BAY**  
*Best Procurable*  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**

O Canada and had seen photographs of Ottawa. The slow process of Canadianism was beginning.

The inhabitants of the Newfound-land coastline were poor but never pathetic—too intelligent, polite and proud to be patronized, too strong to need anyone's sympathy, too independ-ent, roughcast and deeply grained to lose their character in a world of smooth conformity, too settled in their own ways to change them by constitutional Act of Union with Canada.

If these four hundred thousand people are not yet Canadians by any compulsion outside the statute books, they are the material of a stronger, richer Canadianism. They have added a new strain, a different outlook and temper, a friendliness and whimsicality, a certain extra dour zest to our life. They have given us those qualities that come only out of hardship, en-  
durance and the cold mandate of the sea.

Their lean faces and shrewd eyes, their soft speech and never-failing laughter, their unspoken love of these native rocks, forests, villages and lonely waters have been shaped by a ferocious and little-known history.

From the beginning of settlement every policy that any government could contrive, every obstacle that avarice could imagine, every disaster that war and weather could invent have combined to suppress this race of men.

Once Cabot had dropped a basket off this coast in 1497, hauled up a bushel of cod and reported the wealth of a "New-founde-lande," it became a prize of war, commerce and conspiracy, a victim of conqueror, exploiter and bungling politician, a pawn of Europe's quarrels, a place where settlers were forbidden to live and yet settled in unknown coves and distant uplands, flourished in secret and finally pos-sessed their harsh, beloved soil with all the waters around it.

What a procession of men and events has passed these shores! Humphrey Gilbert arriving with Queen Eliza-beth's charter, proclaiming England's first colony to a band of foreign fisher-men in the crowded harbor of St. John's and drowning in mid-Atlantic with the famous shout: "Cheer up, lads, we're as near heaven by sea as by land"; the "admirals" from Bristol who became legal governors and tyrants by reaching St. John's first in the spring; the first English tax collector who dis-covered that "ye fishermen be sturberne fellows" with a rooted aversion to taxes; Dutch raiders and French in lawful war and uncounted pirates in casual pillage; settlers, now legally established, strug-gling for responsible government and winning it; shipwreck, fire, disease, hunger and religious riot among the poor; commercial feudalism, sudden fortune, sudden ruin, revelry, routs, scandals and stuffy Victorian pomp among the rich; abundant fish harvests, lean seasons, lost markets, boom, depression and bankruptcy; fifteen years of commission government; and at midnight, March 31, 1949, the birth of the tenth Canadian province—such is the record of man's adventures in Newfoundland.

If Newfoundland had not rejected Confederation in 1867 much time, money and misery would have been saved. If Canada had not rejected Newfoundland's offer of union in 1895—a miserly quarrel over four million dollars, a shameful Canadian failure—and humiliated a proud people in their moment of ruin, the tenth province would be a spiritual ingredient of the Canadian state today.

Instead, four centuries of alternating wealth and poverty have taught New-foundland something of the world, little of Canada and less to admire or

imitate. Its eyes were never turned westward to us, but eastward to the sea.

Why should we suppose that such a people, nurtured in such a region, distant in space, much further away in experience and memory, could possibly be like other Canadians? They are different in a hundred ways too subtle to be identified but instantly felt by the stranger.

He will perceive, to begin with, that Newfoundlanders are, in the literal meaning of the word, more simple than most Canadians. They have yet to feel the smartness, sophistication, speed and resulting disillusionment, tension and fury of North America. They therefore possess a patience, an out-ward cheerfulness and, I suspect, an inner contentment, deeper than others.

Having never enjoyed, they do not greatly miss the benefits of modern industrialism which most of their newly adopted countrymen take for granted. Satisfied with far smaller material rewards, generally living at the physical level of their grandfathers, and united by the common peril of the frontier, they have devised their own amusements, thought their own thoughts, written their own robust folklore, shared a kind of family joke and built their own private myth.

If they have not received the full rewards of the machine age they have not suffered the blight of uniformity. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every native of Newfoundland is a character, often an eccentric, Dicken-sian character, unpolished and un-tamable. Though less educated, these people are more articulate than any Canadians outside Quebec, because lonely men must talk, and they talk ceaselessly. More religious than most of us, they still nourish superstitions, ghosts and legends that older Cana-dians lost long ago.

#### A Weakness for Gossip

Like all people, they have the defects of their virtues. For example, in their fierce individualism, they could win responsible government but have never truly mastered the parliamentary process. Separated by long distances and far behind the rest of Canada in public education, they have been unable so far to maintain stable politi-cal parties or often to resist the appeal of demagogues.

As an electorate they are argumenta-tive, litigious and refractory. They have a weakness for rumor, gossip and the distorted tittle-tattle that thrives in the absence of the printed word.

These are only a visitor's vagrant im-pressions. No one can doubt and no Newfoundlander of my acquaintance denies the fact that first assailed me in the twine loft of Bauline—Newfound-land is Canadian only by constitutional arrangement and not by instinct, emo-tion or understanding. The sovereign force that holds Canada together, the force of a nameless yearning, has yet to touch this island.

Its people are not transplanted Englishmen or Irishmen either. Four centuries of separation and a century without immigration have made them Newfoundlanders and nothing else—a race, a true nationality and, by every definition, a people.

It will be well worth all our expendi-ture of trouble and money to make this people Canadian. Newfoundland rounds out the natural boundaries and completes the defense perimeter of Canada. Mackenzie King, who insti-gated, nursed and finally accomplished the union, in partnership with Small-wood, held that Newfoundland, emerg-ing from a term of commission govern-ment, eventually would join Canada or

## Break through that stuffy HEAD COLD FOG



**Breathe Easy  
Again!**

Don't go on suffering all the mis-eries of a head-cold! Open up your nose—in seconds—with soothing Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops. A few drops up each nostril, as directed, reduces swelling, makes breathing easier. Try it today!

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL  
NOSE DROPS**



**REAL  
PAIN**

**CALLS FOR PARADOL**

• HEADACHE • NEURALGIA • TOOTHACHE • EARACHE • RHEUMATIC PAIN • PERIODIC PAIN  
When you are in pain, get fast relief with Paradol. Its modern for-mula contains four in-gredients, relieves even the most stubborn pains quickly and effectively. Comfort comes quickly—you feel alert yet relaxed. 54-21

**DR. CHASE'S PARADOL**

## Mothersill's

The fast-acting  
aid in preventing  
and relieving  
Travel Sickness.

for Adults & Children

**THE WORLD OVER**



## STOP SUFFERING FROM WORMS!

Eliminate round and hook worms instantly. Get Glover's Dog Capsules to-day. Safe and easy to use. At all Drug and Dept. Stores. Ask for GLOVER'S DOG CAPSULES

GLOVER'S DOG CAPSULES



the United States. The leaders of Newfoundland today agree absolutely with King. No one agrees more firmly than Smallwood.

Besides the imponderable asset of a complete transcontinental state, we have secured two ponderable assets—the people and their undeveloped physical resources. Nowhere else on earth do less than half a million people own so much real wealth of timber, fish, minerals and waterpower, according to Gregory Power, the gangling, sad-looking finance minister, leading poet and largest poultry producer of Newfoundland. While Power worked for Confederation as Smallwood's gag man and lampoon writer he was waiting, he told me, for Newfoundland's "historic moment"—certain to dawn as soon as the world discovers its raw materials.

That moment was not apparent to the naked eye when Power showed me his chilly homeland. The rusty whaling fleet was locked in the ice of Harbor Grace. The dismal town of Carbonear told us nothing of the heroic day when Pierre Le Moyné, *Canadien* scourge of the New World, drove the townspeople to a distant island, could never make them surrender and retreated after the only failure of his brutal winter march of destruction along the Newfoundland coast. Then on the horizon loomed the whale's back of Bell Island and great ships loading iron ore from shafts miles under the sea.

At last we climbed up through drifts of snow to a moorland as empty, cold and silent as the Arctic and out upon a cliff high above a pounding surf. Power pointed to a range of hills unchanged since the early hours of creation. The last ice age had shaved them clean and left a surface of burnished glass.

"The mountains of the moon," said Power. "They make you think."

This scene, he explained, probably represented most foreigners' notion of Newfoundland, but a hungry world would soon grasp the true dimensions of the wealth here in this earth and would need it. Meanwhile Canada has secured these resources by a bargain which most Newfoundlanders consider one-sided and which Smallwood is determined to improve.

He is not depending primarily on

better Confederation terms from Ottawa. He has spent about twenty million, saved by the former commission government, to subsidize nearly a score of new industries. He believes all of them will succeed. His enemies believe most of them will fail. Factories making such things as plywood, gum boots, gloves, leather, textiles, storage batteries, cement, machinery, electronic devices, chocolates and knitted wear represent the first installment of Smallwood's industrial revolution.

To see the raw material of larger installments ahead, you must penetrate the island interior on Canada's most maligned, interesting and friendly railway. From Port aux Basques, directly opposite Nova Scotia, a narrow-gauge train of two locomotives, two diners and five crowded sleepers moved off, clanking and snorting in a kind of rough trot which a horseman soon masters by the rhythmic, vertical motion called posting.

The natives always jeer at this railway but they love it as a friend, they remember it as an engineering feat of wilder enterprise than the CPR, considering the builders' resources, and they have made the journey across their island a family party, a festival and a lark. Actually this seems to be a well-managed line, now part of the Canadian National system, and the friendliest in the nation.

The traveler realizes at once that everything he has read or heard of Newfoundland is absurd.

He has imagined endless flat muskeg and sees the Rockies in blue miniature, flecked with snow.

He expects a bare horizon of rock and is moving past noble forests, myriads of winking lakes, spacious green valleys and some fat farm lands beside rivers of clean, dark water.

He has pictured only mean fishing hamlets and presently is in the thriving little city of Corner Brook, beside a mountain of pulp logs and one of the world's largest paper mills.

He has dreaded the monotony of the interior barrens and finds them as brilliantly colored as the moors of Hardy's England, as mysterious and haunting as Wuthering Heights.

He has studied the map of a twisted

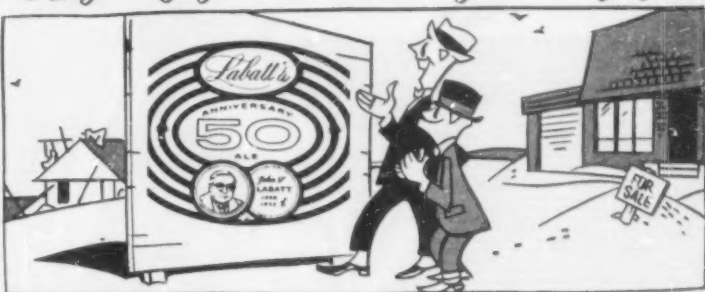


#### "FACES SHAPED BY A FEROCIOUS HISTORY"

"Every Newfoundlander is a character, unpolished, untamable, more articulate than other Canadians because lonely men talk. And they nourish legends that others have lost."



*Any way you look at it...you'll enjoy*



**'50'**  
MILD...  
SMOOTH

Taken in by false fronts? You'll find Labatt's '50' refreshingly different... it's every bit as good as it looks. Pour yourself a sparkling glass of '50'... savour its fine golden mildness. This is the lightest and smoothest of all ales—the happier ale that makes *anytime* a good time. Enjoy a '50'—soon.

THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO  
**LABATT'S**

## MARIE BRIZARD

200th ANNIVERSARY  
1755-1955

IMPORTED *French* LIQUEURS



CRÈME DE  
CACAO  
BLACKBERRY  
APRY



ANISETTE  
CRÈME DE  
MENTHE



TWO centuries ago, a sweet and gracious lady living in the south of France, Mlle. Marie Brizard, sent samples of her incomparable Anisette Liqueur to the court of Louis XV. Her discovery was proclaimed a triumph of matchless flavour and bouquet. Today, after two hundred years, Marie Brizard Liqueurs still remain in the hands of direct descendants of their creator, unchanged in formula and tradition. Few things that contribute to more enjoyable and more gracious living in our modern world can boast such a famous heritage. In every field of achievement there is always one name that signifies the best. In the realm of fine French liqueurs, the world has given this highest honour to the name MARIE BRIZARD.

**Paradise Cocktail**  
1/4 Apry Brizard  
3/4 Dry Gin  
Shake with ice, strain  
and serve

**Alexander Cocktail**  
1/4 Crème de Cacao  
1/4 Dry Gin  
1/4 Fresh Cream

**Perfect Refreshment!**  
Pour two fingers of Menthe or Anisette Brizard in a large glass and fill up with iced water. Or put crushed ice in a brandy glass and cover with Menthe or Anisette Brizard. Either way, you get a most delicious, cooling drink!

**MARIE BRIZARD**

Two  
Centuries of  
Tradition

## See for yourself!

Look into your silverware. Does its care give you a clear reflection of yourself? Your silverware should reflect your own good taste. Polish your silver with SILVO and you'll see for yourself.

Silvo cleans as it polishes.

Silverware by Georg Jensen

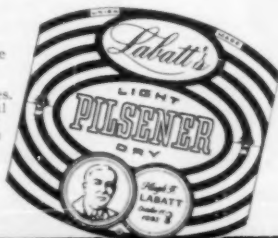


## Thirsty?

### ...TRY A PILSENER

When you're so dry that you wish you had a trunk for rapid intake... try introducing your thirsty throat to a glass of Labatt's Pilsener. A-a-a-h! The first glass transforms your thirst from a torture to a pleasure, so have another to enjoy the flavour—lighter than ale, drier than lager. Call for Pilsener in your favourite hotel or tavern—and for thirst's sake, do keep a case at home.

The only beer in the world endorsed by brewmasters of seven other breweries. Made to the original Pilsener formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO  
**LABATT'S**

coastline, first drawn by some nervous hand, has supposed that every mile will be the same, and looks out on sea vistas of Norway, Cornwall, Spain and British Columbia.

All day I watched a montage of changing landscape and at daybreak next morning beheld the dazzling glitter of Conception Bay, where huge swans of sculptured ice floated in a jewel box of sapphires and emeralds.

Like a horse in sight of barn and manger, the train shifted from trot to gallop and scampered down a winding grade into the foreign metropolis of St. John's.

No city could have looked more foreign to a mainland Canadian than this dark lichen growth crawling up the sea rocks, no spectacle more unlikely than the ice-coated harbor, a white and shiny bath tub of porcelain full of a child's toy ships.

St. John's is foreign to us in history, architecture and spirit, and older by a century than our first Canadian town of Quebec.

There may be touches of an English port along its crowded wharves, memories of Devon in its tangled rigging, a flavor of London in some walled garden and crooked street. Yet this agglomerate of sea, stone and wood is not derivative.

It is original and native, built by native craftsmen to a native design as an authentic capital of an authentic nationality, the homemade refuge of a seagoing race. And the sea more than the land has shaped and colored it, penetrating every cranny and aching bone of the town with storm, fog, salt, fish smell and old memories.

The place is bleak and ugly, I suppose, by the usual definition. Its tiers of wooden houses (built overnight after the last of three total conflagrations) are packed cheek by jowl, are antiquated, shabby and identical in every line. Its business streets, for all their crowded traffic and modern goods, have still a dingy Victorian look.

But stand off a little way, stand on Signal Hill above the canyon of the harbor gate and observe St. John's whole. Its ugliness, like the ugly face of an old friend, turns into a wrinkled, scarred and timeless beauty, the beauty of a character, experience, toil and human adventure beside the calm and awful beauty of the sea.

On this May morning St. John's waited, in a murk of fog and coal smoke, for the northeast wind to change and clear the harbor.

Water Street, already a fisherman's trail when Cartier reached Hochelaga, was as busy, crowded and dangerous to the pedestrian as Sherbrooke, King or Granville. The men of business bustled about in their universal uniform of well-tailored suits and bulging brief cases. Their club at the noon hour presented a cartoon out of Punch, replete with a company of merchant princes, billiards, cards, leather easy chairs and strong appetizers of West Indies rum.

The inmates of this club represented a dying age and they knew it. Most of them deplored Confederation; one scholarly gentleman described himself as "a British subject, resident in Newfoundland"; all of them predicted the ultimate ruin of the Smallwood government and a financial crisis when the subsidized industries inevitably collapsed.

Men of this sort—as able, educated and widely traveled as any of their contemporaries in Canada—have watched this harbor since the days when Sir Richard Whitbourne repelled a boarding party of amorous mermaids with rosy flesh and hair of cobalt blue; when pirates were barred from the harbor mouth by iron chains; when the sealing

fleet set out on its spring voyage amid cannon fire and cheers from the shore; when ladies of fashion, their virtue questioned by an English governor, "did hamstring him, making him a cripple for life"; when fire, storm, plague, riot and foreign enemy engulfed but could never destroy a town that knew not how to die.

The past still lives in the clubs, offices and warehouses of Water Street. The future was visible next day in the restless figure of Smallwood governing his province as unquestioned boss from a curious citadel. He inhabits as home and office a vast wooden house, the folly of some forgotten magnate. His anteroom, once the kitchen, as a sink in the corner attests, is guarded by a faithful sentinel puffing a rank cigar, observing me suspiciously out of his knowing old eyes and grudging even the admission that the spring was late.

### A Visitor from Mars

Among the stream of visitors pouring through the anteroom was a woman of middle age, a housewife from a poor home in some distant outpost, dressed for a great occasion in her best mail-order clothes and nervous, on the edge of her chair, at the prospect of meeting her hero.

When I ventured to remark on the weather, and doubtless betrayed my mainland accent, the flood gates of that woman's life opened to release all its contents of suffering, hope and discovery. The suffering was written on her lined face, the hope in her eager eyes and the discovery, oddly enough, on some colored postcards. These frayed exhibits from her handbag, more profound in their meaning than any official document, pictured in crude hues the cities of Canada. She asked me if I had actually seen them. I said I had and she looked at me as at a visitor from Mars.

Some day, she said, when her five sons had grown up and she could save a little money, she intended to see the mainland before she died. Then, uttering her discovery, she shyly touched my hand and whispered: "We're all Canadians now, you know. It's our country, every bit of it. My, what a thing to think about! And remember, Joey did it all by himself!"

This is only a slight exaggeration, even if Newfoundland's opinion of Smallwood's genius strikes the stranger as almost grotesque. Still, no one entering his crowded lair can fail to feel a certain hypnotic power.

The parlor converted into an office looks more like a museum or second-hand store. It is crammed with such items as a model schooner, a bronze horse, two incongruous totem poles, innumerable busts, photographs, maps, charts and papers. The owl face peering from this chaos, the nervous movements and the perpetual flow of sound make the visitor think at once of a caged bird. Smallwood is not caged. In a cabinet of apprentices this inspired but somewhat bewildered amateur has neither rival, adequate successor nor, I suspect, any settled philosophy.

He is the product of poverty—so poor as a boy that he could not attend school when his only pair of pants was being mended—of casual wandering as a tramp reporter, of a radio talent that introduced him to the entire island and then of the Confederation campaign, which certainly would have failed without his horrendous oratory and smart back-room politics.


Smallwood loves to quote bluebooks rescued from the welter of his desk, to reel off figures, to prove statistically that Newfoundland is more prosperous than ever and that all his industries





**"EXPORT"**  
CANADA'S FINEST  
CIGARETTE

For **Dry Nose**



**Vaseline**  
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

THE VASELINE BRAND IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF PURITY

Promotes Healing

**THE FIRST AID KIT IN A JAR**

**RANGE-GREASE**  
easily removed



Just apply Kleenoff, leave awhile and then wash off. It's so easy!

**Kleenoff**

**Foot Relief**

Quick-Acting, Extra Soft, Cushioning Foot Plaster

To speedily relieve painful corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, burning on bottom of feet—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. You cut this soothing, cushioning, flesh color, superior moleskin to any size or shape and apply. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ stores.



**Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX**

will succeed. In fact, he knows little or nothing about business, lives entirely on intuition and plays by ear. Sometimes the intuition fails him, as when he put his whole industrial program into the hands of Alfred Valdmanis, a crooked adventurer from Latvia who systematically looted the treasury before going belatedly to jail.

Smallwood as a person is the most interesting of our provincial premiers but knows little of Canada below the surface and remains an unchangeable Newfoundlander. St. John's is the centre of his universe. His people, he says, are learning to become Canadians and now speak of the "mainland" as part of their own country—"a great watershed has been crossed in that word." When O Canada is played in public, he protests, he can hardly fight back his tears. But tears, laughter, eloquence, improvisation and anger come easily to this man, and trouble is coming also.

When he has spent his government's accumulated savings, when some of his weak industries need money, when he wants more from Ottawa than any national government can deliver, a conflict of some sort is bound to follow. Already he has announced publicly, as a buildup for a revision of the Confederation terms, that he can lead Newfoundland out of the union as he led it in. This he must know to be impossible, and he says he cannot imagine conditions so unjust as to provoke a secession movement. Nevertheless he can make trouble for the Liberal Party, for John Pickersgill (already established as perhaps a more durable power in Newfoundland than Smallwood himself), for Canada and for himself.

If Smallwood is aware of these possibilities he does not show it. Everything is going fine, only a hundred electors in the whole province would vote against Confederation today, and the tycoons of Water Street, who fought union to the bitter end, would never lift a finger against Canada because they are sleek with unprecedented prosperity.

As Smallwood rattled along in this fashion the telephone rang; he picked up the receiver and in the middle of a sentence listened to a colleague's voice and, as if addressing a public assembly, laid down a thundering dictum: "Oh yes, it's fine to have the strength of a giant, but to use it is tyranny!"

That sentence is the key to his mind. He talks in round, general and limitless ideas. He lives on hyperbole. He writes on the sky. How long can such writing last? And how many Newfoundlanders, including Smallwood, understand or even suspect the larger events in flow here or the meaning of Canada, their nation? Not many.

But when I beheld from the train window the first blazing day of spring on a lonely moor I suddenly remembered the men in the twine loft of Bauline. Those men had learned many things, mastered a hard life in their time and seen through the Atlantic mists of the centuries. They, or their sons, will penetrate the political mist of our time and finally glimpse the shores of Canada. ★

NEXT ISSUE

Bruce Hutchison  
rediscovered

PRINCE EDWARD  
ISLAND

# Who Are Canada's Unwanted Children?

What is the strange story of Donna—a sweet little girl with blue eyes, blond hair and dimpled cheeks. Twice she was placed in people's homes for adoption—and twice she was rejected—because of a slight physical handicap, which surgery has reduced to an almost invisible scar.

What is to be the fate of Donna—and others like her? Because of physical or racial "differences", are they to be denied a mother's love and a father's protection?

In December Chatelaine, Dorothy Sangster reveals the tragedy of these little ones—Canada's unwanted children. It's a story no right-thinking parent should miss.

For the facts and solutions, read...

DECEMBER  
**Chatelaine**

NOW ON SALE

Canada's most popular woman's magazine

A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION



DIRK BOGARDE  
BRIGITTE BARDOT-BRENDA DEBANZIE  
JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE in  
**DOCTOR AT SEA**  
with  
MAURICE DENHAM  
MICHAEL MEDWIN • HUBERT GREGG  
JAMES KENNEY  
Color by TECHNICOLOR in VistaVision

WELL - IT'S  
ONE WAY OF  
GETTING  
PATIENTS



### SHIP AHoy!

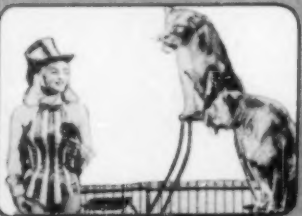
Calling all hands. The PORT flows freely and the STARBOARD is a gorgeous brunette in this crazy, frolic-ing comedy that's the laughingest since "Doctor in the House".



for New Year's

DIANE CILENTO • GEORGE BAKER  
in **THE WOMAN FOR JOE**

Color by TECHNICOLOR and in VistaVision, a story of the great-est show on earth—THE CIRCUS, by the author of "The Kidnappers".



coming

**Touch and Go**

JACK HAWKINS  
MARGARET JOHNSTON  
JUNE THORBURN  
JOHN FRAZER

color by TECHNICOLOR

COMING SOON TO YOUR  
LOCAL THEATRE

## Mailbag

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

would permit all the advantages of court action as outlined in Blair Fraser's article.—R. D. Robson, Mont-real.

### The Making of a Miracle

In her article, The Miracle Factory That Began in a Stable (Oct. 1), June Callwood gives the impression that Dr. Raymond Parker developed Medium 199 . . . Dr. Parker is certainly head of the section in which these studies have been carried out, but the man responsible for 199 is Dr. Joseph F. Morgan, now of Ottawa.—Mrs. Helen J. Caval, Ottawa.

### How Do You Say Connaught?

Many thanks for the reference to the correct pronunciation of Connaught in June Callwood's very interesting article. For years I have been conducting a one-woman campaign to put the accent



where it belongs—on the first syllable—in the name of the Royal Connaught Hotel. It used to be that to mispronounce it in Hamilton branded one as an ignoramus or at least an outlander. But alas, now only I seem to remember that when it was built the children at least were told that when we are given royal permission to use a royal name it is insulting to mispronounce it.—Freda F. Waldon, Hamilton.

• June Callwood says: "FitzGerald found that the killer diphtheria was virtually unchecked in Canada. In the years between 1911 and 1915, it averaged twenty-five hundred cases a year, four hundred of them fatal. Only the well-to-do could afford treatment with diphtheria antitoxin."

In 1896 I entered as a student nurse in training at the London, Ont., General Hospital. At that time one patient had been given antitoxin and during my training every case of diphtheria received antitoxin, regardless of ability to pay.—Mrs. S. Haggerty, Vancouver.

### How Two Religions Clashed

In The Gloomy Renegade Who Shaped Our Schools (Oct. 29) James Bannerman says, "Methodists and Anglicans got along harmoniously in England"—prior to and about 1826. John Wesley and early Methodist preachers passed through our English rural district many times; services were held in the open and in barns. The first Wesleyan chapel was opened in 1810. There was only one site available—owned by a Quaker family. The rest of the land was owned by and controlled by the squire, the rector and his family. The chapel was in full view of the rector's mansion, so to blot out the offending chapel the rector "planted some fast-growing trees at the bottom of his garden to hide from his view the house of abomination which should not have been there." —Joe Horrell, North Battleford, Sask.

• The article certainly is in poor taste. No matter if it is true, what purpose is served by discrediting the reputation of a man (Egerton Ryerson) who did so much for our country's educational system?—Mrs. A. Hall, Bright, Ont.

### Brown's Last Flight

In the article, How Alcock and Brown Flew the Ocean (Sept. 17), it is stated that after Alcock's tragic death Sir Arthur Whitten Brown never flew again. It's true that he never flew as a member of an air crew, but he flew from Britain to New York and back in 1946 on one of the first British commercial passenger flights.

There is another interesting thing. Before World War II, the Imperial Airways flying boat Cambria made some experimental flights across the Atlantic and toured eastern Canada. Later this flying boat took part in the evacuation of Crete in 1941. The commander was Capt. E. S. J. Alcock, the brother of Sir John Alcock.—E. A. Gorton, Chesham Bois, Buckinghamshire, England.

• Many people on this continent seem to think that Charles Lindbergh was the first person to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. One magazine commemorating fifty years of flying never even mentioned Alcock and Brown. Sir John Alcock was, like myself, a Mancunian (the old Roman name for Manchester, England). There is a monument over the grave there to his memory.—Mrs. V. W. Davies, Kilwinning, Sask.

### The Virtuous Montreal

I enjoyed your article on What Virtue Has Done To Montreal (Oct. 1). If the city was clean and respectable it would be without the character, the jams and milling humanity that make



even New York lovable . . . The Canadian is admittedly a little conservative, shy and quiet-spoken. Let's try to give him a little color and flamboyancy.—Richard Kuipers, Kelowna, B.C.

### Watch That Motorcycle!

I wish to congratulate you on your cover of Oct. 1—painted by James Hill—showing nuns raking leaves and, in the foreground, a motorcycle cop. But I must criticize the motorcycle in the picture. First, the policeman has left his bike in second or high gear which isn't right; second, the tank has no tank nameplate and the whole bike has a hunched-together look, along with a bewildered-looking cop. Also, most police motorcycles have pursuit lights, one red, the other clear.—Ross M. Witter, Somerset, N.S.

Artist Hill declines to cross handlebars with an expert like reader Witter but insists he faithfully reproduced a Toronto police motorcycle. ★



*It's harder than  
ever to  
make money*

. . . To print your own, that is. The Bank of England has made the counterfeiter's lot an even unhappier one by pressing a thin strip of aluminum foil into the paper used for making bank notes. Seems the do-it-yourself enthusiasts find it virtually impossible to duplicate.

It is nice to think that there will probably be a little bit of Canada wherever this new paper currency circulates. Great Britain imports 80% of her aluminum from Canada, and in turn represents one of the major markets for Canadian aluminum.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD. (ALCAN)

## "Tempting Treat"



Marmalades par excellence:  
"Lemon Chip"—sparkling, delicious, Scots-thrifty  
"Dundee"—the original orange marmalade in the white stone pots

**Keiller**

LEMON CHIP  
MARMALADE  
DUNDEE  
MARMALADE

Other Keiller delicacies: Keiller White Pots Marmalade, Dundee Shortbread, Dundee Cake, Keiller Lime Juice, Keiller Lemon Butter.

5-5



## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



From his garden, Hutchison led and . . . Jaques followed, rediscovering Canada.

### Hutchison's long-delayed journey

**B**RUCE HUTCHISON'S Rediscovery of Canada, which begins in this issue, represents the first fruits of a project the author and the editors of Maclean's have long had close to their hearts. It was early in 1952 that we first asked Hutchison to travel across Canada and update his Canadian classic, *The Unknown Country*. He was eager to do it but he was busy at the time, writing *The Incredible Canadian*, a biography of Mackenzie King. Out of this grew a second book, *The Struggle for the Border*, dealing with U. S.-Canadian relations, in which King was intensely interested. Highlights from both books appeared in Maclean's.

Last spring—two books and three years later—Hutchison got around to his Rediscovery. He suspected the job would be tough physically and tougher journalistically—and it was. His safari took him twenty thousand miles, including a fifteen-hundred-mile detour around floods in northern British Columbia. When he set out from his home at Victoria, B.C., at the beginning of May, there were flowers in his garden; a quick trip to Newfoundland carried him to snow and ice. From St. John's he reported that he felt like an Arctic explorer and added, "You are leading me a hard hectic exhausting life—but I

love it." There were other similar messages from him as he trekked across ten provinces filling notebooks by the score.

Home again, finally, he still had to face the enormous task of whipping his impressions of present-day Canada into fifteen articles. "I swim," he wrote, "in oceans of remembered anecdotes, in a packing case of notes, and always close to the harsh reefs of fact."

While Hutchison was swimming in his anecdotes and notes Ronny Jaques was retracing his travels, taking photographs for the early articles in the series. Other photographers will illustrate later articles. English-born but Canadian-bred, Jaques intended to be a stockbroker, found a job on Wall Street, but quit to tour Europe for two years on a bicycle. After that he studied photography in London and returned to North America. As an outstanding professional photographer he has been touring on and off ever since, camera in hand, and getting paid for it. He now lives on Long Island, N.Y., is married to an artist, and last year three of his perceptive and sensitive pictures were selected for the New York Museum of Modern Art's great "Family of Man" photographic exhibition. ★

### MACLEAN'S



### Peaceful but chilly

This painting by Franklin Arbuckle shows Uranium City as the artist saw it during a trip to northern Saskatchewan last winter in search of covers and illustrations for Maclean's. Arbuckle sketched the scene on a day when the temperature rose to "a sultry thirty degrees below zero." He says while Uranium City is a real frontier town it has no gun fights, no lawlessness. "Everything," he adds, "is respectable—except the weather."

## Not just stout-



A full-bodied stout brewed in Dublin since  
1759 and enjoyed all over the world



If you would like a set of plans to make this old-world galleon, cut out this coupon and send it to Guinness Exports, Ltd., Atlas Street, Liverpool 3, England, together with your name and address



### Business Girl Plans Worry-Free Future

**\$150 Every Month  
For Rest of Her Life!**

A young Toronto woman has solved the vital problem facing all business and professional women—*future security*. If she stays single, her future will be protected by a Confederation Life policy which, at age 50, guarantees her \$150 a month for the rest of her life! If she marries, this policy will provide a comfortable 'extra-income' for her and her husband.

Write for Free Booklet: "I Want Insurance" showing 20 ways you can benefit.

#### Other Features of This Policy!

- Your savings plan has substantial cash and paid up values after just 3 years.
- If you marry after this period, you may receive the cash value or a paid up bond. Or you may add your retirement income to your husband's.
- At age 50, you receive the regular monthly income for life, or, if you prefer, take it all in cash.

Her Confederation Life policy is a systematic savings plan for building a secure future—without financial risks or investment worries. If, for example, she is totally disabled for at least six months by sickness or an accident before she is 50, Confederation Life's Disability Benefit will keep up her premiums for her until she is well again.

If you want this same protection for your future, see your friendly Confederation Life Man soon!





## Sure of a good reception

Serve "Black & White" and you can be sure it will meet with the warm approval it deserves. Blended in the special "Black & White" way this fine Scotch has a smooth mellow flavor and extra quality that is a pleasure to experience.

**BUCHANAN'S**  
**'BLACK & WHITE'**  
**SCOTCH WHISKY**  
*The Secret is in the Blending*

By Appointment  
to Her Majesty the Queen



Scotch Whisky Distillers  
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

Distilled, blended and bottled in Scotland

Available in various bottle sizes

RB-414

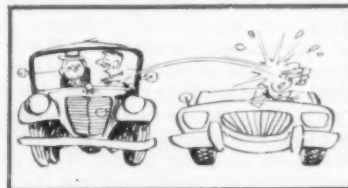


ANYBODY who wants to buy an electric chair in excellent condition can do so in Victoria, or could when it was advertised recently ("New batteries, automatic charger. Safe and easily handled") in the Daily Times. Any comic-crazed parent wanting some books suitable for children will find them in the juvenile section of the Marathon, Ont., library, including (according to the Marathon Mercury) such wholesome titles as *The Clue of the Marked Claw*, *The Clue of the Coiled Cobra* and *The Secret of Hangman's Inn*. And pets in the White Rock district in B. C. are offered self-service by the local branch of the SPCA which has announced in the Semiahmoo Sun, "Animals in distress, lost, found homeless or unwanted, can get help by calling Newton 66-Y-2 . . ." We don't know what life's coming to but the evidence is all right there in the classified columns.

...

In Peterborough, Ont., lives one of those motorized gadgeteers who hangs every possible new gimmick on a not-so-new car. Deciding to sell the car, he was giving a friend a high-pressure sales pitch, demonstrating the car's every scientific advance from the lights dancing in the rear window to the little monkeys dancing in the front window. "And just watch this," he exclaimed, "just had 'em installed yesterday—windshield squirters to wash the windows!"

By this time the friend, surfeited with wonders, had been distracted by a gorgeous blonde who just then pulled up beside them at a stop light



in a top-down convertible. And as the friend watched, the gadgeteer pushed the button and the faultily installed window squirter squirted a fine four-foot spray right into the gorgeous blonde's face.

...

A resident of Oliver, B.C., had just put his car in the garage early the other evening when he encountered and quickly slew a rattlesnake, which he casually left lying in the drive. Entering the house he found that neighbors had dropped in to introduce a visitor from the coast, and upon hearing about the snake the visitor asked if he might have

the rattles for a souvenir of his visit to the Okanagan country. Glad to oblige, the Oliver man picked up an axe by the door, stepped outside and chopped off the desired rattles for the visitor to carry triumphantly away. The snake slayer did a double-take



next morning, however, when he discovered his dead rattler still lying in the driveway—and still wearing its rattles.

...

Television may be a curse to the mothers of many small fry but we know one in Edmonton who's discovered that dancing pictures are the only way possible to keep her two-year-old still long enough to take a snapshot of him. We're not at all sure it would work for a sophisticated Winnipeg three-year-old, however. Taken to see his first movie he sat politely attentive for a time, then, starting to squirm impatiently, he turned to his mother and demanded, "Where do you turn it off?"

...

We never thought of Napanee, Ont., as a highly industrialized town but here's the classified ad that appeared under Rooms for Rent in the Napanee Beaver recently: "For rent—three-room self-contained ground-floor apartment with fringe benefits . . ."

...

The thing we most admire in school teachers is the ability to remain perfectly poker-faced no matter what their little charges come out with, and we've just heard about a brand-new third-grade teacher in Nova Scotia who had to master the art fast when a girl transferred to his school after term began. As he filled out the necessary registration forms the youngster noted the teacher's momentary confusion when her own name didn't jibe with her parents'. "You see, my mother married a second time," the eight-year-old explained, then added apologetically, "I was going to get my name changed for my last birthday but my parents got me a bicycle instead."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.





## NIGHT OVER NEUCHÂTEL

Tonight, when you look up at the stars, see them in a new light.

See "these blessed candles of the night" as Jeanrichard, Berthoud and Breguet saw them.

These men of Neuchâtel pioneered many of today's timekeeping miracles. They saw in the stars the precision that is now the standard of fine Swiss jeweled-lever watch performance.

And in Neuchâtel, as in all seven watchmaking cantons in Switzerland, the traditions that started more than three centuries ago are

inspiring the watch wonders of our time.

For instance, the watchmaking tools at the Neuchâtel time laboratory are checked to .000039 of an inch. And at the world-famous observatory, the master chronometer that checks watch performance varies no more than *one ten-thousandth of a second a day*.

Is it any wonder the world applauds the art of the Swiss watchmakers? Your jeweler can show their newest ideas—masterpieces of watch beauty and excellence without equal.



Self-winding, water- and shock-resistant watches, calendar and alarm watches—so many practical gift ideas from Switzerland! For the gifts you'll give with pride, let your jeweler be your guide.

TIME IS THE ART OF THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND





*Almost everyone appreciates the best*

*The Pause  
That Refreshes ...  
Fifty Million  
Times a Day*



... and for Holiday hospitality, there is nothing  
like a Coke. Your friends and your family  
will appreciate it if you have plenty on hand.  
... And so will Santa!

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

COCA-COLA LTD.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 10, 1955



